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## WILLIAM AND MARY COLLEGE.



WILLIAM AND MARY COLLEGE—BEFORE THE FIRE OF 1659.

"WILLIAM AND MARY," the oldest of American colleges, with the single exception of Harvard University, has so many historical associations connected with it, that a full and minute history of it from its foundation to the present time would be almost the history of Virginia. It began its career soon after the settlement of the country, and is, consequently, now nearly two hundred years old. During all this long period it played an important part, first in the colony, and then in the commonwealth. Founded in the reign of William and Mary, it was a flourishing institution when Marlborough was fighting Louis XIV., and Addison was writing the "Spectator." The royal governors, from Spotswood to Dunmore, began and ended their official careers, and the country, from being a dependency of the British crown, became a great confederated republic, and the old college was still in the full tide of its energy and usefulness. From its situation at Williamsburg, the colonial capital, it witnessed and was a part of all

that was eminent, brilliant, and attractive in Virginia society. The sons of the planters were uniformly sent to the college to be educated, and the sons in turn sent their own sons to the venerable institution. It was always regarded as an important and conspicuous feature of the "viceregal court" under the old royal rulers, and had in its library rare volumes with the coats-of-arms of kings and noblemen who had delighted in connecting their names with its history. Burned down more than once, the buildings were always erected again, and the work of education was steadily resumed. Almost every Virginian of any eminence in the eighteenth century had been trained for his work in the world within its walls. It gave twenty-seven of its students to the army in the Revolution; two Attorney-Generals to the United States; it sent out nearly twenty members of Congress, fifteen United States Senators, seventeen Governors, thirty-seven Judges, a Lieutenant-General and other high officers to the army, two Commodores

to the navy, twelve Professors, four signers of the Declaration of Independence, seven Cabinet officers, the chief draughtsman and author of the Constitution, Edmund Randolph; the most eminent of the Chief-Justices, John Marshall, and three Presidents of the United States. And this list, honorable as it is, by no means exhausts the number of really eminent and influential men who owed the formation and development of their intellects and characters to "William and Mary." In the long list of students, preserved from the year 1720 to the present time, will be found a great array of names holding a very high rank in the commonwealth of Virginia and the States of the South and West—in the pulpit, at the bar, and in the local legislatures. These, without attaining the eminence of those first mentioned, were the most prominent citizens of the communities in which they lived, and were chiefly instrumental in giving character and direction to social and political affairs. One and all, they received from their education at the old ante-revolutionary college the stamp and mold of character which made them able and valuable citizens—leaders, indeed, in opinion and action, whenever intellect and virtue were needed for important public affairs.

The history of the origin and career of such an institution ought to be worth considering; and the writer of this sketch hopes, by selecting some incidents and particulars connected with the college, to make his brief narrative as interesting as it is instructive. From the situation of the college at Williamsburg, he will be able, almost without digressing from the main subject, to notice also some of the historic localities of the ancient capital—the Raleigh Tavern, which played so important a part in the social and political history of the eighteenth century; the Governor's Palace, where the English Viceroy held audience beneath the portraits of the King and Queen; the Old Capitol, where the Burgesses sat and were dissolved time after time when the growing spirit of resistance alarmed the Governors; the old magazine from which Dunmore removed the powder, and other localities connected with the history of Virginia. The simple mention of these buildings, clustering together in the contracted limits of the city of Williamsburg, recalls a remarkable epoch in the history of the country—the sudden germination of republican ideas in the midst of the old splendid society in ruffles, powder, and silk stockings flashing to and fro

on the main thoroughfare, "Duke-of-Gloucester street;" the fiery protests of Henry against further submission to King and Parliament; the meetings of Jefferson and his associates at the Raleigh Tavern to inaugurate revolution; and the last scene, when, Dunmore having disappeared, and the royal authority with him, Patrick Henry, the "Man of the People," took his seat as the first republican Governor in the old Vice-regal "Palace." William and Mary College—its President, Professors, and students—witnessed all these scenes, the prominent actors in which had been students there in their own youth, like their fathers and grandfathers, for this ancestral connection of families with the college is a marked feature in its history. An examination of the ancient records, which have fortunately been preserved, will show the same names running through the lists of students from the year 1720 to the year 1875.

William and Mary was formally chartered in 1693. It is honorable both to England and Virginia that the settlements on James River had scarcely become firmly rooted before a strong feeling was exhibited in favor of establishing an institute of divinity and learning—of "good arts and sciences," as the charter says—in the new country. The original, and one of the chief motives, seems to have been the civilization and conversion to Christianity of the Indians, whose heathen condition seemed to weigh heavily on the minds and consciences of the good people of that day. It was not found, when the effort was duly made, that the aborigines, in any number, either acquired education or became Christians; but the impulse in their favor had important results in other directions. As early as 1619, about twelve years after the landing of Smith and his companions at Jamestown, Sir Edwin Sandys, then President of the "London Company," together with some other good people in England, raised a considerable sum of money to establish a university at Henrico, on James River. The result of the undertaking was melancholy, and the Indians, who were to be the main objects of this bounty, struck a death-blow to the project. George Thorpe, Esq., of his Majesty's Privy Council, was sent over to Virginia to effect the object in view, and everything seemed favorable to its success, when, in March 1622, he was attacked at Henrico by a force of Indians and slain, with three hundred and forty other persons. This incident, known as the "massacre of 1622," abruptly checked the



philanthropic exertions of the friends of the Indians in England. Nothing was done again in the matter for forty years, when the Virginia Burgesses renewed the attempt to establish a great school, which they described as intended for "the advance of learning,

enrage him. The nation was engaged in an expensive war, he told Mr. Blair—the money was wanted for *other and better purposes*—what occasion could there be for a college in Virginia? The reply of Blair was, that the object was to prepare young men for

the ministry—the people of Virginia had "souls to be saved as well as the people of England," he added. This idea seemed to strike Seymour as exquisitely absurd, and his retort, which is historical, indicates his character. "Souls!" he exclaimed—"damn your souls! Make tobacco!" In spite, however, of the Attorney-General, the King and Queen adhered to their resolution, and affixed their signature to the charter on the 19th of February (N. S.), 1693.

Let us briefly recite the main points and provisions of this interesting

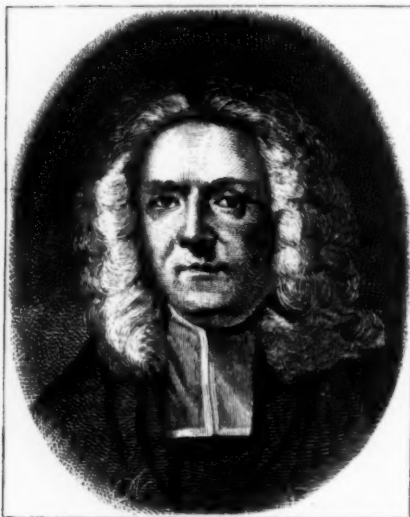


WILLIAM AND MARY COLLEGE AS RESULT IN 1859.

education of youth, supply of the ministry, and promotion of piety"—the *religious* aspect of the undertaking still occupying all minds, a character it afterward assumed and retained up to the Revolution, when Mr. Jefferson succeeded in modifying it. Nothing resulted, however, from this action; but the Virginians still persisted, and at last the project took a definite shape. In 1688-9 an additional sum of twenty-five hundred pounds sterling was subscribed by a few wealthy Virginians and Englishmen, and in 1693 the long-hoped-for success came. The Colonial Assembly had conceived the fortunate idea of sending as their representative to England the able and energetic James Blair, a clergyman of high standing, who is styled by William and Mary in the charter of the institution "our well-beloved in Christ." Mr. Blair, full of zeal and ardor, went over to London, and first unfolded his scheme to Queen Mary, who warmly approved of it. King William was equally favorable to the plan, and gave "out of the quit-rents" two thousand pounds sterling to assist in the erection of the buildings. More difficulty was found in making a friend of Seymour, the Attorney-General. When the King sent him an order to draw up the charter, and see to the payment of the two thousand pounds, the command seemed to

paper, through whose ancient verbiage, involutions, and repetitions shines clearly the honorable and worthy ambition of the King and the Queen to spread education, good morals, and Christian piety throughout the growing colonies of the Western Continent. The college was to be established, as will be seen, on an enlarged and comprehensive basis. The objects in view were, "that the Church of Virginia may be furnished with a Seminary of Ministers of the Gospel, and that the youth may be piously educated in good letters and manners, and that the Christian faith may be propagated among the Western Indians to the glory of Almighty God; to make, found, and establish a certain place of universal study, or perpetual college of divinity, philosophy, languages, and other good arts and sciences,"—surely a broad and generous plan, doing honor to the good sense and good character of the Virginians and the royal pair alike. The charter then proceeds to details and special provisions. The officers were to consist of a chancellor, eighteen visitors or governors, a president or rector, and six professors, who were to teach one hundred students. As the Virginia Assembly had recommended the Rev. James Blair for the office, he was "created and established first president of the said college, during his

natural life." The chancellor was to be elected by the rector and visitors; meanwhile, "our well-beloved and trusty, the reverend father in God, Henry, by Divine permission Bishop of London," was to be



REV. JAMES BLAIR, FOUNDER AND FIRST PRESIDENT OF WILLIAM AND MARY COLLEGE. (FROM AN OLD PORTRAIT IN THE LIBRARY.)

the first chancellor, and to hold the office for seven years. The rector was to be elected yearly, "on the first Monday which shall happen next after the Feast of the Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin Mary," and to hold office for one year. And to "perpetuate the succession of the said rector, and of the said visitors and governors of the said college," as often as any should die or remove himself and family out of the colony, the rector and a majority of the visitors should "choose one or more of the principal and better sort of the inhabitants of our said colony of Virginia," in place of the dead or absent. The visitors and governors, says the charter, "shall forever be eighteen men, or any other number not exceeding the number of twenty:" and these gentlemen were to have the general direction and superintendence of the whole institution.

The charter then proceeds to endow the college, in the amplest manner. To erect the buildings, the visitors were to have "the whole and entire sum of one thousand nine hundred and eighty-five pounds, fourteen shillings and tenpence (£1,985 14s. 10d.), of good and lawful money of England, that has been received and raised out of the quit-

rents of said colony," then in the hands of William Byrd, Esq., Auditor; and this money was to be applied to "no other use, intent, or purpose whatever" but building the college. The college was also to have one penny per pound for all tobacco exported from Virginia and Maryland; the office of Surveyor-General, with "all issues, fees, profits, advantages, conveniences, liberties, places, privileges, and pre-eminences whatsoever;" ten thousand acres of land lying on the south side of Blackwater Swamp, and ten thousand additional acres in what was known as "Pamunkey Neck," between the Pamunkey and Mattapony, here spoken of as the "forks or branches of York River." An important provision, in the last place, was the right bestowed upon the college to have its representative in the Burgesses. Authority was granted to the president and professors to select from their own number, or from the visitors, or from "the better sort of inhabitants of our Colony of Virginia, a discreet and able person to be present in the House of Burgesses of the General Assembly of our Colony of Virginia," there to represent the institution.

To this ample charter a condition was added—slight and somewhat fantastic, as was the fashion of such things at that time. By way of full discharge, acquittance, and satisfaction for the twenty thousand acres of land, the college authorities were to pay "to us, and our successors, *two copies of Latin verses yearly*, on every fifth day of November, at the house of our Governor or Lieutenant-Governor for the time being." And in the "Virginia Gazette" for November 12th, 1736, nearly half a century afterward, may be found this paragraph: "On this day se'n night, being the 5th of November, the president, masters, and scholars of William and Mary College went, according to their annual custom, in a body to the Governor's, to present his Honor with two copies of Latin verses in obedience to their charter. \* \* \* \* Mr. President delivered the verses to his Honor, and two of the young gentlemen spoke them."

The College of William and Mary was thus successfully founded, and from time to time additional donations and bequests were made to it by the Assembly, good citizens, and Queen Anne, which may as well be noticed here. Certain "well-disposed, charitable persons, for encouraging and furthering so good a work," gave "two thousand pounds sterling (£2,000) and upward." The Assembly laid duties upon "raw hides and tan-

ned hides, and upon all deer skins and furs that should be exported and carried out of the said colony," for the "better support and maintenance of the said college." Queen Anne gave "the sum of one thousand pounds sterling (£1,000), out of the money arising from the quit-rents." And in 1697 an important bequest was received from the estate of the Honorable Robert Boyle, who had left his personal estate to "such charitable and pious uses as his executors should think fit." After some litigation, it was agreed that William and Mary and Harvard Colleges in America should have this fund. Harvard was to have ninety pounds sterling per annum, and the Virginia college the remainder. The fund was invested in England, in landed property called the "Braferton estate," and with the proceeds of this charity the "Braferton House," one of the

purchase, for the purpose, of three hundred and thirty acres in the Parish of Bruton, near Williamsburg, for the sum of one hundred and seventy pounds sterling. The plan of the building was drawn by Sir Christopher Wren; and Beverley, the Virginia historian, says that it was intended "to be an entire square when completed." It was never finished. The first commencement exercises were held in 1700, and the ceremony seems to have excited wide-spread interest. The planters of the colony flocked to the capital in their coaches—the dusky figures of numerous Indians mingled with the crowd—and it is said that curious spectators attended, from Maryland, Pennsylvania, and even New York, making the sea voyage in sloops for the purpose of being present. The sudden destruction of the building overthrew all the sanguine hopes of its friends. In



WILLIAM AND MARY COLLEGE, 1875.

buildings on the College Green, was erected. The other building facing it, known as the "President's House," was erected in 1732, partially burned through accident by the French troops on their way to Yorktown in 1781, and rebuilt by Louis XVI., who presented five or six hundred valuable volumes to the library of the college.

To return to the first years of the institution, which, having now secured its charter and ample means, fairly entered on life. The site fixed upon by the charter was a certain spot called "Townsend's Land," on the southern bank of York River near Yorktown, supposed to have been Shields' Point. If the spot was found unwholesome, or any other valid objection presented itself, the Assembly was empowered to select some other site; and this they now did, directing the

1705 a fire broke out in the college about ten at night, and completely destroyed it with its library and philosophical apparatus. The event was regarded as a public calamity, and the crowd, it seems, stood looking at the burning building in melancholy silence. We are told that "the Governor and all the gentlemen that were in town came up to the lamentable spectacle, many getting out of their beds. But the fire had got such power before it was discovered, and was so fierce, that there were no hopes of putting a stop to it, and, therefore, no attempts were made to that end."

Steps were taken by the authorities to rebuild the college, and we are informed that the work was going on in "Governor Spotswood's time;" his term of office began in 1710. Owing to want of means and the

scarcity of workmen, it was not finished until the year 1723, but was so far completed in 1719, that the Convention of the Colonial Clergy held their session in the building. Of the original edifice no picture remains, but the tradition is, that it was rebuilt in precisely the same style; and of this second college we have a picture and a description which will thus serve for both: "The college front, which looks due east," says Hugh Jones in "The Present State of Virginia" (1729), "is double, and is one hundred and thirty-six feet long. At the north end runs back a large wing, which is a handsome hall, answerable to which the chapel is to be built. The building is



THE BOTETOURT STATUE.

beautiful and commodious, being first modeled by Sir Christopher Wren, adapted to the nature of the country by the gentlemen there; and since it was burned down it has been rebuilt, nicely contrived and adorned by the ingenious direction of Governor Spotswood, and is not altogether unlike Chelsea Hospital."

The College of William and Mary entered upon its long career in the pious spirit which had moved the founders of the institution, and the blessing of the Almighty seemed to accompany its exertions, and go with it in its work. The first words of the first entry in the oldest record book of the Faculty are

the words of pious adjuration: *In nomine Dei, Patris, Filii et Spiritus Sancti, Amen.* This religious character of the college was indicated by the selection of officers to administer its affairs. We have noticed the fact that the first rector was the excellent James Blair, and its first chancellor Henry Compton, Bishop of London. The Bishops of London, with a single interregnum, continued to act as chancellors of the institution up to the American Revolution, and the presidents were the "commissaries" or representatives of the bishops in the colony. The college was thus, from the very first years of its existence, throughout all the varied scenes of its subsequent career, under pious influences; and when the colonies separated from the mother country the tradition was not lost. After the Revolution it was presided over by the eminent Bishop Madison and other distinguished divines, and by the present venerable Bishop Johns of Virginia. Every bishop in the State has, indeed, been in some manner connected with its administration, and the college, in spite of the infidel opinions which for a very brief space of time seemed to be invading it, about the period of the French Revolution, has been styled "the nursery of the Church in Virginia." Bishop Meade, one of the best informed and most reliable of men, writes: "It is positively affirmed by those most competent to speak, that the best ministers in Virginia were those educated at the college and sent over to England for ordination. The foreigners were the great scandal of the Church."

The college was uniformly regarded with high favor, and assisted to the utmost by the royal governors, who seem to have looked upon it as an important supporter of conservative ideas, and a nurse of loyal opinions in political affairs. There is no evidence that these characteristics were ever exhibited in a truckling manner; on the contrary, the great leaders of the Revolution in Virginia were nearly all of them graduates of the institution; but it is a noticeable fact that the English governors were its strong friends. Lord Botetourt presented it with a sum of money, the interest of which was to be appropriated annually to the purchase of two gold medals—one for the best classical scholar of the year, and the other for the one most proficient in philosophy. Governor Spotswood was also strongly interested in William and Mary, and exerted himself to persuade the chiefs of the Indian tribes to send their sons to the college. Many

came, but the result was not encouraging. At Henrico, the attempt to civilize these people had been repaid by a bloody massacre of their benefactors, and now the whole scheme was seen to be illusory. The young Indians entered as students pined or fell into idle courses. A writer in 1724 says: "They have for the most part returned to their homes—some with and some without baptism—where they follow their own savage customs and heathenish rites, \* \* or loiter and idle away their time in laziness and mischief."

The famous "Old Chapel" was built in 1732, and became the place of sepulture of some of the most distinguished men of Virginia. It was in reference to the chapel and to old Bruton Church that Bishop Meade wrote: "Williamsburg was once the miniature copy of the Court of St. James, somewhat aping the manners of that royal place, while the old church grave-yard and the college chapel were—*si licet cum magnis componere parva*—the Westminster Abbey and the St. Paul's of London, where the great ones were interred." The first person who came to sleep beneath the pavement of this American Westminster Abbey was Sir John Randolph, who had espoused the English side during the Revolution and gone into exile; and he was followed by his two sons, John Randolph, formerly the King's Attorney-General, and Peyton Randolph, President of the first Congress, and by Bishop Madison, first Bishop of Virginia; Chancellor Nelson, and it is believed Lord Botetourt, the royal governor, whose statue was in 1797 placed upon the college green. Botetourt had been a warm friend of the Virginians and the Virginia college; and, as he had expressed a desire to be buried in the colony, his friend, the Duke of Beaufort, wrote, after his death, requesting that "the president, etc., of the college will permit me to erect a monument near the place where he was buried." This phrase is supposed to indicate that the old chapel of William and Mary contained the last remains of the most popular and beloved of the royal governors.

After long delay, and a successful weathering of the chances of time and tide, the college was now, at last, in full operation. It

was a "beautiful and commodious" edifice of brick, one hundred and thirty-six feet long, surmounted by a cupola, with its rear wing described as a "handsome hall;" its piazza extending along the western front;



THE BRUTON PARISH CHURCH.

its apartments for the "Indian Master" and his scholars; its park and extensive grounds, containing one hundred and fifty acres; and here and there on the green rose great live oaks heavy with foliage, beneath which passed to and fro the sixty-five students of the institution. Only here and at Harvard, in the Western World, had the ingrained instincts of the great Anglo-Saxon race begun to fight ignorance and superstition, and train the new generation in polite learning, and "good morals and manners" for the coming years.

A recital like that just made, dealing with charters, legislative enactments and dates, is always more or less uninteresting to the general reader, but has the merit at least of conveying information. We come now to a few incidents and details connected with the career of the old college, which will present a somewhat more lively picture of its character and proceedings. The students, whose average number up to the time of the Revolution was about sixty, seem to have resembled young gentlemen of their class in all ages of the world, and the Faculty were much exercised to control their restless energies, which took the direction of horse-races, cock-fights, and devotion to



what the ancient record calls "ye billiard or other gaming tables." It was ordered by the authorities in 1752, that no student of any "age, rank or quality soever" (which



OLD CAPITOL, WILLIAMSBURG, VA.

strongly suggests the presence of aristocratic distinction) should "keep any race-horse at ye college, in ye town, or anywhere in ye neighbourhood;" an offense which had been evidently committed by some of the young "bloods," as the order proceeds to direct that all such race-horses should be "immediately dispatched and sent off and never again brought back;" and the students were to be in no manner "concerned in making races, or in backing or abetting those made by others." They were also forbidden, on pain of severe animadversions and punishments, to "presume to appear playing or betting at ye billiard or other gaming tables," as noticed above, or to be in "any way concerned in keeping or fighting cocks." This order was probably a severe blow to the mercurial young Virginians, who had been trained at home to take delight in thoroughbred horses and game-cocks, the passion for which is noticed by the Marquis de Chastellux as late as toward the end of the century, when he made his horseback journey through the Commonwealth. Other rules and regulations for the better ordering of affairs at the college have been preserved in the old records. *Tea and wine* were luxuries which *the housekeeper* was only to furnish to such students as were sick. Whenever the "young gentlemen" of the college appeared in public they were to wear the "academical dress." Mrs. Foster was to be "*the stocking mender* in the college," with a salary of twelve pounds, provided she furnished her own "lodging, diet, fire, and candles." On the subject of the consumption of intoxicating liquors within the bounds of the college, the views of the

authorities will probably be regarded as somewhat lax, or, at least, as not amounting to prohibition. "Spirituous liquors were to be used only in that moderation which becomes *the prudent and industrious student*;" but, for fear that this regulation might be regarded as somewhat vague, the authorities proceed to define the species of drinks which the prudent and industrious student was at liberty to use at his meals. From the list were excluded all liquids whatever, except "beer, cider, toddy, and spirits-and-water," wine appearing to be prohibited in consequence of its dangerous properties. This singular legislation seems to have worked badly, and there was much more tipping at table in the college than ought to have been permitted. In 1798, when the "Bishop of Virginia was President of the College and had apartments in the buildings," the English traveler Weld noticed that half a dozen or more of the students—the eldest about twelve years of age—dined at his table one day when he was there; "some were without shoes and stockings, others without coats. During the dinner they constantly rose to help themselves *at the sideboard*"—to beer, cider, toddy, or spirits-and-water, it is fairly to be supposed. The writer adds, that the dinner consisted of "a couple of dishes of salted meat and some oyster soup," and mentions, he says, the queer proceeding of the students, as "it may convey some idea of American colleges and American dignitaries." And it is difficult to dissent from his strictures. The habits of the epoch must have been singularly lax to permit boys of twelve to sit at table in their shirt sleeves and bare feet with



COMMUNION SERVICE, BRUTON PARISH CHURCH.

a bishop present, and rise from their places during the meal to go and help themselves at the sideboard.

The ancient records contain minutes of the action of the visitors or governors of the college on another subject also—nothing less than the right of the Reverend Professors of Divinity and Grammar to take

unto themselves wives! Nothing could be more laughable than the course of the visitors on this occasion, and it would be difficult to believe that grave and intelligent men could, in good earnest, take such action as was really taken by these gentlemen in the year 1769, did not the yellow old record remain as a proof of the fact. The ire of the

The first round was fired at Mr. Camm and Mr. Johnson in September—in December they discharged a broadside in the shape of a comprehensive resolve “that *all* Professors and Masters, hereafter to be appointed, be constantly resident of ye college, and upon the marriage of such Professor or Master, *that his Professorship be immediately vacated!*”

In such brief terms, stripped of all useless or misty verbiage, was the imperious anti-matrimonial will of the gentlemen governors fulminated. The poor Professors and Masters were not even to marry if they continued to be “constantly resident” within the college bounds. The words of the clergyman, “I pronounce you to be man and wife,” were to operate *instantly* as a termination of their official connection with the institution!

It must be said, however, to the honor of the visitors—whose stern decrees on the

above subject have now for a long time been completely disregarded—that they conducted the affairs of the college in the most judicious and intelligent manner, regulating every detail, and administering its finances so well, that its annual income reached four thousand pounds sterling, which made it “the richest college in North America.” Their excellent judgment was shown in the appointment of George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, and Zachary Taylor, grandfather of General Taylor, as surveyors, and in many other ways. The college and grounds

governors had been excited, it seems, by the strange and unwarrantable proceedings of the Rev. Mr. John Camm, Professor of Divinity, and the Rev. Mr. Josiah Johnson, Master of the Grammar School, who, with premeditation, no doubt, and without the fear of the Worshipful Governors before their eyes, had “*late*ly married, and taken up their residence in the city of Williamsburg, by which great inconvenience has arisen to the college, and the necessary attention which those Professors ought to pay to the conduct and behavior of the students and scholars has been almost totally interrupted.”

This grave dereliction of duty, resulting in such “inconvenience” to everybody, evidently presented itself to the governors in the light of a crime calling for instant and severe “animadversions and punishment,” and fulmination ensued. They solemnly declared their opinion that the said Professors, by “engaging in marriage and the concerns of a private family, and shifting their residences to any place without the college,” had acted in a manner “contrary to the principles on which the college was founded, and their duty as Professors.” As a Bishop was generally the presiding officer, and the Bible itself gave him the right to be the husband of one wife, this prohibition thundered against the Professors seems strange. But the “governors” had evidently made up their minds deliberately.



THE OLD RALEIGH TAVERN.



RUINS OF THE OLD COLONIAL PALACE.

were kept in perfect order, the students brought under orderly government, the old chapel was decorated with mural tablets over Sir John Randolph and Bishop Madi-

son, and under their sway the institution flourished in every department. An interesting incident about the time of the Revolution was the organization of the Phi Beta Kappa Society, "the parent society in this country." The date of its origin was December 5th, 1776, and the first meeting was held in the "Apollo Room" of the old Raleigh Tavern. When the college was suspended in 1781, the records of this society were carefully sealed up and placed in the hands of the college steward, and on their examination in the year 1850, it was discovered that only one of the old members, Mr. William Short of Philadelphia, was still living. Mr. Short, who had been President of the Phi Beta Kappa when the college was closed, was at once communicated with, the society resumed its existence with this connecting link, and is now in full operation—its list of members before and since the Revolution numbering some of the most eminent names in the history of Virginia and in that of other States.

The fortunes, good or bad, of the College of William and Mary were always so closely wrapped up with those of the old metropolitan borough of Williamsburg, that some account, however brief, ought to be given of a few famous spots in the ancient capital, whose very dust may be said to be historic. In Williamsburg, every feature of the social, political, and religious organization of the epoch, reacted on every other feature. This state of things was singular, and in vivid contrast with the habitudes of the present time. The Crown extended its fostering or depressing hand over everything—over the church and the institutes of learning, as over political affairs, the whole constituting one fabric under "control of government." It thus happened that William and Mary found itself mixed up with all the ancient localities—the scenes of very interesting events. Old Bruton Church was for a long time the resort of the students on days of public worship. At the Old Capitol they witnessed the determined stand made by the Burgesses against the encroachments of the Crown. At the Old Palace they appeared annually on the 5th of November to present their copies of Latin verses to the Governor, as the representative of the King of England, the head of the institution. At the old Raleigh Tavern they met to found the Phi Beta Kappa Society, or to join in the festivities of the fine assemblies held in the historic "Apollo Room" in the building. When the revolutionary outburst came, the great

drama was played before them, and they mingled in their "academical dresses" with the crowds which cheered the worthy Lord Botetourt as he rode in his fine chariot, drawn by its six white horses, to the Capitol, or hooted the unpopular Lord Dunmore as he fled to his man-of-war in the river after rifling the Old Magazine of its powder.

"Bruton Church," which is still standing, is one of the oldest of these historic buildings, and took its name from the parish—the college having been built, it will be remembered, on land "lying and being in the parish of Bruton." It was erected in 1678, and became a prominent feature of the colonial capital—a sort of miniature St. Paul's. The royal Governor had his fine pew there under its canopy, and around him on Sunday were grouped the most distinguished citizens of the place, the Councilors, Judges, and Burgesses. The old Bruton Church Communion Service is still in existence, and is shown in our engraving. The cup and patten are of gold, and were presented to the church by Sir John Page. The flagon, chalice and plate are of silver, and were presented by King George III., whose coat-of-arms is carved upon them. As the Rev. Mr. Blair of the college was always closely associated with the old church, of which he became, in 1710, the rector, the students of William and Mary must have attended the services, no chapel at the college having yet been erected. The engraving will convey a correct idea of this ancient cruciform building, whose ante-revolutionary history is particularly interesting in connection with its rector, James Blair. This gentleman managed generally to be at dagger's draw with the governors on ecclesiastical questions, and invariably overcame them, for there never was a harder fighter or a more dangerous adversary. When Governor Andros assumed high royal prerogatives in the appointment of ministers, Mr. Blair went to London, appeared before the Archbishop of Canterbury, confronted the Governor's representatives, and the historian of the affair sums up the result in the statement—"Never were four men more completely foiled by one." An equally obstinate combat occurred between Blair and his Excellency Governor Nicholson, who had conceived a furious passion for Miss Burwell, a young lady of Williamsburg. Mr. Blair interfered in the interest of "good morals and manners," when the violent Governor swore that he would "cut the throats of three men, the bridegroom, the minister, and the Justice

who issued the license," in case Miss Burwell married any one besides himself. This threat Blair laughed at, and then proceeded to show that he was more than a



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match for his adversary. He preferred charges against Nicholson, who was tried in Lambeth Palace, and the result was his removal from the place of Governor. We are sorry to say that the clergy did not escape from this combat without some dust on their robes. Governor Nicholson charged them with meeting in a grand supper at the Raleigh Tavern to conspire against him—with indulging on that occasion in undue "hilarity;" a satirical ballad on the subject was circulated in Williamsburg and London, and the Bishop of London wrote the clergy a severe letter, begging them not to "play the fool any more"—all of which is related on the authority of Bishop Meade. The Rev. Commissary Blair was never charged with such improprieties. It seems incontestable that he was irritable and combative, but these quasi-vice seem to have served both William and Mary and Bruton Church.

Duke-of-Gloucester street, the main thoroughfare of Williamsburg, was a straight, broad avenue, three-quarters of a mile in length, with the college at one end, and the "Old Capitol" at the other. The city had been originally laid out in the eccentric form of the two letters W and M, the initials of William and Mary, but the "city fathers" had the good sense to change the plan. There were two "Old Capitols," one built in the first years of the eighteenth century, and destroyed by fire in 1746, and a second

on the same site destroyed in the same manner in 1832. The latter is the historical old building called "the heart of rebellion," and a chance drawing by a lady of Williamsburg (see the engraving on page 8) is all that has rescued its outline from oblivion. The earlier edifice was connected, however, with many interesting scenes in the history of the colony; and it would prove attractive, if for nothing else, from the presence there of the martial figure of Spotswood, the founder of the "Horseshoe Knights," who slew the pirate Blackbeard, and was so mighty a worker in iron that he was called the "Tubal Cain of Virginia." The reverend clergyman and traveler, Mr. Jones, speaks with enthusiasm of the antique edifice, which, like the college, struck him as "beautiful and commodious;" indeed, "the best and most commodious pile of its kind that I have seen or heard of." He dwells with a sort of rapture on its excellent architecture. It was in the form of an H, with a handsome portico in the middle. The General Court sat on one side, and the House of Burgesses on the other; their hall being not unlike the House of Commons. In each wing was a staircase, one leading to the Council Chamber, "where the Governor and Council sit in very great state, in imitation of the King and Council, or the Lord Chancellor and House of Lords." Every officer had his room, and a cupola with a clock surmounted the edifice. A wall enclosed the grounds, and "a strong, sweet prison for criminals" rose near—also a debtors' prison, though it rarely had occupants, "the creditors being there generally very merciful." In the grounds might be seen "at public times a great number of handsome, well-dressed, compleat gentlemen," and, no doubt, roving students from William and Mary, fond of sight-seeing. Such was the first "Old Capitol built at the cost of the late Queen" Anne, and destroyed by fire in spite of the prohibition of "the use of fire, candles, and tobacco." The second building soon took its place, and witnessed the tumultuous scenes of 1774 and the succeeding years. It had already echoed with the thunders of the great debate on the Stamp Act in 1765, when Patrick Henry, a raw countryman, startled the Burgesses with his grand outburst, "Cæsar had his Brutus," etc., with which all are familiar. In the lobby, listening, was a young student of William and Mary College, named Thomas Jefferson, who afterward characterized the debate as most "bloody," and described the sudden

appearance of Edmund Randolph, as he came out of the Chamber, declaring, with a violent oath, that he would have given five hundred guineas for a single vote, which it seems would have defeated the famous resolutions of Henry. The Old Capitol was the scene of all the grand official pageants of that time. The royal governors, always fond of imitating regal proceedings, had the habit of riding from the "Palace" to the Capitol in their coaches drawn by four or even six horses, aiming thus to dazzle the eyes of the "provincials;" and, once enthroned in their Council Chamber, they seem to have felt that for the moment they were the real Kings of Virginia. The old chronicles leave no doubt of the lordly deportment of the royal governors on these occasions. "Yesterday, between three and four o'clock P. M.," says the "Virginia Gazette" for May 27, 1774, "the Right Honorable the Earl of Dunmore sent a message to the Honorable the House of Burgesses, by the Clerk of the Council, requiring their immediate attendance in the Council Chamber, when his Excellency spoke to them as follows." His address was that of Charles I. to his Parliament, demanding the five members. The Burgesses had "reflected" on the King and Parliament, and were sternly declared to be "dissolved." And the men who were thus imperiously addressed, who were dismissed by his Lordship with marks of his cold displeasure, as a schoolmaster dismisses his school-boys, were Jefferson, Henry, Mason, and Pendleton—the greatest names, in a word, of the time. A singular ceremony followed this scene. On the next evening the House of Burgesses gave a ball at the Old Raleigh Tavern, "to welcome Lady Dunmore and the rest of the Governor's family to Virginia!"—a proceeding which has been compared to the bow of a swordsman before crossing his adversary's weapon. Other interesting scenes connected with the Old Capitol must be sought for in the annals of the time. It was destroyed by fire in 1832, and only a few articles were rescued. Among these was the tall "Speaker's Chair," behind which was a red curtain, held aloft by an ornamental rod, and a remarkable antique stove covered with carvings. This chair and stove were removed to the Capitol of Richmond—the chair continuing to be that of the Speaker of the House of Delegates, and the stove taking its place near the statue of Washington by Houdon, in the rotunda of the Virginia Capitol.

The "Palace" of the royal governors, of which only a few ruins remain, stood on Palace street, a broad thoroughfare running northward from Gloucester street. The building connected with so many scenes of the revolutionary outburst was not the original structure, occupied by Spotswood. Of the first building, Mr. Jones gives an account full of his habitual enthusiasm. It was a "magnificent structure, finished and beautified with gates, fine gardens, offices, walks, a fine canal, orchards," etc.; and in the building were stands of the best arms, "nicely posited by the ingenious contrivance of the most accomplished Colonel Spotswood," and above the building rose "a good cupola or lantern illuminating most of the town." The cause of the destruction of this building is not recorded—the Palace occupied by Fauquier, Botetourt, Dunmore, etc., was an edifice on the same site with a front of seventy-four feet and a depth of sixty-eight. The grounds consisted of three hundred and sixty acres, beautifully laid out in gardens, walks, carriage roads, a bowling-green, etc.; and in the park in front stood some fine Scottish lindens, planted by Lord Dunmore, which on "gala nights" were hung with colored lanterns. In the great reception-room of the Palace were portraits of the King and Queen, and it seems that here, as well as in the Council Room of the Old Capitol, was transacted much of the public business.



"APOLLO ROOM," OLD RALEIGH TAVERN.

The ruins represented in the engraving are said to be the remains of the Governor's "guard-houses," though there is no authority for the supposition that an armed guard was posted to keep watch over Governor and Palace.

"The Palace," as it was called, had always played an important part in the festivities of Williamsburg—the resort of the gayest and wealthiest society of the colony. The elegance and attraction of this society were even recognized by Fauquier, Botetourt,



and the others, and they gave superb entertainments to the Burgesses when they assembled,—on the King's birthday,—or whenever it pleased them! The political grandeur of his Viceregal Excellency's sessions in the Old Capitol was to be equaled by the social grandeur of his assemblies at the Palace. Like royalty, he held his "drawing-room"—received his subjects superbly, standing under the portraits of the King and Queen; and it is certain that with Botetourt and others this was a sincere pleasure. It is not so certain that Lord Dunmore had any such feeling, or indeed gave any balls. The Burgesses, as we have seen, offered his wife and daughters the compliment of one, but it does not appear to have been repaid by courtesies on his own part. The "Palace" only appears, during his sway, on one occasion, and then in the disagreeable light of a fortress guarded against the irruption of the gay Virginians. It was reported that his Excellency had arms ranged in rows on the floor ready to do execution on any inconsiderate rebels who assailed him. He soon afterward abandoned the capital, having first removed the powder from the Colonial Magazine.

This building, popularly known as the "Old Magazine," is still standing. It goes back to a period which in America may be called a tolerably remote antiquity, having been erected by Governor Spotswood in the year 1716. The building is octagonal, surmounted by a pointed roof, and is very substantial. Each of the octagonal sides is twelve feet in width, giving an interior diameter of about thirty feet. It has been variously employed since the Revolution as a Baptist meeting-house, etc.; but it is the aim of some gentlemen of Williamsburg now to restore it and preserve it as an historical relic. The Old Magazine appears but once in history, but this single appearance is a dramatic one, and renders the spot highly interesting. The incident is too well known to require more than brief mention. Lord Dunmore, acting apparently like Gage in Massachusetts, under general orders from his Government to disarm the people, secretly removed the powder from the magazine under cover of darkness and sent it off. The act excited enormous indignation, and Patrick Henry marched at the head of an armed force upon Williamsburg, only consenting to disband his men when the powder was paid for. Soon afterward, Dunmore fled from the capital never again to return.

The last historic locality demanding notice is the Old Raleigh Tavern, which, like almost every landmark of the past at Williamsburg, has been destroyed by fire. No American "hostelry," either North or South,



INTERIOR OF LIBRARY, WILLIAM AND MARY COLLEGE.

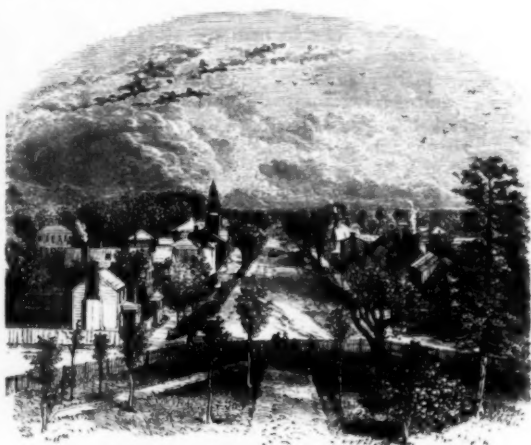
was as famous as "The Raleigh." The date of its origin is not accurately known, but it was probably erected before or soon after the year 1700. The building was of wood, one full story in height, with an attic above lit by eight dormer windows in each wing—the house being in the form of an L, with a basement and entrance doors nearly in the center of each front, over one of which was a leaden bust of Sir Walter Raleigh. The main apartment was called the "Apollo Room," for what reason it seems difficult to discover; and this room, which was large, well lit, with a deep fireplace, on each side of which a door opened, and a carved wainscoting beneath the windows and above the mantel-piece, witnessed probably more scenes of brilliant festivity and political excitement than any other single apartment in North America. Spotswood and the early dignitaries of the colony must have been familiar with this old apartment; Botetourt, on his arrival in Virginia, supped here in state, and with the advent of the Revolution, it grew suddenly popular as the place of meeting of the patriots. It had long been used for the grand balls of the time, called "assemblies," and in 1763 or 1764 we find Jefferson, then a gay young student at Williamsburg, or "Devilsburg," as he always wrote in his letters, declaring that he was as happy on the night before

as "dancing with Belinda in the Apollo" could make him. The ancient room saw, indeed, at one time or another, all that was brilliant and graceful in the Virginia society of the eighteenth century, and its high reputation as a ball-room is shown by the grand assembly held there in honor of Lord Dunmore—a "state affair" under the auspices of the Honorable House of Burgesses. This social importance of the "Apollo Room" was supplemented by a high political renown. On the dissolution of the Burgesses, they retired from the Capitol *en masse* to the "Apollo," where they entered into the non-importation agreement, passed resolves against England, and subsequently originated the "Committee of Correspondence," the main political engine, uniting in one column, for resistance or attack, all the colonies of North America against England. The detailed history of this famous tavern is worth the attention of some persevering antiquary. We can only add here that the rear wing first disappeared, and about the middle of the present century the remainder was destroyed by fire.

The history of William and Mary College, to which we now return in a few concluding paragraphs, presents since the Revolution some interesting incidents which we shall briefly mention. In 1781 the building was partially destroyed by fire, while occupied by the French troops, in the absence of the students, but rebuilt by the King of France, who made an important accession to the library. In 1788, General Washington, who had held his appointment as Surveyor from the institution, was made Chancellor. Bishop Madison also had charge of the college, as President, until 1812, and about 1848, the present Bishop Johns of Virginia became President, remaining in office until 1854. At present the institution is under the control of the able and estimable President Benjamin S. Ewell, who has been connected with it for the best part of half a century.

In February, 1859, the college was again destroyed by fire, some of the students being exposed to imminent peril. The old portraits in the "Blue Room" and the College Seal were rescued by President Ewell,—also the records of the institution. With these exceptions, almost everything was lost—in-

cluding the rare volumes of the library. Such was the energy of the authorities, however, that one year afterward, day for day—that is to say, on the 8th of February, 1860, the college had been completely rebuilt and



MAIN STREET, WILLIAMSBURG—FROM THE COLLEGE WINDOWS.

furnished, and was again in full operation, with ample means to sustain its Faculty. In May, 1861, the existence of actual war in the immediate vicinity rendered it necessary to suspend the exercises, and on the 9th of September, 1862, a disorganized force of Federal cavalry, then in possession of Williamsburg, fired and destroyed the principal building, with the furniture and apparatus, subsequently injuring the property to the extent, in all, of about \$80,000. The college now seemed to have fallen never to rise again, but its friends did not despair, and in August, 1865, determined to repair some of the buildings, and re-open the institution. This was promptly done, largely by means of contributions, not only from Virginians, but from friends of education in other States and countries, among whom were the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Earl of Derby, and others in England; Messrs. Stewart, Belmont, Harper, Appleton, English, Scribner, and others in New York; Messrs. Childs, Lippincott, and many more in Philadelphia, and the first citizens in Boston, Baltimore, Washington, Georgetown, etc., the list being far too long to present in this place. About the same time the "Matty fund," an ancient charity, dating from 1741, and amounting to more than \$8,000, was secured; and with this fund was established "The Grammar and Matty School." To end

this brief summary of recent events in the history of the college, President Ewell has appeared three times before Congressional Committees—the last time in April, 1874—urging the justice of an appropriation for the college, in consideration of "Revolutionary losses, and because of the destruction of its building, and other property, by United States troops, during the late Civil War,"—a petition eloquently supported by the Hon. Mr. Hoar, of Massachusetts.\* Of the result, if any, of this application, we are not advised. In 1869, the main building was substantially restored, the Faculty fully re-organized; and the venerable institution has begun a new career of usefulness, under able and experienced officers, in whose hands

it promises to resume its ancient celebrity. If excelled in wealth and the number of students by other universities, it is unsurpassed for the excellence of its moral and intellectual training, and the refined influences surrounding it in the old city of Williamsburg, now, as formerly, remarkable for the high tone of its society. Let it be added that, surely, the historical glories of the old Virginia capital should count for something. It is scarcely a mere fancy that something of the spirit of patriotism and virtue which inspired Washington, Jefferson, Pendleton, and other eminent men of the last century, lingers in the ancient metropolis—and to resemble these is the worthiest aim that the young men of to-day could present to themselves.

\* General Meade thus writes in relation to this destruction:

"I am satisfied, on examination of the facts of the case, that the destruction of the buildings of William and Mary College by our troops was not only unnecessary and unauthorized, but was one of those deplorable acts of useless destruction which occur in all wars.

"In this view, and believing that its reconstruction will tend to cement and strengthen the bonds of union, and to give encouragement to the growth and spreading of Union principles, I take great pleasure in recommending the appeal of Professor Ewell to all those who have the means and the disposition to assist him in the good work in which he is engaged."

## BEAUTY FOR ASHES.

BEAUTY for ashes thou hast brought me, dear!

A time there was when all my soul lay waste,  
As the earth dark before the dawning lies

Whereto the golden feet of morn make haste.

Like morn thou comest, gladness in thine eyes,

And gracious pity round thine ardent mouth—

Like rain of summer upon wasted lands,

Thy tender tears refreshed my spirit's drouth.

To-day is calm. Far off the tempest raves

That long ago swept dead men to the shore—

I can forget how those wild billows broke—

Against my hopes and me they break no more.

White butterflies flit shining in the sun—

Red roses burst to bloom upon the tree—

Birds call to birds till the glad day is done,

The day of beauty thou hast brought to me.

Shall I forget, O gentle heart and true,

How thy fair dawn has risen on my night—

Turned dark to day all golden through and through—

From soil of grief won bloom of new delight?

## GABRIEL CONROY.\*

BY BRET HARTE.

## CHAPTER I.

## WITHOUT.

**SNOW.** Everywhere. As far as the eye could reach—fifty miles, looking southward from the highest white peak. Filling ravines and gulches, and dropping from the walls of cañons in white shroud-like drifts, fashioning the dividing ridge into the likeness of a monstrous grave, hiding the bases of giant pines, and completely covering young trees and larches, rimming with porcelain the bowl-like edges of still, cold lakes, and undulating in motionless white billows to the edge of the distant horizon. Snow lying everywhere over the California Sierras on the 15th day of March, 1848, and still falling.

It had been snowing for ten days; snowing in finely granulated powder, in damp, spongy flakes, in thin, feathery plumes; snowing from a leaden sky steadily, snowing fiercely, shaken out of purple-black clouds in white flocculent masses, or dropping in long level lines like white lances from the tumbled and broken heavens. But always silently! The woods were so choked with it, the branches were so laden with it, it had so permeated, filled and possessed earth and sky; it had so cushioned and muffled the ringing rocks and echoing hills that all sound was deadened. The strongest gust, the fiercest blast awoke no sigh or complaint from the snow-packed, rigid files of forest. There was no cracking of bough nor crackle of underbrush; the overlaid branches of pine and fir yielded and gave way without a sound. The silence was vast, measureless, complete!

Nor could it be said that any outward sign of life or motion changed the fixed outlines of this stricken landscape. Above, there was no play of light and shadow, only the occasional deepening of storm or night. Below, no bird winged its flight across the white expanse, no beast haunted the confines of the black woods; whatever of brute nature might have once inhabited these solitudes had long since flown to the low lands.

\* Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1875, by Bret Harte, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington, D. C.

There was no track or imprint; whatever foot might have left its mark upon this waste, each succeeding snow-fall obliterated all trace or record. Every morning the solitude was virgin and unbroken; a million tiny feet had stepped into the track and filled it up. And yet, in the center of this desolation, in the very stronghold of this grim fortress, there was the mark of human toil.

A few trees had been felled at the entrance of the cañon, and the freshly cut chips were but lightly covered with snow. They served perhaps to indicate another tree, "blazed" with an axe, and bearing a rudely shaped wooden effigy of a human hand, pointing to the cañon. Below the hand was a square strip of canvas, securely nailed against the bark, and bearing the following inscription:

## "NOTICE.

Captain CONROY's party of emigrants are lost in the snow, and camped up this cañon. Out of provisions and starving!

Left St. Jo, October 8th, 1847.

Left Salt Lake, January 1st, 1848.

Arrived here, March 1st, 1848.

Lost half our stock on the Platte.

Abandoned our wagons, February 20th.

## HELP!

Our names are:

JOEL MCCORMICK,	JANE BRACKETT,
PETER DUMPHY,	GABRIEL CONROY,
PAUL DEVARGES,	JOHN WALKER,
GRACE CONROY,	HENRY MARCH,
OLYMPIA CONROY,	PHILIP ASHLEY,
MARY DUMPHY.	

(Then in smaller letters, in pencil):

MAMIE died, November 8th, Sweetwater.

MINNIE died December 1st, Echo Cañon.

JANE died January 2d, Salt Lake.

JAMES BRACKETT, lost February 3d.

## HELP!"

The language of suffering is not apt to be artistic or studied, but I think that rhetoric could not improve this actual record. So I let it stand, even as it stood this 15th day of March, 1848, half-hidden by a thin film of damp snow, the snow-whitened hand stiffened and pointing rigidly to the fateful cañon like the finger of Death.

At noon there was a lull in the storm and

a slight brightening of the sky toward the east. The grim outlines of the distant hills returned, and the starved white flank of the mountain began to glisten. Across its gaunt hollow some black object was moving. Moving slowly and laboriously—moving with such an uncertain mode of progression that at first it was difficult to detect whether it was brute or human—sometimes on all fours, sometimes erect, again hurrying forward like a drunken man, but always with a certain definiteness of purpose, toward the cañon.

As it approached nearer you saw that it was a man. A haggard man, ragged and enveloped in a tattered buffalo robe, but still a man, and a determined one. A young man, despite his bent figure and wasted limbs—a young man despite the premature furrows that care and anxiety had set upon his brow and in the corners of his rigid mouth—a young man notwithstanding the expression of savage misanthropy with which suffering and famine had overlaid the frank impulsiveness of youth.

When he reached the tree at the entrance of the cañon, he brushed the film of snow from the canvas placard, and then leaned for a few moments exhaustedly against its trunk. There was something in the abandonment of his attitude that indicated even more pathetically than his face and figure his utter prostration—a prostration quite inconsistent with any visible cause. When he had rested himself, he again started forward with a nervous intensity, shambling, shuffling, falling, stopping to replace the rudely extemporized snow-shoes of fir bark that frequently slipped from his feet, but always starting on again with the feverishness of one who doubted even the sustaining power of his will.

A mile beyond the tree the cañon narrowed and turned gradually to the south, and at this point a thin curling cloud of smoke was visible that seemed to rise from some crevice in the snow. As he came nearer, the impression of recent foot-prints began to show; there was some displacement of the snow around a low mound from which the smoke now plainly issued. Here he stopped, or rather lay down, before an opening or cavern in the snow, and uttered a feeble shout. It was responded to still more feebly. Presently a face appeared above the opening, and a ragged figure like his own, then another, and then another, until eight human creatures, men and women, surrounded him in the snow, squatting like

animals, and like animals lost to all sense of decency and shame.

They were so haggard, so faded, so forlorn, so wan,—so piteous in their human aspect, or rather all that was left of a human aspect,—that they might have been wept over as they sat there; they were so brutal, so imbecile, unreasoning and grotesque in these newer animal attributes, that they might have provoked a smile. They were originally country people, mainly of that social class whose self-respect is apt to be dependent rather on their circumstances, position and surroundings, than upon any individual moral power or intellectual force. They had lost the sense of shame in the sense of equality of suffering; there was nothing within them to take the place of the material enjoyments they were losing. They were childish without the ambition or emulation of childhood; they were men and women without the dignity or simplicity of man and womanhood. All that had raised them above the level of the brute was lost in the snow. Even the characteristics of sex were gone; an old woman of sixty quarreled, fought, and swore with the harsh utterance and ungainly gestures of a man; a young man of scorbutic temperament wept, sighed, and fainted with the hysteria of a woman. So profound was their degradation that the stranger who had thus evoked them from the earth, even in his very rags and sadness, seemed of another race.

They were all intellectually weak and helpless, but one, a woman, appeared to have completely lost her mind. She carried a small blanket wrapped up to represent a child—the tangible memory of one that had starved to death in her arms a few days before—and rocked it from side to side as she sat, with a faith that was piteous. But even more piteous was the fact that none of her companions took the least notice, either by sympathy or complaint, of her aberration. When a few moments later she called upon them to be quiet, for that "baby" was asleep, they glared at her indifferently and went on. A red-haired man, who was chewing a piece of buffalo hide, cast a single murderous glance at her, but the next moment seemed to have forgotten her presence in his more absorbing occupation.

The stranger paused a moment rather to regain his breath than to wait for their more orderly and undivided attention. Then he uttered the single word:

"Nothing!"

"Nothing." They all echoed the word,



simultaneously, but with different inflection and significance—one fiercely, another gloomily, another stupidly, another mechanically. The woman with the blanket baby explained to it, "he says 'nothing,'" and laughed.

"No—nothing," repeated the speaker. "Yesterday's snow blocked up the old trail again. The beacon on the summit's burnt out. I left a notice at the Divide. Do that again, Dumphy, and I'll knock the top of your d——d head off."

Dumphy, the red-haired man, had rudely shoved and stricken the woman with the baby—she was his wife, and this conjugal act may have been partly habit—as she was crawling nearer the speaker. She did not seem to notice the blow or its giver—the apathy with which these people received blows or slights was more terrible than wrangling—but said, assuringly, when she had reached the side of the young man:

"To-morrow, then?"

The face of the young man softened as he made the same reply he had made for the last eight days to the same question:

"To-morrow, surely!"

She crawled away, still holding the effigy of her dead baby very carefully, and retreated down the opening.

"'Pears to me you don't do much enny-way, out scouting! 'Pears to me you ain't worth shucks!" said the harsh-voiced woman, glancing at the speaker. "Why don't some on ye take his place? Why do you trust your lives and the lives of women to that thar Ashley?" she continued, with her voice raised to a strident bark.

The hysterical young man, Henry Conroy, who sat next to her, turned a wild, scared face upon her, and then, as if fearful of being dragged into the conversation, disappeared hastily after Mrs. Dumphy.

Ashley shrugged his shoulders and, replying to the group, rather than any individual speaker, said curtly:

"There's but one chance—equal for all—open to all. You know what it is. To stay here is death; to go, cannot be worse than that."

He rose and walked slowly away up the cañon a few rods to where another mound was visible, and disappeared from their view. When he had gone, a querulous chatter went around the squatting circle.

"Gone to see the old Doctor and the gal. We're no account."

"Thar's two too many in this yer party."

"Yes—the crazy Doctor and Ashley."

"They're both interlopers, any way."

"Jonahs."

"Said no good could come of it, ever since we picked him up."

"But the Cap'n invited the ol' Doctor, and took all his stock at Sweetwater, and Ashley put in his provisions with the rest."

The speaker was McCormick. Somewhere in the feeble depths of his consciousness there was still a lingering sense of justice. He was hungry, but not unreasonable. Besides, he remembered with a tender regret the excellent quality of provision that Ashley had furnished.

"What's that got to do with it?" screamed Mrs. Brackett. "He brought the bad luck with him. Ain't my husband dead, and isn't that skunk—an entire stranger—still livin'?"

The voice was masculine, but the logic was feminine. In cases of great prostration with mental debility, in the hopeless vacuity that precedes death by inanition or starvation, it is sometimes very effective. They all assented to it, and by a singular intellectual harmony the expression of each was the same. It was simply "G——d d——n him!"

"What are you goin' to do?"

"If I was a man, I'd know!"

"Knife him!"

"Kill him, and——"

The remainder of this sentence was lost to the others in a confidential whisper between Mrs. Brackett and Dumphy. After this confidence they sat and wagged their heads together like two unmatched but hideous Chinese idols.

"Look at his strenth! and he not a workin' man like us," said Dumphy. "Don't tell me he don't get suthin reg'lar."

"Suthin what?"

"Suthin TO EAT!"

But it is impossible to convey even by capitals the intense emphasis put upon this verb. It was followed by a horrible pause.

"Let's go and see."

"And kill him," suggested the gentle Mrs. Brackett.

They all rose with a common interest almost like enthusiasm. But after they had tottered a few steps, they fell. Yet even then there was not enough self-respect left among them to feel any sense of shame or mortification in their baffled design. They stopped, all except Dumphy.

"Wot's that dream you was talkin' 'bout jess now?" said Mr. McCormick, sitting down and abandoning the enterprise with the most shameless indifference.

"Bout the dinner at St. Jo?" asked the person addressed—a gentleman whose faculty of alimentary imagination had been at once the bliss and torment of his present social circle.

"Yes."

They all gathered eagerly around Mr. McCormick; even Mr. Dumphy, who was still moving away, stopped.

"Well," said Mr. March, "it began with beefsteak and injins—beefsteak, you know, juicy and cut very thick, and jess squashy with gravy and injins." There was a very perceptible watering of the mouth in the party, and Mr. March, with the genius of a true narrator, under the plausible disguise of having forgotten his story, repeated the last sentence—"jess squashy with gravy and injins. And taters—baked."

"You said fried before!—and dripping with fat!"—interposed Mrs. Brackett, hastily.

"For them as likes fried—but baked goes funder—skins and all—and sassage and coffee and—flapjacks!"

At this magical word they laughed, not mirthfully perhaps, but eagerly and expectantly, and said, "Go on!"

"And flapjacks!"

"You said that afore!"—said Mrs. Brackett with a burst of passion. "Go on, d—n you!"

The giver of this Barmecide feast, saw his dangerous position, and looked around for Dumphy. But he had disappeared.

## CHAPTER II.

### WITHIN.

THE hut into which Ashley descended was, like a Greenland's "iglook," below the surface of the snow. Accident rather than design had given it this Arctic resemblance. As snow upon snow had blocked up its entrance, and reared its white ladders against its walls, and as the strength of its exhausted inmates slowly declined, communication with the outward world was kept up only by a single narrow passage. Excluded from the air, it was close and stifling, but it had a warmth that perhaps the thin blood of its occupants craved more than light or ventilation.

A smoldering fire in a wooden chimney threw a faint flicker on the walls. By its light, lying upon the floor, were discernible four figures—a young woman and a child of three or four years wrapped in a single blanket, near the fire; nearer the door two men separately enwrapped lay apart. They

might have been dead, so deep and motionless were their slumbers.

Perhaps some fear of this filled the mind of Ashley as he entered, for after a moment's hesitation, without saying a word, he passed quickly to the side of the young woman, and, kneeling beside her, placed his hand upon her face. Slight as was the touch, it awakened her. I know not what subtle magnetism was in that contact, but she caught the hand in her own, sat up, and before her eyes were scarcely opened, uttered the single word:

"Philip!"

"Grace—hush!"

He took her hand, kissed it, and pointed warningly toward the other sleepers.

"Speak low. I have much to say to you."

The young girl seemed to be content to devour the speaker with her eyes.

"You have come back," she whispered, with a faint smile, and a look that showed too plainly the predominance of that fact above all others in her mind. "I dreamed of you—Philip."

"Dear Grace," he kissed her hand again.

"Listen to me, darling! I have come back, but only with the old story—no signs of succor, no indications of help from without! My belief is, Grace," he added, in a voice so low as to be audible only to the quick ear to which it was addressed, "that we have blundered far south of the usual traveled trail. Nothing but a miracle or a misfortune like our own would bring another train this way. We are alone and helpless—in an unknown region that even the savage and brute have abandoned. The only aid we can calculate upon is from within—from ourselves. What that aid amounts to," he continued, turning a cynical eye toward the sleepers, "you know as well as I."

She pressed his hand, apologetically, as if accepting the reproach herself, but did not speak.

"As a party we have no strength—no discipline," he went on. "Since your father died we have had no leader—I know what you would say, Grace, dear," he continued, answering the mute protest of the girl's hand, "but even if it were true—if I were capable of leading them, they would not take my counsels. Perhaps it is as well. If we kept together, the greatest peril of our situation would be ever present—the peril from *ourselves*!"

He looked intently at her as he spoke, but she evidently did not take his meaning.

"Grace," he said, desperately, "when

starving men are thrown together, they are capable of any sacrifice—of any crime, to keep the miserable life that they hold so dear—just in proportion as it becomes valueless. You have read in books—Grace! good God—what is the matter?”

If she had not read his meaning in books, she might have read it at that moment in the face that was peering in the door, a face with so much of animal suggestion in its horrible wistfulness that she needed no further revelation; a face full of inhuman ferocity and watchful eagerness, and yet a face familiar in its outlines—the face of Dumphy! Even with her danger came the swifter instinct of feminine tact and concealment, and without betraying the real cause of her momentary horror, she dropped her head upon Philip's shoulder and whispered, “I understand.” When she raised her head again the face was gone.

“Enough! I did not mean to frighten you, Grace, but only to show you what we must avoid—what we have still strength left to avoid. There is but one chance of escape, you know what it is—a desperate one, but no more desperate than this passive waiting for a certain end. I ask you again—will you share it with me? When I first spoke I was less sanguine than now. Since then I have explored the ground carefully, and studied the trend of these mountains. It is *possible*. I say no more.”

“But my sister and brother?”

“The child would be a hopeless impediment, even if she could survive the fatigue and exposure. Your brother must stay with her; she will need all his remaining strength and all the hopefulness that keeps him up. No, Grace, we must go alone. Remember, our safety means theirs. Their strength will last until we can send relief; while they would sink in the attempt to reach it with us. I would go alone, but I cannot bear, dear Grace, to leave you here.”

“I should die if you left me,” she said simply.

“I believe you would, Grace,” he said as simply.

“But can we not wait? Help may come at any moment—to-morrow.”

“To-morrow will find us weaker. I should not trust your strength nor my own a day longer.”

“But the old man—the Doctor?”

“He will soon be beyond the reach of help,” said the young man sadly. “Hush, he is moving!”

One of the blanketed figures had rolled

over. Philip walked to the fire, threw on a fresh stick and stirred the embers. The upspringing flash showed the face of an old man whose eyes were fixed with feverish intensity upon him.

“What are you doing with the fire?” he asked querulously, with a slight foreign accent.

“Stirring it!”

“Leave it alone!”

Philip listlessly turned away.

“Come here,” said the old man.

Philip approached.

“You need say nothing,” said the old man, after a pause, in which he examined Philip's face keenly. “I read your news in your face—the old story—I know it by heart.”

“Well?” said Philip.

“Well!” said the old man, stolidly.

Philip again turned away.

“You buried the case and papers?” asked the old man.

“Yes.”

“Through the snow—in the earth?”

“Yes.”

“Securely?”

“Securely.”

“How did you indicate it?”

“By a cairn of stones.”

“And the notices—in German and French?”

“I nailed them up wherever I could, near the old trail.”

“Good.”

The cynical look on Philip's face deepened as he once more turned away. But before he reached the door he paused, and drawing from his breast a faded flower, with a few limp leaves, handed it to the old man.

“I found a duplicate of the plant you were looking for.”

The old man half rose on his elbow, breathless with excitement as he clutched and eagerly examined the plant.

“It is the same,” he said, with a sigh of relief, “and yet—you said there was no news!”

“May I ask what it means?” said Philip, with a slight smile.

“It means that I am right, and Linnæus, Darwin, and Eschenholtz are wrong. It means a discovery. It means that this which you call an Alpine flower is not one, but a new species.”

“An important fact to starving men,” said Philip, bitterly.

“It means more,” continued the old man, without heeding Philip's tone. “It means

that this flower is not developed in perpetual snow. It means that it is first germinated in a warm soil and under a kindly sun. It means that if you had not plucked it, it would have fulfilled its destiny under those conditions. It means that in two months grass will be springing where you found it—even where we now lie. We are below the limit of perpetual snow."

"In two months!" said the young girl, eagerly, clasping her hands.

"In two months," said the young man, bitterly. "In two months we shall be far from here, or dead."

"Probably!" said the old man, coolly, "but if you have fulfilled my injunctions in regard to my papers and the collection, they will in good time be discovered and saved."

Ashley turned away with an impatient gesture, and the old man's head again sank exhaustedly upon his arm. Under the pretext of caressing the child, Ashley crossed over to Grace, uttered a few hurried and almost inaudible words, and disappeared through the door. When he had gone, the old man raised his head again and called feebly:

"Grace!"

"Dr. Devarges!"

"Come here!"

She rose and crossed over to his side.

"Why did he stir the fire, Grace?" said Devarges, with a suspicious glance.

"I don't know."

"You tell him everything—did you tell him that?"

"I did not, sir."

Devarges looked as if he would read the inmost thoughts of the girl, and then, as if re-assured, said:

"Take it from the fire, and let it cool in the snow."

The young girl raked away the embers of the dying fire, and disclosed what seemed to be a stone of the size of a hen's egg, incandescent and glowing. With the aid of two half-burnt sticks she managed to extract it, and deposited it in a convenient snow-drift near the door, and then returned to the side of the old man.

"Grace!"

"Sir!"

"You are going away!"

Grace did not speak.

"Don't deny it. I overheard you. Perhaps it is the best that you can do. But whether it is or not you will do it—of course. Grace, what do you know of that man?"

Neither the contact of daily familiarity, the equality of suffering, nor the presence of approaching death could subdue the woman's nature in Grace. She instantly raised her shield. From behind it she began to fence feebly with the dying man.

"Why, what we all know of him, sir,—a true friend; a man to whose courage, intellect, and endurance we owe so much. And so unselfish, sir!"

"Humph!—what else?"

"Nothing—except that he has always been your devoted friend—and I thought you were his. You brought him to us," she said, a little viciously.

"Yes—I picked him up at Sweetwater. But what do you know of his history? What has he told you?"

"He ran away from a wicked step-father and relations whom he hated. He came out West to live alone—among the Indians—or to seek his fortune in Oregon. He is very proud—you know, sir. He is as unlike us as you are, sir,—he is a gentleman. He is educated."

"Yes, I believe that's what they call it here, and he doesn't know the petals of a flower from the stamens," muttered Devarges. "Well! After you run away with him does he propose to marry you?"

For an instant a faint flush deepened the wan cheek of the girl, and she lost her guard. But the next moment she recovered it.

"Oh, sir," said this arch hypocrite, sweetly, "how can you jest so cruelly at such a moment? The life of my dear brother and sister, the lives of the poor women in yonder hut, depend upon our going. He and I are the only ones left who have strength enough to make the trial. I can assist him, for, although strong, I require less to support my strength than he. Something tells me we shall be successful; we shall return soon with help. Oh, sir,—it is no time for trifling now; our lives—even your own is at stake!"

"My own life," said the old man impassively, "is already spent. Before you return, if you return at all, I shall be beyond your help."

A spasm of pain appeared to pass over his face. He lay still for a moment as if to concentrate his strength for a further effort. But, when he again spoke, his voice was much lower, and he seemed to articulate with difficulty.

"Grace," he said at last, "come, nearer, girl,—I have something to tell you."

Grace hesitated. Within the last few moments a shy, nervous dread of the man

which she could not account for had taken possession of her. She looked toward her sleeping brother.

"He will not waken," said Devarges, following the direction of her eyes. "The anodyne still holds its effect. Bring me what you took from the fire."

Grace brought the stone—a dull bluish-gray slag. The old man took it, examined it, and then said to Grace:

"Rub it briskly on your blanket."

Grace did so. After a few moments it began to exhibit a faint white luster on its polished surface.

"It looks like silver," said Grace, doubtfully.

"It *is* silver!" replied Devarges.

Grace put it down quickly and moved slightly away.

"Take it," said the old man,—"it is yours. A year ago I found it in a ledge of the mountain range far west of this. I know where it lies in bulk—a fortune, Grace, do you hear?—hidden in the bluish stone you put in the fire for me last night. I can tell you where and how to find it. I can give you the title to it—the right of discovery. Take it—it is yours."

"No, no," said the girl hurriedly, keep it yourself. You will live to enjoy it."

"Never, Grace! even were I to live I should not make use of it. I have in my life had more than my share of it, and it brought me no happiness. It has no value to me—the rankest weed that grows above it is worth more in my eyes. Take it. To the world it means everything,—wealth and position. Take it. It will make you as proud and independent as your lover—it will make you always gracious in his eyes;—it will be a setting to your beauty,—it will be a pedestal to your virtue. Take it—it is yours."

"But you have relatives—friends," said the girl, drawing away from the shining stone with a half superstitious awe. "There are others whose claims—"

"None greater than yours," interrupted the old man, with the nervous haste of failing breath. "Call it a reward if you choose. Look upon it as a bribe to keep your lover to the fulfillment of his promise to preserve my manuscripts and collection. Think, if you like, that it is an act of retribution—that once in my life I might have known a young girl whose future would have been blest by such a gift. Think—think—what you like—but take it!"

His voice had sunk to a whisper. A grayish pallor had overspread his face and his

breath came with difficulty. Grace would have called her brother, but with a motion of his hand Devarges restrained her. With a desperate effort he raised himself upon his elbow, and drawing an envelope from his pocket, put it in her hand.

"It contains—map—description of mine and locality—yours—say you will take it—Grace, quick, say—"

His head had again sunk to the floor. She stooped to raise it. As she did so a slight shadow darkened the opening by the door. She raised her eyes quickly and saw—the face of Dumphy!

She did not shrink this time; but, with a sudden instinct, she turned to Devarges, and said:

"I will!"

She raised her eyes again defiantly, but the face had disappeared.

"Thank you," said the old man. His lips moved again but without a sound. A strange film had begun to gather in his eyes.

"Dr. Devarges," whispered Grace.

He did not speak. "He is dying," thought the young girl as a new and sudden fear overcame her. She rose quickly and crossed hurriedly to her brother and shook him. A prolonged inspiration, like a moan, was the only response. For a moment she glanced wildly around the room and then ran to the door.

"Philip!"

There was no response. She climbed up through the tunnel-like opening. It was already quite dark and a few feet beyond the hut nothing was distinguishable. She cast a rapid backward glance, and then, with a sudden desperation, darted forward into the darkness. At the same moment two figures raised themselves from behind the shadow of the mound and slipped down the tunnel into the hut—Mrs. Brackett and Mr. Dumphy.

They might have been the meanest predatory animals—so stealthy, so eager, so timorous, so crouching, and yet so agile were their motions. They ran, sometimes upright and sometimes on all fours, hither and thither. They fell over each other in their eagerness, and struck and spat savagely at each other in the half darkness. They peered into corners, they rooted in the dying embers and among the ashes, they groped among the skins and blankets, they smelt and sniffed at every article. They paused at last apparently unsuccessful, and glared at each other.



"They must have eaten it,—d—n 'em!" said Mrs. Brackett in a hoarse whisper.

"It didn't look like suthin' to eat," said Dumphy.

"You saw 'em take it from the fire?"

"Yes!"

"And rub it?"

"Yes!"

"Fool. Don't you see—"

"What?"

"It was a baked potato."

Dumphy sat dumbfounded.

"Why should they rub it—it takes off the cracklin' skin?" he said.

"They've got such fine stomachs!" answered Mrs. Brackett with an oath.

Dumphy was still aghast with the importance of his discovery.

"He said he knew where there was more!" he whispered eagerly.

"Where?"

"I didn't get to hear."

"Fool! Why didn't ye rush in and grip his throat until he told yer," hissed Mrs. Brackett, in a tempest of baffled rage and disappointment. "Ye ain't got the spunk of a flea. Let me git hold of that gal—Hush! what's that?"

"He's moving!" said Dumphy.

In an instant they had both changed again into slinking, crouching, baffled animals, eager only for escape. Yet they dared not move.

The old man had turned over, and his lips were moving in the mutterings of delirium. Presently he called "Grace!"

With a sign of caution to her companion the woman leaned over him.

"Yes, deary, I'm here."

"Tell him not to forget. Make him keep his promise. Ask him where it is buried!"

"Yes, deary!"

"He'll tell you. He knows!"

"Yes, deary!"

"At the head of Monument Cañon. A hundred feet north of the lone pine. Dig two feet down below the surface of the cairn."

"Yes!"

"Where the wolves can't get it."

"Yes!"

"The stones keep it from ravenous beasts."

"Yes, in course!"

"That might tear it up."

"Yes!"

"Starving beasts!"

"Yes, deary!"

The fire of his wandering eyes went out

suddenly like a candle. His jaw dropped. He was dead. And over him the man and woman crouched in fearful joy,—looking at each other with the first smile that had been upon their lips since they had entered the fateful cañon.

### CHAPTER III.

#### GABRIEL.

It was found the next morning, that the party was diminished by five. Philip Ashley and Grace Conroy, Peter Dumphy and Mrs. Brackett were missing; Dr. Paul Devarges was dead. The death of the old man caused but little excitement and no sorrow; the absconding of the others was attributed to some information which they had selfishly withheld from the remaining ones, and produced a spasm of impotent rage. In five minutes their fury knew no bounds. The lives and property of the fugitives were instantly declared forfeit. Steps were taken—about twenty, I think—in the direction of their flight, but finally abandoned.

Only one person knew that Philip and Grace had gone together—Gabriel Conroy. On awakening early that morning he had found pinned to his blanket, a paper with these words in pencil:

"God bless dear brother and sister, and keep them until Philip and I come back with help."

With it were a few scraps of provisions, evidently saved by Grace from her scant rations, and left as a parting gift. These Gabriel instantly turned into the common stock.

Then he began to comfort the child. Added to his natural hopefulness he had a sympathetic instinct with the pains and penalties of childhood, not so much a quality of his intellect as of his nature. He had all the physical adaptabilities of a nurse—a large, tender touch, a low persuasive voice, pliant yet unhesitating limbs, and broad well-cushioned surfaces. During the weary journey women had instinctively intrusted babies to his charge, most of the dead had died in his arms, all forms and conditions of helplessness had availed themselves of his easy capacity. No one thought of thanking him. I do not think he ever expected it; he always appeared morally irresponsible and quite unconscious of his own importance, and, as is frequent in such cases, there was a tendency to accept his services at his own valuation. Nay more; there was a slight consciousness of superiority in those who

thus gave him an opportunity of exhibiting his special faculty.

"Ollly," he said, after an airy preliminary toss, "would ye like to have a nice dolly?"

Ollly opened her wide hungry eyes in hopeful anticipation and nodded assent.

"A nice dolly with a real mamma," he continued, "who plays with it like a true baby. Would ye like to help her play with it?"

The idea of a joint partnership of this kind evidently pleased Ollly by its novelty.

"Well then, brother Gabe will get you one. But Gracey will have to go away so that the doll's mamma kin come."

Ollly at first resented this, but eventually succumbed to novelty, after the fashion of her sex, starving or otherwise. Yet she prudently asked:

"Is it ever hungry?"

"It is never hungry," replied Gabriel, confidently.

"Oh!" said Ollly, with an air of relief.

Then Gabriel, the cunning, sought Mrs. Dumphy, the mentally alienated.

"You are jest killin' of yourself with the tendin' o' that child," he said, after bestowing a caress on the blanket and slightly pinching an imaginary cheek of the effigy. "It would be likelier and stronger fur a playmate. Good gracious! how thin it is gettin'. A change will do it good; fetch it to Ollly, and let her help you tend it until—to-morrow." To-morrow was the extreme limit of Mrs. Dumphy's future.

So Mrs. Dumphy and her effigy were installed in Grace's place, and Ollly was made happy. A finer nature or a more active imagination than Gabriel's would have revolted at this monstrous combination; but Gabriel only saw that they appeared contented, and the first pressing difficulty of Grace's absence was overcome. So alternately they took care of the effigy, the child simulating the cares of the future and losing the present in them, the mother living in the memories of the past. Perhaps it might have been pathetic to have seen Ollly and Mrs. Dumphy both saving the infinitesimal remnants of their provisions for the doll, but the only spectator was one of the actors, Gabriel, who lent himself to the deception; and pathos to be effective must be viewed from the outside.

At noon that day the hysterical young man, Gabriel's cousin, died. Gabriel went over to the other hut and endeavored to cheer the survivors. He succeeded in infecting them so far with his hopefulness as to

loosen the tongue and imagination of the story-teller, but at four o'clock the body had not yet been buried.

It was evening, and the three were sitting over the embers, when a singular change came over Mrs. Dumphy. The effigy suddenly slipped from her hands, and, looking up, Gabriel perceived that her arms had dropped to her side, and that her eyes were fixed on vacancy. He spoke to her, but she made no sign nor response of any kind. He touched her, and found her limbs rigid and motionless. Ollly began to cry.

The sound seemed to agitate Mrs. Dumphy. Without moving a limb, she said, in a changed, unnatural voice:

"Hark!"

Ollly choked her sobs at a sign from Gabriel.

"They're coming!" said Mrs. Dumphy.

"Which?" said Gabriel.

"The relief party."

"Where?"

"Far, far away. They're jest setting out. I see 'em—a dozen men with pack horses and provisions. The leader is an American—the others are strangers. They're coming—but far, oh, so far away!"

Gabriel fixed his eyes upon her but did not speak. After a death-like pause, she went on:

"The sun is shining, the birds are singing, the grass is springing where they ride—but, oh, so far—too far away!"

"Do you know them?" asked Gabriel.

"No."

"Do they know us?"

"No."

"Why do they come, and how do they know where we are?" asked Gabriel.

"Their leader has seen us."

"Where?"

"In a dream."\*

Gabriel whistled and looked at the rag baby. He was willing to recognize something abnormal, and perhaps even prophetic, in this insane woman; but a coincident exaltation in a stranger who was not suffering from the illusions produced by starvation

\* I fear I must task the incredulous reader's further patience by calling attention to what may perhaps prove the most literal and thoroughly attested fact of this otherwise fanciful chronicle. The condition and situation of the ill-famed "Donner Party"—then an unknown, unheralded cavalcade of emigrants—starving in an unfrequented pass of the Sierras, was first made known to Captain Yount of Napa, in a dream. The Spanish records of California show that the relief party which succored the survivors was projected upon this spiritual information.

was beyond his credulity. Nevertheless the instincts of good humor and hopefulness were stronger, and he presently asked:

"How will they come?"

"Up through a beautiful valley and a broad, shining river. Then they will cross a mountain until they come to another beautiful valley with steep sides, and a rushing river that runs so near us that I can almost hear it now. Don't you see it? It is just beyond the snow peak there; a green valley, with the rain falling upon it. Look! it is there."

She pointed directly north, toward the region of inhospitable snow.

"Could you get to it?" asked the practical Gabriel.

"No."

"Why not?"

"I must wait here for my baby. She is coming for us. She will find me here."

"When?"

"To-morrow."

It was the last time that she uttered that well-worn sentence; for it was only a little past midnight that her baby came to her—came to her with a sudden light, that might have been invisible to Gabriel, but that it was reflected in her own lack-luster eyes—came to this poor half-witted creature with such distinctness that she half rose, stretched out her thin yearning arms and received it—a corpse!

Gabriel placed the effigy in her arms and folded them over it. Then he ran swiftly to the other hut.

For some unexplained reason he did not get further than the door. What he saw there he has never told, but when he groped his fainting way back to his own hut again, his face was white and bloodless, and his eyes wild and staring. Only one impulse remained—to fly forever from the cursed spot. He stopped only long enough to snatch up the sobbing and frightened Olly, and then, with a loud cry to God to help him—to help *them*—he dashed out, and was lost in the darkness.

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### NATURE SHOWS THEM THE WAY.

It was a spur of the long grave-like ridge that lay to the north of the cañon. Up its gaunt white flank two figures had been slowly crawling since noon, until at sunset they at last stood upon its outer verge outlined against the sky—Philip and Grace.

For all the fatigues of the journey the

want of nourishing food and the haunting shadow of the suffering she had left, the face of Grace, flushed with the dying sun, was very pretty. The boy's dress she had borrowed was ill-fitting, and made her exquisite little figure still more diminutive, but it could not entirely hide its graceful curves. Here in this rosy light the swooning fringes of her dark eyes were no longer hidden; the perfect oval of her face, even the few freckles on her short upper lip were visible to Philip. Partly as a physical support, partly to re-assure her, he put his arm tenderly around her waist. Then he kissed her. It is possible that this last act was purely gratuitous.

Howbeit Grace first asked, with the characteristic prudence of her sex, the question she had already asked many days before that day, "Do you love me, Philip?" And Philip, with the ready frankness of our sex on such occasions, had invariably replied, "I do."

Nevertheless the young man was pre-occupied, anxious, and hungry. It was the fourth day since they had left the hut. On the second day they had found some pine cones with the nuts still intact and fresh beneath the snow, and later a squirrel's hoard. On the third day Philip had killed the proprietor and eaten him. The same evening Philip had espied a duck winging his way up the cañon. Philip, strong in the belief that some inland lake was the immediate object of its flight, had first marked its course, and then brought it down with a long shot. Then, having altered their course in accordance with its suggestion, they ate their guide next morning for breakfast.

Philip was also disappointed. The summit of the spur so laboriously attained only showed him the same endless succession of white snow billows stretching rigidly to the horizon's edge. There was no break—no glimpse of water-course nor lake. There was nothing to indicate whence the bird had come or the probable point it was endeavoring to reach. He was beginning to consider the feasibility of again changing their course, when an unlooked-for accident took that volition from his hands.

Grace had ventured out to the extreme limit of the rocky cliff, and with straining eyes was trying to peer beyond the snow fields, when the treacherous ledge on which she was standing began to give away. In an instant Philip was at her side and had caught her hand, but at the same moment

a large rock of the ledge dropped from beneath her feet, and left her with no support but his grasp. The sudden shock loosened also the insecure granite on which Philip stood. Before he could gain secure foothold it also trembled, tottered, slipped, and then fell, carrying Philip and Grace with it. Luckily this immense mass of stone and ice got fairly away before them, and plowed down the steep bank of the cliff, breaking off the projecting rocks and protuberances, and cutting a clean, though almost perpendicular, path down the mountain side.

Even in falling Philip had presence of mind enough to forbear clutching at the crumbling ledge, and so precipitating the rock that might crush them. Before he lost his senses he remembered tightening his grip of Grace's arm, and drawing her face and head forward to his breast, and even in his unconsciousness it seemed that he instinctively guided her into the smooth passage or "shoot" made by the plunging rock below them; and even then he was half conscious of dashing into sudden material darkness and out again into light, and of the crashing and crackling of branches around him, and even the brushing of the stiff pine needles against his face and limbs. Then he felt himself stopped, and then, and then only, everything whirled confusedly by him, and his brain seemed to partake of the motion, and then—the relief of utter blankness and oblivion.

When he regained his senses, it was with a burning heat in his throat and the sensation of strangling. When he opened his eyes he saw Grace bending over him, pale and anxious, and chafing his hands and temples with snow. There was a spot of blood upon her round cheek.

"You are hurt, Grace!" were the first words that Philip gasped.

"No!—dear, brave Philip—but only so thankful and happy for your escape." Yet, at the same moment the color faded from her cheek, and even the sun-kissed line of her upper lip grew bloodless, as she leaned back against a tree.

But Philip did not see her. His eyes were rapidly taking in his strange surroundings. He was lying among the broken fragments of pine branches and the debris of the cliff above. In his ears was the sound of hurrying water, and before him, scarce a hundred feet, a rushing river! He looked up; the red glow of sunset was streaming through the broken limbs and shattered branches of the snow-thatched roof that he

had broken through in his descent. Here and there along the river the same light was penetrating the interstices and openings of this strange vault that arched above this sunless stream.

He knew now whence the duck had flown! He knew now why he had not seen the water-course before! He knew now where the birds and beasts had betaken themselves—why the woods and cañons were trackless! Here was at last the open road!

He staggered to his feet with a cry of delight.

"Grace, we are saved."

Grace looked at him with eyes that perhaps spoke more eloquently of joy at his recovery, than of comprehension of his delight.

"Look, Grace! this is Nature's own road—only a lane, perhaps—but a clew to our way out of this wilderness. As we descend the stream it will open into a broader valley."

"I know it," she said simply.

Philip looked at her inquiringly.

"When I dragged you out of the way of the falling rocks and snow above, I had a glimpse of the valley you speak of. I saw it from there."

She pointed to a ledge of rock above the opening where the great stone that had fallen had lodged.

"When you dragged me, my child?"

Grace smiled faintly.

"You don't know how strong I am," she said, and then proved it by fainting dead away.

Philip started to his feet and ran to her side. Then he felt for the precious flask that he had preserved so sacredly through all their hardships, but it was gone. He glanced around him; it was lying on the snow, empty!

For the first time in their weary pilgrimage Philip uttered a groan. At the sound Grace opened her sweet eyes. She saw her lover with the empty flask in his hand, and smiled faintly.

"I poured it all down your throat, dear," she said. "You looked so faint—I thought you were dying—forgive me!"

"But I was only stunned; and you, Grace, you—"

"Am better now," she said, as she strove to rise. But she uttered a weak little cry and fell back again.

Philip did not hear her. He was already climbing the ledge she had spoken of. When he returned his face was joyous.

"I see it, Grace; it is only a few miles

away. It is still light, and we shall camp there to-night."

"I am afraid—not—dear Philip," said Grace, doubtfully.

"Why not?" asked Philip, a little impatiently.

"Because—I—think—my leg is broken!"

"Grace!"

But she had fainted.

#### CHAPTER V.

#### OUT OF THE WOODS—INTO THE SHADOW.

HAPPILY Grace was wrong. Her ankle was severely sprained, and she could not stand. Philip tore up his shirt, and, with bandages dipped in snow water, wrapped up the swollen limb. Then he knocked over a quail in the bushes and another duck, and clearing away the brush for a camping spot, built a fire, and tempted the young girl with a hot supper. The peril of starvation passed, their greatest danger was over—a few days longer of enforced rest and inactivity was the worst to be feared.

The air had grown singularly milder with the last few hours. At midnight a damp breeze stirred the pine needles above their heads, and an ominous muffled beating was heard upon the snow-packed vault. It was rain.

"It is the reveille of spring!" whispered Philip.

But Grace was in no mood for poetry—even a lover's. She let her head drop upon his shoulder, and then said:

"You must go on, dear, and leave me here."

"Grace!"

"Yes, Philip! I can live until you come back. I fear no danger now. I am so much better off than—they are!"

A few tears dropped on his hand. Philip winced. Perhaps it was his conscience; perhaps there was something in the girl's tone, perhaps because she had once before spoken in the same way, but it jarred upon a certain quality in his nature which he was pleased to call his "common sense." Philip really believed himself a high-souled, thoughtless, ardent, impetuous temperament, saved only from destruction by the occasional dominance of this quality.

For a moment he did not speak. He thought how, at the risk of his own safety, he had snatched this girl from a terrible death; he thought how he had guarded her through their perilous journey, taking all the burdens upon himself; he thought how hap-

py he had made her; how she had even admitted her happiness to him; he thought of her present helplessness, and how willing he was to delay the journey on her account; he dwelt even upon a certain mysterious, ill-defined but blissful future with him to which he was taking her, and yet here, at the moment of their possible deliverance, she was fretting about two dying people, who, without miraculous interference, would be dead before she could reach them. It was part of Philip's equitable self-examination—a fact of which he was very proud—that he always put himself in the position of the person with whom he differed, and imagined how *he* would act under the like circumstances. Perhaps it is hardly necessary to say that Philip always found that his conduct under those conditions would be totally different. In the present instance, putting himself in Grace's position, he felt that he would have abandoned all and everything for a love and future like hers. That she did not was evidence of a moral deficiency or a blood taint. Logic of this kind is easy and irrefutable. It has been known to obtain even beyond the Sierras, and with people who were not physically exhausted.

After a pause he said to Grace, in a changed voice:

"Let us talk plainly for a few moments, Grace, and understand each other before we go forward or backward. It is five days since we left the hut; were we even certain of finding our wandering way back again, we could not reach there before another five days had elapsed; by that time all will be over. They have either been saved or are beyond the reach of help. This sounds harsh, Grace, but it is no harsher than the fact. Had we stayed, we would, without helping them, have only shared their fate. I might have been in your brother's place, you in your sister's. It is our fortune, not our fault, that we are not dying with them. It has been willed that you and I should be saved. It might have been willed that we should have perished in our attempts to succor them, and that relief which came to *them* would have never reached *us*."

Grace was no logician, and could not help thinking that if Philip had said this before, she would not have left the hut. But the masculine reader will I trust at once detect the irrelevance of the feminine suggestion, and observe that it did not refute Philip's argument.

She looked at him with a half frightened air. Perhaps it was the tears that dimmed



her eyes, but his few words seemed to have removed him to a great distance, and for the first time a strange sense of loneliness came over her. She longed to reach her yearning arms to him again, but with this feeling came a sense of shame that she had not felt before.

Philip noticed her hesitation, and half interpreted it. He let her passive head fall.

"Perhaps we had better wait until we are ourselves out of danger before we talk of helping others," he said, with something of his old bitterness. "This accident may keep us here some days, and we know not as yet where we are. Go to sleep, now," he said, more kindly, "and in the morning we will see what can be done."

Grace sobbed herself to sleep! Poor, poor Grace! She had been looking for this opportunity of speaking about herself—about their future. This was to have been the beginning of her confidence about Dr. De-vargess's secret; she would have told him frankly all the Doctor had said, even his suspicions of Philip himself. And then Philip would have been sure to have told her his plans, and they would have gone back with help, and Philip would have been a hero whom Gabriel would have instantly recognized as the proper husband for Grace, and they would have all been very happy. And now they were all dead, and had died perhaps cursing her, and—Philip—Philip had not kissed her good-night, and was sitting gloomily under a tree!

The dim light of a leaden morning broke through the snow vault above their heads. It was raining heavily, the river had risen, and was still rising. It was filled with drift and branches, and snow and ice, the waste and wear of many a mile. Occasionally a large uprooted tree with a gaunt forked root like a mast sailed by. Suddenly Philip, who had been sitting with his chin upon his hands, rose with a shout. Grace looked up languidly.

He pointed to a tree that, floating by, had struck the bank where they sat, and then drifted broadside against it, where for a moment it lay motionless.

"Grace," he said, with his old spirits, "Nature has taken us in hand herself. If we are to be saved, it is by her methods. She brought us here to the water's edge, and now she sends a boat to take us off again. Come."

Before Grace could reply, Philip had lifted her gayly in his arms, and deposited her

between two upright roots of the tree. Then he placed beside her his rifle and provisions, and leaping himself on the bow of this strange craft, shoved it off with a broken branch that he had found. For a moment it still clung to the bank, and then suddenly catching the impulse of the current, darted away like a living creature.

The river was very narrow and rapid where they had embarked, and for a few moments it took all of Philip's energy and undivided attention to keep the tree in the center of the current. Grace sat silent, admiring her lover, alert, forceful, and glowing with excitement. Presently Philip called to her:

"Do you see that log? We are near a settlement."

A freshly hewn log of pine was floating in the current beside them. A ray of hope shot through Grace's sad fancies; if they were so near help, might not it have already reached the sufferers? But she forbore to speak to Philip again upon that subject, and in his new occupation he seemed to have forgotten her.

It was with a little thrill of joy that at last she saw him turn, and balancing himself with his bough upon their crank craft, walk down slowly toward her. When he reached her side he sat down, and, taking her hand in his for the first time since the previous night, he said, gently:

"Grace, my child, I have something to tell you."

Grace's little heart throbbed quickly, for a moment she did not dare to lift her long lashes toward him. Without noticing her embarrassment he went on:

"In a few hours we will be no longer in the wilderness, but in the world again—in a settlement perhaps, among men and—perhaps women. Strangers certainly—not the relatives you have known, and who know you—not the people with whom we have been familiar for so many weeks and days—but people who know nothing of us, or our sufferings."

Grace looked at him, but did not speak.

"You understand, Grace, that, not knowing this, they might put their own construction upon our flight. To speak plainly, my child, you are a young woman, and I am a young man. Your beauty, dear Grace, offers an explanation of our companionship that the world will accept more readily than any other, and the truth to many would seem scarcely as natural. For this reason it must not be told. I will go back alone

with relief, and leave you here in some safe hands until I return. But I leave you here not as Grace Conroy—you shall take my own name!"

A hot flush mounted to Grace's throat and cheek, and for an instant, with parted lips, she hung breathless upon his next word. He continued quietly:

"You shall be my sister—Grace Ashley."

The blood fell from her cheek, her eyelids dropped, and she buried her face in her hands. Philip waited patiently for her reply. When she lifted her face again, it was quiet and calm—there was even a slight flush of proud color in her cheek as she met his gaze, and with the faintest curl of her upper lip said:

"You are right."

At the same moment there was a sudden breaking of light and warmth and sunshine over their heads; the tree swiftly swung round a sharp curve in the river, and then drifted slowly into a broad, overflowed valley, sparkling with the emerald of gently sloping hill-sides, and dazzling with the glow of the noonday sun. And beyond, from a cluster of willows scarcely a mile away, the smoke of a cabin chimney curled in the still air.

#### CHAPTER VI.

#### FOOT-PRINTS.

For two weeks an unclouded sun rose and set on the rigid outlines of Monument Point. For two weeks there had been no apparent change in the ghastly whiteness of the snow-flanked rocks; in the white billows that rose rank on rank beyond, in the death-like stillness that reigned above and below. It was the first day of April; there was the mildness of early spring in the air that blew over this gaunt waste, and yet awoke no sound or motion.

And yet a nearer approach showed that a slow insidious change had been taking place. The white flanks of the mountain were more hollow; the snow had shrunk visibly away in places, leaving the gray rocks naked and protuberant; the rigid outlines were there, but less full and rounded; the skeleton was beginning to show through the wasting flesh; there were great patches of snow that had sloughed away, leaving the gleaming granite bare below. It was the last change of the Hippocratic face that Nature turned toward the spectator. And yet this change had been noiseless—the solitude unbroken.

And then one day there suddenly drifted across the death-like valley the chime of

jingling spurs and the sound of human voices. Down the long defile a cavalcade of mounted men and pack mules made their way, plunging through drifts and clattering over rocks. The unwonted sound awoke the long slumbering echoes of the mountain, brought down small avalanches from cliff and tree, and at last brought from some cavern of the rocks to the surface of the snow, a figure so wild, haggard, disheveled and monstrous, that it was scarcely human. It crawled upon the snow, dodging behind rocks with the timidity of a frightened animal, and at last, squatting behind a tree, awaited in ambush the approach of the party.

Two men rode ahead; one grave, pre-occupied and reticent. The other alert, active, and voluble. At last the reticent man spoke, but slowly, and as if recalling a memory rather than recording a present impression.

"They cannot be far away from us now. It was in some such spot that I first saw them. The place is familiar."

"Heaven send that it may be," said the other, hastily, "for to tell you the truth, I doubt if we will be able to keep the men together a day longer in this crazy quest, unless we discover something."

"It was here," continued the other, dreamily, not heeding his companion, "that I saw the figures of a man and woman. If there is not a cairn of stones somewhere about this spot, I shall believe my dream false, and confess myself an old fool."

"Well—as I said before," rejoined the other, laughing, "anything—a scrap of paper, an old blanket, or a broken wagon-tongue will do. Columbus held his course and kept up his crew on a fragment of seaweed. But what are the men looking at? Great God! There *is* something moving by yonder rock!"

By one common superstitious instinct the whole party had crowded together—those who, a few moments before, had been loudest in their skepticism, held their breath with awe and trembled with excitement—as the shambling figure that had watched them enter the cañon, rose from its lair and, taking upon itself a human semblance, with uncouth gestures and a strange hoarse cry made toward them.

It was Dumphy!

The leader was first to recover himself. He advanced from the rest and met Dumphy half-way.

"Who are you?"

"A man."

"What's the matter?"

"Starving."

"Where are the others?"

Dumphy cast a suspicious glance at him and said:

"Who?"

"The others. You are not alone?"

"Yes, I am!"

"How did you get here?"

"What's that to you? I'm here and starving. Gimme suthin to eat and drink."

He sank exhaustedly on all fours again.

There was a murmur of sympathy from the men.

"Give him suthin. Don't you see he can't stand—much less talk. Where's the Doctor?"

And then the younger of the leaders thus adjured:

"Leave him to me—he wants my help, just now, more than yours."

He poured some brandy down his throat. Dumphy gasped, and then staggered to his feet.

"What did you say your name was?" asked the young surgeon, kindly.

"Jackson," said Dumphy, with a defiantly blank look.

"Where from?"

"Missouri."

"How did you get here?"

"Strayed from my party."

"And they are—"

"Gone on. Gimme suthin to eat!"

"Take him back to camp and hand him over to Sanchez. He'll know what to do," said the surgeon to one of the men. "Well, Blunt," he continued, addressing the leader, "you're saved—but your nine men in buckram have dwindled down to one—and not a very creditable specimen at that," he said, as his eyes followed the retreating Dumphy.

"I wish it were all, Doctor," said Blunt, simply; "I would be willing to go back now. But something tells me we have only begun. This one makes everything else possible. What have you there?"

One of the men was approaching holding a slip of paper with ragged edges as if torn from some position where it had been nailed.

"A notiss—from a tree. Me no sabe," said the *ex-vaguero*.

"Nor I," said Blunt, looking at it, "it seems to be in German. Call Glohr."

A tall Swiss came forward. Blunt handed him the paper. The man examined it.

"It is a direction to find property—important and valuable property—buried."

"Where?"

"Under a cairn of stones."

The surgeon and Blunt exchanged glances.

"Lead us there!" said Blunt.

It was a muffled monotonous tramp of about an hour. At the end of that time they reached a spur of the mountain around which the cañon turned abruptly. Blunt uttered a cry.

Before them was a ruin—a rude heap of stones originally symmetrical and elevated, but now thrown down and dismantled. The snow and earth were torn up around and beneath it. On the snow lay some scattered papers, a portfolio of drawings of birds and flowers; a glass case of insects broken and demolished, and the scattered feathers of a few stuffed birds. At a little distance lay what seemed to be a heap of ragged clothing. At the sight of it the nearest horseman uttered a shout and leaped to the ground.

It was Mrs. Brackett, dead.

#### CHAPTER VII.

##### IN WHICH THE FOOT-PRINTS BEGIN TO FADE.

SHE had been dead about a week. The features and clothing were scarcely recognizable; the limbs were drawn up convulsively. The young surgeon bent over her attentively.

"Starved to death?" said Blunt, interrogatively.

The surgeon did not reply, but rose and examined the scattered specimens. One of them he picked up and placed first to his nose and then to his lips. After a pause, he replied quietly.

"No. Poisoned."

The men fell back from the body.

"Accidentally, I think," continued the surgeon, coolly; "the poor creature has been driven by starvation to attack these specimens. They have been covered with a strong solution of arsenic to preserve them from the ravages of insects, and this starving woman has been first to fall a victim to the collector's caution."

There was a general movement of horror and indignation among the men. "Shoost to keep dem d—n birds," said the irate Swiss. "Killing women to save his cussed game," said another. The surgeon smiled. It was an inauspicious moment for Dr. Devarges to have introduced himself in person.

"If this enthusiastic naturalist is still living, I hope he'll keep away from the men for some hours," said the surgeon to Blunt, privately.

"Who is he?" asked the other.

"A foreigner—a *savant* of some note, I should say, in his own country. I think I have heard the name before—'Devarges,'" replied the surgeon, looking over some papers that he had picked up. "He speaks of some surprising discoveries he has made, and evidently valued his collection very highly."

"Are they worth re-collecting and preserving?" asked Blunt.

"Not now!" said the surgeon. "Every moment is precious. Humanity first, science afterward," he added lightly, and they rode on.

And so the papers and collections preserved with such care, the evidence of many months of patient study, privation, and hardship, the records of triumph and discovery, were left lying upon the snow. The wind came down the flanks of the mountain and tossed them hither and thither as if in scorn, and the sun already fervid, heating the metallic surfaces of the box and portfolio, sank them deeper in the snow, as if to bury them from the sight forever.

By skirting the edge of the valley where the snow had fallen away from the mountain-side, they reached in a few hours the blazed tree at the entrance of the fateful cañon. The placard was still there, but the wooden hand that once pointed in the direction of the buried huts had, through some mischance of wind or weather, dropped slightly and was ominously pointing to the snow below. This was still so deep in drifts that the party were obliged to leave their horses and enter the cañon a-foot. Almost un-

consciously, this was done in perfect silence, walking in single file, occasionally climbing up the sides of the cañon where the rocks offered a better foothold than the damp snow, until they reached a wooden chimney and part of a roof that now reared itself above the snow. Here they paused and looked at each other. The leader approached the chimney and leaning over it called within.

There was no response. Presently, however, the cañon took up the shout and repeated it, and then there was a silence broken only by the falling of an icicle from a rock, or a snow slide from the hill above. Then all was quiet again, until Blunt, after a moment's hesitation, walked around to the opening and descended into the hut. He had scarcely disappeared, as it seemed, before he returned, looking very white and grave, and beckoned to the Surgeon. He instantly followed. After a little, the rest of the party, one after another, went down. They staid some time, and then came slowly to the surface bearing three dead bodies. They returned again quickly and then brought up the *dissevered* members of a fourth. This done, they looked at each other in silence.

"There should be another cabin here?" said Blunt, after a pause.

"Here it is," said one of the men, pointing to the chimney of the second hut.

There was no preliminary "halloo," or hesitation now. The worst was known. They all passed rapidly to the opening and disappeared within. When they returned to the surface they huddled together a whispering but excited group. They were so much pre-occupied that they did not see that their party was suddenly increased by the presence of a stranger.

(To be continued.)

## THE CURIOSITIES OF LONGEVITY.

To know how to live is a profound and subtle science, and no other subject of equal importance can be presented for our consideration. The knowledge of those means that prolong life, the most precious boon of Heaven, far beyond the limit which experience has declared for the race, is indeed a study of absorbing interest.

Some authorities assert that longevity may be made to depend upon human prudence; that a man who ordinarily could not be expected to attain seventy or eighty years may reach one hundred. There is no doubt that prudence in living contributes to length of days, yet the laws of development, maturity and dissolution, are too well fixed, and have been so for thousands of years, to admit of the belief that man can of his own volition—that is, by means of this particular diet or that school of training, attain readily to great age.

Authorities on vital statistics, such as Lord Bacon, Flourens, Hufeland, Buffon, and others, have contributed valuable information on this subject; yet their pages read like an Eastern romance, so interwoven do we find valuable counsel and superstitious belief. Lord Bacon thought that some art for prolonging life was known to the ancients, and, having been lost, is recoverable. A writer in the "Encyclopedia Britannica" has suggested that the antediluvians restored their vital powers by occasionally partaking of the "Tree of Life," as the Homeric gods fed on ambrosia. Buffon was of the opinion that in early times the earth was less solid and compact than it now is, and that gravitation only partially operated; there was, therefore, not the same limit to man's increase of stature, and the consequent postponement of the period of maturity led to a postponement of the period of decay; as men were longer growing, they had also to be longer alive. These were the times referred to in Genesis vi. 4: "There were giants on the earth in those days." Then there have been those who have written about the "Three Ages of the World." The *first*, when the world was to be peopled by one man and one woman, extended from the Creation to the Flood, when men lived to be nine hundred and beyond. The *second* period, from the Flood to the death of Abraham, witnessed a great reduction in man's age, and Shem appears as the extreme

type, he living six hundred years. The *third* period followed the death of Abraham, and reached to the days of the Psalmist. From one hundred and ten to one hundred and eighty then seemed the measure of life. But, notwithstanding the authority of the Ninetieth Psalm has been the rule since the periods referred to, there have been credulous ones who, a few hundred years ago, readily accepted the statement that men and women, during the later centuries of the Christian era, had reached three hundred years; and a Portuguese author had the hardihood to tell of a native of Bengal, Numas-de-Cugna by name, who died in 1566, at the incredible age of *three hundred and seventy years*.

Attempts have been made to build up theories aiming at the prolongation of life. Some have dwelt upon climatic influences alone; others have prescribed just the diet suitable for each period of life from the cradle to the close of a century of existence. M. Flourens states that the length of life is a multiple (five) of the length of growth. This period of growth usually terminates when the bones become united to their epiphyses. Then, assigning twenty years for such a period, he argues that one hundred years is a normal limit of life. Experience has declared that an active, even a fatiguing life, during the first half of a man's days, is conducive to longevity; but that in the latter half his existence should be peaceful and uniform. Cornaro, an Italian nobleman and a centenarian, who died in 1566, stated that a man of fifty years had attained only half his age. This author became a writer of repute on vital statistics, and in his work entitled "Birth and Death of Man," among some of the causes of longevity he refers to "divine sobriety" in these words:

"It is pleasing to God, friendly to nature, the daughter of Reason, the sister of Virtue. From this root spring life, health, cheerfulness, bodily industry, mental labor, and a well-disciplined mind. From it, as clouds from the sun, fly repletions, indigestions, gluttonies, superfluities, humors, fevers, distempers, griefs, and every ill of human flesh."

No authority seems so worthy of attention as Abernethy. He says: "In your food restrict yourself to quantity rather



than quality; eat slowly, drinking at the close of the meal; eat of the most palatable dish first, and but one kind of meat. Atten-



*The Olde Olde, very Olde Man or Thomas Parr, the Same of John Parr of Winton in the Parish of Albury, in the County of Suffolke who was borne in 1483 in the Reigne of King Edward the 4<sup>th</sup> and is now living in the Strand being aged 152 yeeres and odd Monethes 1635*

tion to diet, air, exercise, mental tranquillity, and not medicines, contribute to the preservation of health and the prolongation of life."

But our venerable friends themselves testify that the diet of old age ought in some degree to return to that of the early periods of life—such as soups, liquid food, and materials of the most digestible character. They use but little beef or pork, tea or coffee, butter or cheese. They commend asparagus, potatoes, mutton, poultry, and fish. John Wilson, who lived to be one hundred and sixteen, for forty years supped on roasted turnips. Fontenelle, the distinguished scholar, who died in 1757, aged one hundred, used to say every spring, when attacked by the fever, "If I can only hold out until strawberries come in, I shall get well." These old folks suggest wine and malt liquors, for the reason that the vital powers require an artificial stimulus. The aged, are, however, often liable to ludicrous fancies, and in their garrulous testimony we observe that one attended rare merit to the

fact that he had eaten a newly laid egg daily for many years; another ate bread and butter thickly spread with sugar; some frequently chewed citron bark, saffron, or opium; and yet others fought off the evil day by saturating themselves with tobacco or some similar narcotic. Even Lord Bacon discussed the merits of anointing with "that golden oyle, a medicine most marvelous to preserve men's health." But, by all authorities, honey has been esteemed the "juice of life," and carries far more merit than the fabled fountain of youth and beauty, which Ponce de Leon sought in vain. Many aged philosophers, and, among them, Democritus, Pythagoras, and Pliny, trace their length of days to the use of oil without and honey within. Two persons in modern times are mentioned as having lived to the ages of 108 and 116, who, during the last half century of their lives, for their breakfast took only a little tea, sweetened with honey.

But where shall men dwell, and be able to find the five score years and beyond? What countries are supposed to be most favorable to longevity? This matter cannot satisfactorily be determined. Only a perfect system of statistics, kept for centuries, would disclose the secret. Tables have been published, but they cannot be verified. Lord Bacon, in his "History of Life and Death," quotes from Pliny the following lively statistics: "The year of our Lord seventy-six is memorable; for, in that year there was a taxing of the people by Vespasian; from which it appears that in the part of Italy lying between the Appenines and the River Po, there were found fifty-four persons 100 years old; fifty-seven, 110 years; two, 120 years; four, 130 years; four, 135 years; and three, 140 years each." Now leave sunny Italy and go to inclement Norway. Travelers have there remarked the great temperance, industry, and morality of the people, and their common food is found to be milk, cheese, dried or salt fish, no meat, and oat bread baked in cakes. An enumeration of the inhabitants of Aggerhus, in Norway, in 1763, showed that one hundred and fifty couples had been married over 80 years: consequently the greater number were aged 100 or more; seventy couples had been married over 90 years, which would place their ages at about 110; twelve couples had been married from 100 to 105 years, and another couple 110 years,

so that this last pair were doubtless 130 years old. The opinion has generally obtained that extreme age is to be looked for in the wide open country, where the rich,

enced, that first enter upon the path of civilization—blessed boon of Heaven. "While the earth remaineth, seed time and harvest, and cold and heat, and summer and winter, and day and night, shall not cease."



OLD FARR'S COTTAGE, NEAR ALDBURY, SHROPSHIRE.

warm sunlight shines without restraint, rather than in the narrow, foul, and turbulent cities. Yet mark the two following cases. Mary Burke, aged 105, living in Drury Lane, London, and Anne Brestow, aged 102, living in Culbeck, in the North of England, died in 1789. A great contrast is here shown, for both attained great age, but one lived in squalid poverty in one of the vilest haunts of London, while the other belonged to the Society of Friends, and abode in the healthy region of the Cumberland Lakes. The truth is that no law of sickness is so very distinctly pronounced as to justify any discrimination on the ground of sojourning in city, town, or country. We are told that a moist is preferable to a dry atmosphere, and that a region in the neighborhood of a small stream, which runs over a rocky or pebbly bottom, is the best. But, after all, may not the changing of the seasons be the chief cause of the difference found among men? The inhabitants of countries possessing too equable a temperature are naturally disposed to indolence, and are easily led away by the attractions of pleasure. Excessive heat enervates the body, and extreme cold renders it torpid. Atmospheric commotions, by stimulating both mind and body, make a person energetic and enterprising. It is those countries where frequent variations of the seasons are experi-

The high longevity of females, as compared with males in civilized communities, is well established, notwithstanding many of them are of the poorer class, exposed through the early and middle portions of their lives to all the sorrows and dangers of maternity. This has been accounted for by their temperate living and more active habit of life. Hufeland, a Prussian authority, remarks: "Not only do women live longer than men, but married women longer than single, in the proportion of two to one." But, though the pliability of the female

body gives it for a time more durability, yet, as strength is essential to very great length of days, few women attain the highest age. More women than men reach 115 years, but beyond that age, more men are found. A remarkable case of longevity is that of Mary Prescott, of Sussex, England, who died in 1768, aged 105, after having been the mother of thirty-seven children.

We have frequently remarked that among the extremely aged, the senses experience renewed vitality. It is placed on record that, after many years of blindness, the sight of some men has almost miraculously returned, that the hearing of others is often very acute, that new teeth have been cut after the one hundredth birthday, that nails have been shed and replaced by new, and gray locks supplanted by the fine natural hair of youth. Sometimes the memory of the aged will be acute when carried back to the days of childhood, and yet not retentive when applied to events occurring in the advanced periods of life. As bearing on this point, notice the case of Francis Hongo, a native of Smyrna, and Consul for the Venetians in that ancient and renowned city, who died 1702, aged 113. He lived toward the end of his life chiefly on broth, or some tender animal food, and drank no wine or other fermented liquid. He was never sick, walked eight miles as a regular

daily practice, and retained his sight, hearing, and memory to the last. He was five times married, and had forty-nine children born to him. When about one hundred years old his white hair fell off, and was succeeded by a crop of its original color, and at one hundred and twelve years of age he cut two teeth. As a marked contrast to this healthy old patriarch, witness the following instance which is certified to by the parish register. Margaret Krasionna, a Polish woman, died in 1763, aged 108. When 94, she married for her third husband Gaspard Raykolt, who was then 105. His father had previously died, aged 119. During the fourteen years they lived together, she brought him two boys and a girl; and these three children, from their very birth, bore evident marks of the old age of their parents, their hair being gray, and a vacuity appearing in their gums like that which is occasioned by the loss of teeth, though they never had any. They had not strength enough, even as they grew up, to chew solid food, but lived on bread and vegetables. They were of proper size for their age, but their backs were bent, their complexion sallow, and they had all the other external symptoms of decrepitude.

We have already noticed the astonishing tenacity with which these worthies hold on to life. Often the silver cord is loosened and the golden bowl broken by the interposition of some accident. An old woman in a tree gathering apples falls to her death; others on horseback, or engaged in some other active exertion, quite unseemly in persons of great age, suddenly die. One of the most remarkable instances of the stubborn fight between Old Age and Death is found in John Tice, who died 1774, aged 125. While he was felling a tree, at the age of 80, his legs were broken, but he speedily recovered, and at the age of 100, fell in a fainting fit upon some live coals and was shockingly burned. He survived this scorching and retained the free use of all his faculties till his death, which took place on his hearing of the loss of a friend and patron.

We shall now advert to one of the most difficult features of this curious study, viz.: the lack of reliable evidence in the cases of abnormal longevity. Perhaps this paragraph should have preceded what has already been said, for, if we cannot believe what has been written, any story of the romancer might prove far more interesting. But, though a very large degree of faith must be exercised

in these matters, we cannot agree with Sir G. Cornwall Lewis, that no person ever lived one hundred years. Nor do we sympathize with a late writer, Mr. William J. Thoms, who will credit no centenarian, unless his story is supported by the evidence of statistics. Mr. Thoms, in reviewing the subject of longevity, claims that there have existed in latter days but four cases which have been satisfactorily proved: MRS. WILLIAMS, of Bridehead, died 1841, aged 102; age proved by parish statistics and family records; WILLIAM PLANK, of Harrow, died 1867, aged 100; age proved by being in school with late Lord Lyndhurst, in 1780; bound apprentice in 1782, and received indentures of freedom in the Salters Company in 1789; JACOB WILLIAM LUNING, died 1870, aged 103; age proved by statistics of birth, baptism, and testimony of disinterested friends, while his identity (the most difficult of all things to prove) has been established by statistics from the Equitable Assurance Society in London, where, at the age of 36, in 1803, he was insured for £200. This is the only case on record of an insured life extending to 100 years. The fourth was CATHERINE DUNCOMBE SHAFTO, who died in 1872, aged 101; age proved by parish statistics, and identity established by the fact that, in 1790, she (being then 19 years of age) was selected as one of the Government nominees in the tontine of that year. Her husband and many of her sons were representatives in Parliament. Thus, the greatest skeptic with whom we meet, in the discussion of our subject, admits the fact of centenarianism. Some cases are proved. Records are not always kept of birth, or baptism, or marriage, nor do all men insure their lives. The early companions of the extremely aged are all dead, and their testimony cannot be procured. Shall we therefore say, that none pass the hundredth nor the hundred and tenth birthday, but the select four referred to by Mr. Thoms?

Indeed there is a remarkable concurrence of all testimony in assigning 130 to 150 years to the most aged of various races and times. Dr. Van Oven, an authority of great ability, has given seventeen examples of age exceeding 150 years. So have written and believed Hufeland and Haller, the latter asserting that the vital forces of man are capable of reaching, in some cases, 200 years. Therefore, those kindly disposed toward history, and not anxious to examine the records too minutely, may, by an extraordinary effort of faith, believe the assertion that Thomas Parr

lived to be 152, and that Henry Jenkins died at the age of 169. But it will take a good many grains of salt to confirm the world in the belief that Peter Zartan, the Hungarian peasant, lived to be 185, or that Thomas Cam (notwithstanding the parish register of



HENRY JENKINS, AGED 169 YEARS.

St. Leonard's, Shoreditch) died January 28, 1588, aged 207 years. Indeed the great age of the latter resulted from the trick of some wag, who, with venerable intent, fashioned the figure "1" on his tombstone into a "2," thus jumping a century in a few minutes. The friends of Thomas Damme, who died 1648, aged 154, provided against similar trickery, and had his age cut on the tombstone in words at length. It might be supposed that statistics would furnish very valuable evidence on this subject. But, in the first place, it is only within certain European areas and a part of America that tables relating to age are prepared, and the qualifications to which these are subject from the shifting of population are of a very complex character. These records show that extreme age is almost uniformly found among the poor and the degraded. And although one might suppose that the possession of wealth, education and intelligence, would contribute to long life, the evidence *seems* to point the other way. The cases that are

handed down to us from the earlier centuries of the Christian era are often but tradition. In later days more positive evidence exists; and yet the dusty parish registers are not above question, and the family records and familiar obituary notices frequently come to us unverified. It is also a strange feature that miraculous length of days occurs in obscure villages, where no evidence exists but the mere *ipse dixit* of Old Mortality, and that as soon as we draw near the cities, where science can handle the case, the wonderful story flies the light. The fact is, aged people have their full share of the marvelous appetite; they have too frequently lost their memories, and so, from ignorance or deceit, do not tell the truth. And then a vanity which never grows old affects equally the statements of old and young. The register, to which we are often referred, is a record, not of birth or baptism, but of death, and merely contains a statement of the age as derived from the friends of the deceased, and which will soon be found carved and unquestioned on the tombstone. This is valueless in proof of longevity. Then in villages, where many of the same name are found, a confusion in identity has often taken place, and, where nobody will rise up to prove the contrary, some octogenarian has doubtless felt himself called upon to assume the years of both his father and his grandfather. If we bear these things in mind, it will not appear very marvelous that negroes live long. Louisa Truxo, at the age of 175, was living in Cordova in South America in 1780, and another negress, aged 120, was called in evidence to prove the case. Of course to ignorant folk and innocent statisticians this was satisfactory. Let us mention a few cases where the evidence has been considered satisfactory. Sir Henry Holland, a few years ago, when in Canada, met an officer whose commission proved him to be 104 years old. Henry Jenkins, who died 1670, aged 169, remembered the great battle of Flodden Field, fought between the English and the Scotch in 1513. When 157 years old he was produced as witness to prove the right of way over another man's ground. Being cautioned by the Judge to speak truthfully in regard to his great age, he referred the magistrate to two other witnesses in court, each over 80 years, who testified that when they were small boys Jenkins was a very old, gray-haired man. James Sands, of Staffordshire, is mentioned in Fuller's

"Book of Worthies" as having lived 140 years, and his wife, 120 years. As a very convincing proof of the above, it was stated in court that he outlived five leases of twenty-one years each, made to him after his marriage. Thomas Gangheen died 1814, aged 112. He was called at the age of 108 to prove the validity of a survey made in the year 1725, and his testimony contributed chiefly to the termination of an important lawsuit. Jane Forrester died 1766, aged 138. When she was 132 years of age, her intellect was so clear that she made oath in a Chancery suit to have known an estate, the title to which was then in dispute, to have been enjoyed by the ancestors of the present heir one hundred and one years. "Peter Garden died near Edinburgh in 1775, aged 131 years. He lived during eight reigns. He was of gigantic stature, and retained his health and entire faculties to the last hour."

It is worthy of remark, that the most of those who have become very old were married more than once, and often at a very late period of life. There is rarely an instance of a bachelor or spinster having attained great age. Once left alone, the centenarian seeks a new spouse. His loneliness becomes oppressive. All familiar faces are gone; the playmates of youth, the companions of early manhood, the friends of middle life, the associates of declining years long ago passed away to sure and rapid death. But let him marry again, and then he and his consort will walk down the hill of life to the grave in joy and peace, and probably die within a few hours of each other.

Some of our venerable friends married four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven, and thirteen times; but James Gay, of Bordeaux, in France, eclipsed them all in connubial pertinacity. He died in 1772, aged only one hundred and one; but he found it convenient and agreeable to marry sixteen wives, yet died childless. Margaret McDowal, a Scotchwoman, who died in 1768, aged one hundred and six years, has found a unique place in history because she married and survived thirteen husbands. It seems to us that a meeting of these wives or these husbands beyond the "Shining Shore" would have suggested itself to these marriageable old folk, and have caused them to hesitate somewhere among the last half dozen. How much more beautiful the example of Mrs. Agnes Skuner, an Englishwoman, who died 1499, aged one hundred and nineteen. She chose to rever-

ence the memory of her husband through a widowhood of ninety-two years. We receive a new and touching view of the solemn vow taken at marriage, "I promise to love, cherish, protect, etc., until death us do part," in the case of John Rovin and his wife, who died at Temeswar, Hungary, in 1741, he aged one hundred and seventy-two, and she, one hundred and sixty-four. They lived as husband and wife during the long period of one hundred and forty-eight years, and their youngest son at the time of their decease was aged one hundred and sixteen. If the fiftieth anniversary of a wedding day is worthy of a golden celebration, what shall be the fitting entertainment for that happy pair who, during nearly one hundred and fifty years, have borne each other's joys and sorrows? Terentia, the wife of Cicero, lived to see one hundred and seventeen years. Cicero secured a divorce from her because he wanted to marry a rich young woman. After the divorce Terentia married Sallust, the historian. He dying, she was married the third time to Messala Corvinus, and yet again a fourth time to Vibius Rufus. As an exception to this matrimonial rule may be mentioned the case of Marie Mallet, a Frenchwoman and a spinster, who died aged one hundred and fifteen. She con-



PETER GARDEN OF ABERDEENSHIRE, AGED 131 YEARS.

tinued the business of dressmaking and millinery until her one hundred and tenth year. At her death forty-five women, who had formerly been her apprentices and were now far advanced in age, went before her body to the tomb.

The study of this subject reveals the fact



that longevity seems to run in families, and sometimes appears to be almost hereditary. The transmission of the elixir of long life seems as reasonable as the inheritance of unpleasant tempers or a weakly constitution; and allowing a providential exemption from the fatal accidents strewn in the path of man, why may not the child of one hundred and ten years reach the age of its parents who perished at one hundred and twenty-five? Thus Mrs. Kiethe, of Gloucestershire, died 1772, aged one hundred and

hundred and twenty-four. He has been called the great-grandson of Old Parr. Robert's father died aged one hundred and nine, and his grandfather aged one hundred and thirteen. The total years of these four persons, in regular descent, extend to four hundred and ninety-eight, more than one-quarter of the whole period since the commencement of the Christian era. John Newell, who died 1761, aged one hundred and twenty-seven, and John Michaelstone, who died 1763, aged one hundred and twenty-seven, were both grandsons of Old Parr.

The personal appearance of those greatly advanced in years is generally far from winning. Some, with a complexion of mahogany, seem only to dry up and wither, yet are withal so wiry and tough that they hang on to life decade after decade, and make a very successful fight with the Great Destroyer. Then there are others—women more often than men—who in the advanced years become puffy and corpulent, pale and flabby, or perhaps quite fat; their skin hangs not in wrinkles, but in rolls; and their voice, instead of rising, becomes gruff and husky. We have noticed that centenarians are apt to be small of stature. Large men and women are more liable to the accidents of life, and their organizations are less likely to be compactly knit. Dwarfs have frequently passed the five score years, and among others may be mentioned one Elspeth Watson, who died aged one hundred and fifteen. She was two feet nine inches high and rather bulky, if one of that stature can be called bulky. Two remarkable exceptions to the foregoing rule are recorded. James McDonald, a giant seven feet six inches in height, died 1760,

aged one hundred and seventeen. Charles Blizard, a farmer, and the most corpulent man in his county, died 1785, aged one hundred and seven. While referring to these monstrosities, whose acquaintance is generally made in public, we are reminded of two actors who are entitled to mention. Charles Macklin, a celebrated comedian of Covent Garden Theater, died 1797, aged one hundred and seven. And history has recorded that eighteen hundred years ago Galeria Capiola, a player and dancer, ninety-nine years after her first appearance as a novice, assisted at the dedication of a theater by Pompey the Great. Later still, when long past the century, she was



PETRARCH ZORTAIN IN THE 185TH YEAR OF HIS AGE.

thirty-three. She left three daughters—the eldest aged one hundred and eleven, the second one hundred and ten, and the youngest one hundred and nine. Perhaps the most striking instance of hereditary longevity may be found in the case of the often quoted Thomas Parr, who died in London 1635, aged one hundred and fifty-two, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. Shropshire, in England, whence he came, is distinguished for its long-lived people. Old Parr, as he has been familiarly called for nearly three centuries, was a farmer, worked at the age of one hundred and thirty, and married his second wife when one hundred and twenty-two. Robert Parr died in Shropshire, 1757, aged one

exhibited as a vigorous marvel of longevity.

Our old folks become greatly attached to home and its memories. One John Burnet died 1734, aged 109. He married six wives, three of them after he became 100 years old, and died in the same house in which he was born. Mr. Wrench died 1783, aged 101. His two wives bore him thirty-two children, and he died in the same room in which he was born. Rev. Mr. Braithwaite, of Carlisle, England, died 1754, aged 110. He had been employed in the Cathedral one hundred and two years, having commenced in 1652 as a chorister eight years of age. Among the short and simple annals of the poor our venerable friends frequently find honorable mention, and in the matter of faithful service their lives might be profitably studied at the present day. Among a host of such appears the name of Mr. Robertson of Edinburgh, who died 1793, aged 137. He served a noble family in the capacity of inspector of lead works for one hundred and twenty years. Margaret Woods died 1797, aged 100. She and her ancestors had lived in the service of one family in Essex during the long period of *four hundred years*.

It has been mentioned in previous pages that temperance, industry, exercise, and a due regulation of the passions, are the principal promoters of longevity. Yet there are exceptions to these rules, and in such cases one may well believe, with some authors of vital statistics, that they are predisposed to great age; they inherit length of days in spite of themselves. If a man 120 years of age is considered a repulsive and curious monstrosity, living out of his proper time, how much more remarkable does the case become when he hangs on to life in defiance of the usually accepted laws of health? John Weeks, aged 114, married his tenth wife, a girl of 16, when at the age of 106. He had a voracious appetite, eating indiscriminately, and only a few hours before death he ate three pounds of pork, two pounds of bread, and drank a pint of wine. This case reminds us of the opinion entertained by some, that longevity may be cultivated by living when young with older persons, and when old by cultivating the society of the young. It will be remembered that it was recommended to King David, three thousand years ago, when well stricken in years,

that he take to himself the young Shunamite virgin. So John Weeks, with his lass of sixteen. Another singular case is found in Rev. Mr. Davies, the Vicar of Staunton-on-Wye, who died aged 105. During the last thirty years of his life he never took any exercise but that of slipping his feet one before the other from room to room. Yet



JOHN ROYN IN THE 172ND YEAR OF HIS AGE, AND SARAH HIS WIFE, IN THE 164TH YEAR OF HER AGE.

he ate of hot rolls, well buttered, and drank plenty of tea and coffee for breakfast; at dinner he consumed a variety of dishes; at supper, wine and hot roast meat were spread before him.

But this subject has a fascination not readily shaken off when one reads the strange coincidences, marvelous experiences, and quaint idiosyncrasies which seem to spring up on every hand. At the risk perhaps of being tedious let reference be made to some few cases. Mrs. Mills died in the West Indies in 1805, aged 118. She was followed to her grave by two hundred and ninety-five of her descendants, sixty of whom named Ebanks belonged to a regiment of local militia. Agnes Milbourne died in the poor-house, aged 106. One husband brought her twenty-nine sons and one daughter, all of whom she survived. Twenty of these

boys frequently walked after her in procession to the village church. William Farr, of Birmingham, died 1770, aged 121. He survived a posterity of one hundred and forty-four persons, and, finding himself without an heir, bequeathed his fortune of £10,000 to charitable uses. James Hatfield died 1770, aged 105. One night, while on duty as a sentinel at Windsor, he heard St. Paul's clock in London, twenty-three miles distant, strike thirteen instead of twelve, and, not being relieved as he expected, he fell asleep. The tardy relief soon arrived and found him in this condition. He was tried by a court-martial; he denied the

term of his natural life. By the French laws this term is considered to have expired after one hundred years have elapsed. Having served that period, our venerable prisoner of state, at the age of 122, was released and went back to his native village; but of course, like Rip Van Winkle, he was unknown. Yet he had triumphed over laws, bondage, man, time, everything. He returned heart-broken to his galley and died.

The reader will naturally ask for information regarding the aged of the present day. This curiosity it is difficult to satisfy, for statistics are only collected after death, and then they are the product of uncertain gales,

floating in to the historian from books of travel, local records, obituary notices, magazines, annual registers, and from the uncertain memories of the living. A large number of such cases are now to be found in the charitable institutions of our land. The United States Census of 1860 mentions the decrease of 466 centenarians, of whom 137 were white, 39 free colored, and 290 slaves. One slave died in Alabama aged 130, one in Georgia aged 137, and one Mexican aged 120. Jean Frederick de Waldeck died in Paris, April 29, 1875, aged 109 years, 1 month, and 14 days. This man has been before the world in some capacity for over ninety years, and it is not so easy to ignore him. He was originally a page of Marie Antoinette. At the age of 19 he was with Levaillant exploring in South Africa. In 1788 he was studying art under David and Prud'hon in Paris. He fought under Napoleon in 1794-8 in Italy and in Egypt. In 1819 he was engaged in archaeological expeditions in North and South America. In 1837 he published "*Voyage Archéologique et Pittoresque dans le Yu-*

*catan*," and his drawings of the ruins of Palenque were published in 1863; he made the lithographs when aged 100. In the Salon of 1869 he exhibited two pictures and entitled them "*Loisir du Centenaire*." This man could not fail to attract attention, and he became member and honorary member of the principal learned societies of London and Paris. It is difficult to say how Sir G. Cornwall Lewis, were he alive, would treat this case of longevity. We have yet to learn how the incredulous Mr. Thoms, F. S. A.,



THE LATE COUNT JEAN FREDERICK DE WALDECK, OF PARIS,  
AGED 109 YEARS.

charge of sleeping at his post before midnight, and in defense related the story of St. Paul's clock, a circumstance never known before. His life was thus saved. Mrs. Penny, of Worcestershire, died, aged 99. This lady had a niece living at the time aged 101. Miss Elizabeth Gray died 1856, aged 108. She survived her father one hundred years, and was buried beside a half-brother, who had been dead 128 years. During the last century, a Frenchman, at the age of 21, was sentenced to the galleys at Toulon for

will meet it. Eighteen centuries ago (with reverence be it remarked) "doubting Thomas" said: "Except I shall see in his hands the print of the nails, and put my finger into the print of the nails, and thrust my hand into his side, I will not believe." So with the doubting Thoms of our day. Unless he can search in person the register of birth, marriage and death, and, poring over at every point the records of vital statistics, can meet his man properly indexed, he would state the case not proven.

In the city of New York at the present day resides Captain Frederick Lahrbush, formerly of the British army, said to be aged 109 years, and enjoying good health. A gentleman of the most engaging manners and natural refinement, he receives a large number of visitors, and relates a history of romantic interest. He resides in Third Avenue, and almost every Sabbath, at the Church of the Ascension on Fifth Avenue, the childish treble of his worn out voice may be heard above the worship of the congregation. He rises before five in the morning, and retires shortly after seven in the evening. He is abstemious in his habits, though in the daily practice of eating opium, to which drug, it is believed, he attributes his long life. Captain Lahrbush claims to have fought under Wellington in the Peninsula, and to have witnessed the signing of the famous Treaty of Tilsit, which took place in 1807 (on a raft moored in the River Niemen) between Napoleon, Alexander of Russia, and the King of Prussia. It is but fair to add in regard to this case of longevity that Mr. Thoms has written across its record with an unrelenting hand, and with a pen of iron, and those curious about such matters are referred to his work, "Longevity of Man."

Another interesting character is thus described: "The Irish Countess of Desmond fell from a fruit tree, broke her thigh and died in 1609—aged 145 years. She danced at Court with the Duke of Gloucester, afterward Richard the Third. Indeed she con-

tinued gay and lively in her tastes, dancing even beyond her hundredth birthday. She cut three new sets of teeth. Her family being ruined by rebellion, she made the long journey to London to seek relief from the Court of James the First."



CAPT. FREDERICK LAHRBUSH, AGED 109 YEARS.

We may ask, in closing, is it desirable that all men and women should become centenarians? Manifestly not. These shrunken, shriveled relics of a past age, in the knotted and tangled line of whose life personal identity has barely been preserved, would, if familiar to our eyes, produce a depressing effect on the living. Useful lives are to be desired rather than mere length of days.

*"Ævum implet actis, non seignibus annis."*

A quarter or half a century of sleeping existence, feeble superannuation, an exception to the sound laws of health and the rule of accidents, these childish, antiquated people, have long ceased to be a pleasure to themselves or to the world. Their own testimony shows an anxious waiting for their time of



THE COUNTESS OF DESMOND, AGED 145.

release. "Not an hour longer," says one, and another with wearied complaint exclaims: "God, in letting me remain so long upon the earth, seems actually to have forgotten me."

But we have returned to the starting-point of our investigations. Can great age be secured by human endeavor? Probably

not. The European and the negro, the Chinese and the American, the civilized man and the savage, the rich and the poor, the dweller in cities and he that lives in the country, differing so much from one another in some respects, all resemble one another in having the same allotment of time to pass from birth to death; and the variations of climate, food and conveniences, seem to have but little to do with the prolongation of life. Abnormal instances of longevity are doubtless the result of a certain bodily and mental predisposition to great age. The man that lives long probably possesses strong natural powers of restoration and healing. These depend more or less for their fulfillment upon a *tranquil life*, an *absence of irritability*, and a *contented disposition*. And let there be added to these a firm reliance on the mercy and wisdom of that Divine Power "in whose hands our breath is, and whose are all our ways."

For the original portraits from which the illustrations of this paper are taken we are indebted to the following sources:—Old Parr, "The World of Wonders;" Parr's Cottage in Shropshire, and Countess of Desmond, "Chambers's Book of Days;" Henry Jenkins, "Bailey's Records of Longevity;" Peter Garden, the "New Wonderful Magazine;" John Rovin and wife, and Peter Zartan, "Kirby's Wonderful Museum;" Count Waldeck, the "London Illustrated News." The portrait of Frederick Lahrbush is from a photograph taken in 1875.

## GLASS SPONGES.

THE distinction which our present knowledge enables us to make between the humblest forms of animal and vegetable life is a functional, rather than a chemical or a sensible one. It lies in what they do, rather than in what they are. The lowest representatives of both kingdoms are included under the same general term. Protozoon and protophyte are alike called protoplasm, and appear to possess the same intrinsic qualities.

The practical difference between animal and vegetable life consists in their respective powers of assimilation. Plants take in as nutriment the inorganic elements of earth and air; by the subtle chemistry of nature, in her dark and silent laboratory underground, the

lifeless minerals of the earth are wrought into living tissues, endowed with the capacity for growth and reproduction. Except in the Fungi, this transmutation, of inorganic into organic matter is believed to be accomplished, only under the controlling influence of light. Animal vitality is sustained only by the material thus transmuted; all the solid nutriment necessary for the maintenance of animal life must have been converted into vegetable, or reconverted into animal tissue before it can fulfill its purpose. Man, surrounded by all the wealth of inorganic nature, would perish if there were not everywhere about him millions of busy little alchemists unceasingly at work day and night,



transmuting the dead and useless elements of land and water into the life-sustaining principle. Not only do the lowly grasses and tenderly creeping mosses clothe the earth with beauty as with a garment, but they also supply the conditions of all higher life. Without the unconscious ministry of this lowly vegetable existence, all the high hopes, the spiritual longings, the heroic endeavor of humanity, would have been impossible.

The lowest forms of life lie in the shadowy boundary land between the two great kingdoms of organic nature. Even in the physical world the mysterious lore of border land possesses a charm which is wanting to the wide fields of knowledge that have been traversed again and again by human feet. The most curious page in the record of this lowly existence has just been opened to us. The latest investigations into deep-sea life show that the vast area lying beneath the ocean is covered with a simple animal life, boundless in extent and infinite in variety. Under conditions too rigid and severe to permit the growth of the humblest seaweed, these creatures live, and multiply, and die. Far beyond the reach of light, in a glacial temperature and under enormous pressure, exists this wonderful fauna. As we strip the mystery of vitality of garment after garment, as its conditions become fewer and its mode of existence less complex, the wonder, instead of becoming less, constantly grows upon the mind. The human intellect longs to find a commensurate physical cause for the effect which we call life. When, as in the higher organic beings, the conditions are many and the processes complicated, the phenomenon of vitality does not seem so puzzling; antecedent appears to bear some sort of proportion to consequent. The mind rarely troubles itself to make nice distinctions between complicated machinery and motive power. A liberal display of wheel-work is adequate to account for results without any reference to the initial force. But as we contemplate the life of the protozoa, which reign supreme in the ocean's depths, we see the awful and mysterious problem presented in its simplest terms; forms of existence which are formless, organisms possessing no organs, life contradicting the very definitions of life and yet performing all its essential functions. The conditions,

complex and multitudinous, under which we live are here reduced to two or three; the elements, many and bewildering, which enter into the ordinary statement of the problem, are here eliminated, and yet we are forced to recognize the same vital principle giving functional activity to a mass of structureless jelly which animates the highest organic beings.

When we see this formless life governed by laws, each in itself as inexorable as that which guides the rolling planets, and all in their various combinations as flexible as those which control our human existence, we feel the sense of awe which a whisper from the unseen world might send thrilling through our nerves. We are standing face to face with life stripped of its familiar conditions. It looks us in the eyes as the disembodied ghost of the life now so familiar to us.

Until within the last five years our knowledge of deep-sea life was limited to the information given by stray organisms brought up on some fisherman's net, or to speculations suggested by those found in the shal-

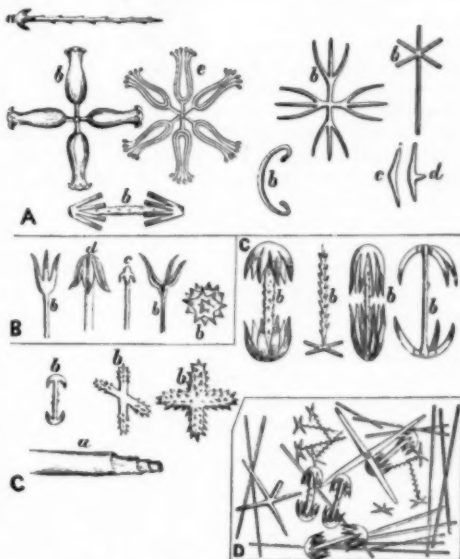


PLATE I. SPICULES OF GLASS SPONGES—MAGNIFIED.

A, spicules of different varieties of *Euplectella*: a, anchoring filament of *E. Aspergillum*; b, b, b, spicules of the sarcode; c and d, hexradiate spicules in earliest form; e, the real size of the spicule marked a is 1-300 of an inch in diameter. B, spicules of *Tethya*. C, varieties of *Hyalonema*: a, anchoring filament, H. S.; b, b, b, spicules of sarcode, D, spicules of *Hyalonema in situ*.

lower water. The tribe of sponges, especially, have, in this way, become familiar to us. The hints given of their beauty and

delicacy have surprised us, but they were, after all, the merest hints. Explorations into the still cold water of the ocean's profounder depths reveal the fact that what we already knew was but the "margin and remnant of a wonderfully diversified sponge fauna, which appears to extend in endless variety over the whole bottom of the sea."

The family of sponges has only of late been able to establish itself satisfactorily in life. It had been banded back and forth between the two great kingdoms of organic nature, figuring now as one of the algæ, and again as a protozoon; but its title to admission into the animal kingdom has at last been made out by aid of the microscope.

This family is divided into three great orders: the silicious, or glass sponges, the calcareous, and the keratose, named from the several minerals of which its skeleton is composed. Our common sponge is rather an insignificant member of the great tribe whose name it bears. It is a sort of poor relation of the sponge family, who goes out to service in foreign parts, but who, like the little maid of the Syrian captain, cannot forbear giving a hint of the wonders of its native land.

Most of the sponges secrete a skeleton formed of some mineral appropriated from the sea water; in the great majority this skeleton is of a horny texture, with needles or spicules of silicious or calcareous matter set upon it at various angles, as the spines of the pine are set upon the stem. The frame-work and spicules, which together

form the skeleton of the animal, are in its living state clothed with a soft gelatinous flesh technically called *sarcodæ*. This is a semi-transparent, jelly-like substance, which dries readily, but whose original condition can be restored by submersion in water. The sarcodæ was for a long time considered to be a granular jelly; but closer scrutiny has determined the granules to be tiny animal cells, each possessed of a single lash or cilium, which is forever in motion. These amœba-like creatures are immersed in a jelly even more structureless than themselves. Through the mass of the sponge streams of sea water are forever flowing, impelled by the constant and perfectly timed motion of the cilia. The canals through which the water flows are not permanent, though the general direction of the current is always the same, and the main exhalent orifice or *osculum* remains unchanged. The gases necessary to life are supplied by a gentle perpetual current, which passes through every portion of the sarcodæ; the organic matter for the maintenance of vitality is supplied by a more vigorous and intermittent flow. Respiration in these formless creatures, as in higher organisms, appears to be the result of involuntary action, while feeding is voluntary.

The sarcodæ possesses the power of appropriating from the incurrent streams of water not only the air and food it requires, but also the mineral matter which it needs for the rearing of its frame-work. The amount of sarcodæ, as well as its consistency, varies with the different species, but in all other respects the sponge-animal seems identical. The secretion and deposit of the mineral skeleton by which the three orders are characterized depend wholly upon some subtle and mysterious principle lying back of the region to which chemistry and microscopic investigation can penetrate. If there be a physical cause behind the phenomena, the deeper we investigate the subject the more hopeless seems the search. As chemical tests become more refined, and microscopic investigations more accurate, the facts which are brought to light tend to prove identity in the living animal of the various sponges rather than difference. And yet every reasonable mind must admit some difference in causes which produce results so diverse. If it is not chemical or purely physical, what is it? What right have we to assume a chemical action which is beyond the reach of chemical tests, or a physical peculiarity which baffles the most patient



PLATE II. HYALONEMA LUSITANICUM. HALF NATURAL SIZE.

microscopic observation? Are we not driven by the scientists themselves into a belief in some vital principle which is not mere chemical action?

These creatures perform all the essential functions of life without a single organ. The mass of animal jelly takes in food without a mouth, digests it without a stomach, and rejects such portions as it cannot assimilate without an alimentary canal. It inhales the sea water, extracts from it the life-sustaining oxygen, and exhales it loaded with carbonic acid, the product of animal combustion, without lungs, blood-vessels, or pectoral muscles. It possesses the power of motion, sensation, and reproduction without muscles, nerves, or generative organs. Where, then, does the vital principle reside?

Throughout the animal kingdom there is an infinite variety of forms; but, whether the organism be high or low, sarcode is invariably present. As we descend the scale of being, the organs and systems apparently essential to life become simpler and fewer. The organs of perception and sense are obliterated; the systems—nervous, muscular, sanguineous, osseous—one after another disappear, till, in the lowest forms of existence, the monera, the amoeba, and the sponge animal, they are all wanting. But, from the highest to the lowest, sarcode is invariably associated with animal vitality. It lines the mouth, stomach, and alimentary canal of the highest forms of life; it composes the entire entity of the lowest. Under high microscopic powers, the mucous lining of the human digestive system presents an appearance similar to the sarcode of the protozoa. The only function essential to life is the power to convert nutriment into animal tissue; it is more than possible that this transmuting power resides in the mucous substance existing in every organic creature, and that in this substance the wondrous alchemy of life is wrought. However this may be (and it is only an hypothesis as yet), these animals possess this transmuting power, and they are simply masses of mucous matter without a single permanent organ.

A spoonful of the sarcode may be dipped from the living animal and deposited in a spot favorable to its growth. It is apparently unconscious of its involuntary secession, and certainly indifferent to it; soon it begins secreting a skeleton of its own, improvising a mouth wherever the food happens to be presented; in fact, showing that it is quite equal to supporting an establish-

ment of its own. One very curious fact is, that while the whole sponge-mass shows a sensitiveness to disturbing causes, the living substance in which its life resides appears quite indifferent to any rending, or dissection, to which it may be subjected. Its life is social rather than individual. An instance is mentioned in which a parasite of the spongilla was observed passing rapidly over the surface of the sarcode, biting out pieces, here and there, without seeming in any way to incommode the sponge, or to interfere with the general action of its internal organs.

The possibility of life in the deep sea had not only been questioned by naturalists; it

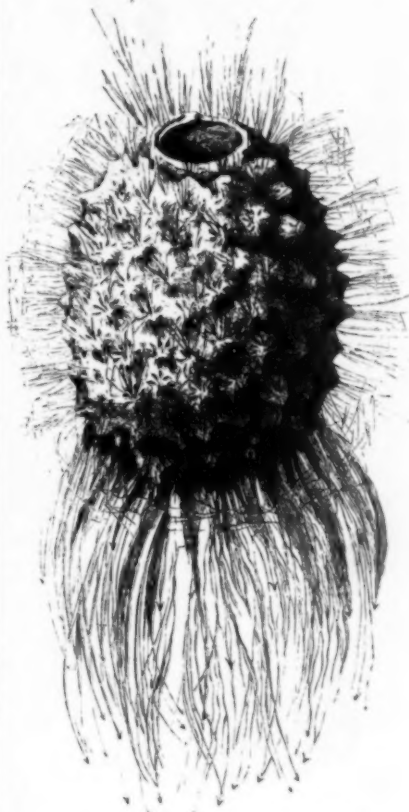


PLATE III. *ROSSELLA VELATA*. (W. THOMSON.)

had been utterly denied. The only explorations into the sea depths, previous to 1868, were made by Edward Forbes in the *Ægean* Sea. The absence of life, which he remarked

there, and which is due to purely local causes, was inferred to be equally characteristic of all great oceanic depths. A theoretical difficulty, which seemed insuperable, also opposed itself to the idea: down in the abyssal depths of the ocean there is neither warmth, light, nor vegetation. Where, then,



PLATE IV. EUPLECTELLA ASPERGILLUM. (RICHARD OWEN.)

could any creature find the organic food necessary for the sustenance of animal life? This unanswered question was supposed to decide the matter; and the 140,000,000

square miles of sea bottom was forthwith consigned to desolation and death. When, however, it was found by direct investigation that life did exist there, the question became—*how*?

It is a noticeable fact, that, in the profounder depths of the ocean, live only those creatures which possess the power of taking in their food, by absorption through the exposed surfaces of their bodies. The carbonate of lime, silica, and keratose, out of which the sponges erect their skeletons, are known to exist, in solution, in the waters of the sea; organic matter has also been discovered in every sample submitted to chemical analysis. The suggestion, made in 1869 by Dr. Wyville Thomson, has been fully confirmed by experiment, and the water exhaled by the sponges is found to be deprived of the organic matter with which it was charged before being inhaled.

One peculiarity of the glass sponges is the wonderful variety and exquisite beauty of the spicules, or needles of silica, which penetrate the sarcoderm and bind it together. The usual type is hexaradiate, which may be roughly described as three glass spines crossing each other at right angles; thus, there are six rays springing from one central point, each ray at right angles to all those adjacent to it. Sometimes one of the six is rudimentary, and sometimes they do not mutually bisect; there is a variety, almost infinite, without departure from the characteristic type. One of these rays, which is the primal axis, may be short or long; at some point four secondary rays cross the central axis at right angles. Where a long filament is needed for strength in the weaving of the skeleton, or for anchoring the sponge in the mud, the primal axis is abnormally developed, and the cross arms are rudimentary; a slight bulge in the center of the filament, which contains four secondary branches of the central canal, maintains the permanence of the type.

Each spicule is most elaborately formed of concentric layers of glass and intervening films of sarcoderm with a central sarcodermous axis. Every form which could help to bind together the soft gelatinous flesh is to be found: arrows with feathery stems; anchors fluked at both ends; long stalks surmounted at either end with a crown of drooping leaves; Neptune's trident; curved hooks; pins with heads, and swords with hilts; stars, and beautifully formed rosettes; and yet no confusion growing out of these multitudinous shapes. The usual hexaradi-

ate type prevails, and forms upon the surface of the sarcode a delicate, reticulated, starry net-work of glass. The type is wonderfully flexible in its power of adaptation; the long glass hair by which the sponges anchor; the delicate filaments out of which the fabric of one is woven; the exquisite filmy veil which hides, while it discloses, the beauty of another,—are all modifications of this characteristic type.

As early as 1835, the distinguished naturalist Von Siebold brought from Japan some curious wisps of glass hair measuring about twelve inches in length. Similar specimens were subsequently sold as sea-weed by the Japanese curiosity-mongers to European tourists and seamen. Not a fortnight ago, I saw, in one of the largest museums in our country, a specimen so labeled. One end of these wisps was usually inclosed in a leathery sheathing, and stuck into a piece of coral. Japanese ingenuity lends itself so freely to the concoction of impossible monsters, that anything strange, in the way of a natural curiosity from that country, is regarded with distrust. Combinations so skillfully made as to defy detection, except at the hands of the comparative anatomist, have made naturalists wary.

The first *Hyalonema Sieboldii* was therefore placed by the great microscopist, Ehrenberg, among the specimens of Japanese art. The microscope, which discriminates so unerringly between the works of nature and those of art, did not hesitate to pronounce the glass coil, the investing polyp, and the coral base, all to be natural; but the combination was supposed (and truly supposed, as far as the coral base was concerned) to be artificial.

New specimens, less mutilated than this first one, were constantly added to the European museums, till finally *Hyalonema* was promoted from the cabinet of Japanese art to the Museum of Natural Curiosities. Still, the question as to its origin and nature remained doubtful; the artificial combinations in which it was generally found were very misleading. The investing leathery membrane was undoubtedly a polyp, the cup-shaped body which inclosed the wisp was no less certainly a sponge; but the wisp itself remained an insoluble mystery.

The *Hyalonema lusitanicum* consists of a long wisp of coarse glass hair slightly twisted throughout its length. Encircling the upper portion of the coil is a cup-shaped sponge of a buff color; below this, for several inches, the coil is inclosed in an embossed leathery

sheath. After it escapes from this envelope, the coil slightly untwists, and at the bottom presents the appearance of a frayed-out cord. [See Plate II.]

This curious and anomalous form was to



PLATE V. EUPLECTELLA CUCUMER, HALF NATURAL SIZE.  
(RICHARD OWEN.)

be classified, and the war of the sponges began. The great English authorities on corals and sponges hardly knew how to express their mutual scorn. *Hyalonema* is, says one, a coral with a parasitical sponge! *Hyalonema* is, cries another, a sponge with a commensal polyp! It is, exclaims a third, a sponge, the investing membrane



being the oscular openings of the creature provided for the excurrent streams of water! All this time, while the angry war of words went on, *Hyalonema* stood on its head wait-

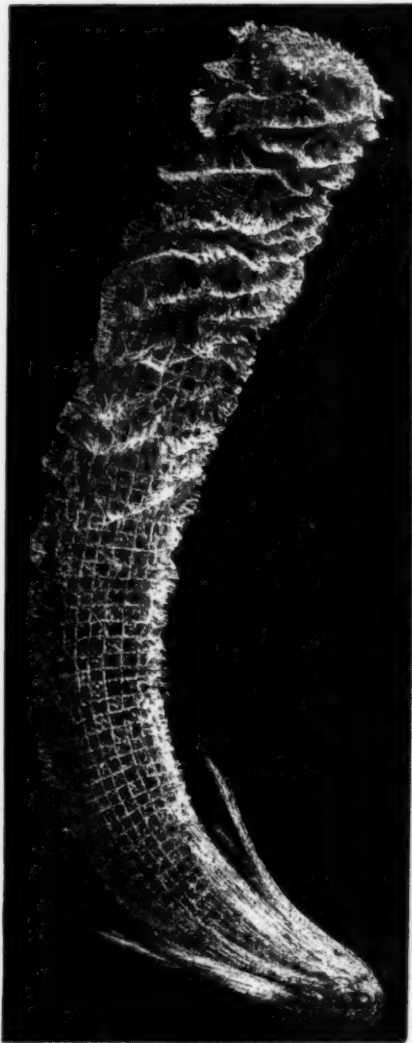


PLATE VI. *EUPLECTELLA SPECIOSA*.  
(By the courtesy of Dr. Christopher Johnston.)

ing to be classified. Not one of all its angry champions knew enough to put it in its correct position. The conical mass had been, from the first, assumed as its base, out of which the spreading wisp of glass hair was

supposed to spring upward into the water. Finally, Professor Lovén, of Christiana, pointed out the fact, that the *Hyalonema* had been described in an inverted position. The first suggested that the glass coil was used for the purpose of anchoring the sponge in the mud, and, of course, formed its base.

In 1868, Dr. Perceval Wright brought up a specimen of *Hyalonema* from a depth of 600 fathoms in Setubal Bay, off the coast of Portugal. This was, perhaps, the first exploit that could be dignified by the name of deep-sea sounding, which was successfully accomplished in the great ocean. At last the embargo was authoritatively declared to be removed from the great valleys and low-lying plains of the ocean's bed, and eager man hastened into the new country to take possession of it. Each new attempt at deep-sea exploration was crowned with fresh discoveries. New and beautiful glass sponges were added to the list, till our modest *Hyalonema* was quite cast into the shade.

The *Holtenia*, which was also dredged off the coast of Portugal, is in shape a symmetrical oval or sphere, with a cup-shaped depression in the top. The outer and inner walls of the sponge are formed of a starry silicious net-work. The spicules of which this net-work is made are five-rayed, the sixth ray being rudimentary. The primary axis penetrates the sarcode, while the cross arms spread themselves over the surface, producing a delicate stellate pattern. When living, the interstices of the lacy fabric are filled with a delicately fenestrated matter like white of egg, which is its flesh. This sarcode is forever moving, widening or narrowing the cavities and canals which penetrate it, and gliding over the spicules. A current of water, urged by the motion of the cilia, flows into the openings occurring over the surface, and passes, finally, out of the large osculum, or exhalent cavity, in the top. The upper third of the oval is covered with rigid hairs of the purest glass, which stand up like a frill about it, while the lower third sends down a perfect maze of delicate glassy filaments, softer and silkier, to the eye, than an infant's hair. These constitute the anchoring filaments which characterize the whole family of glass sponges, so far as they are now known.

The two, however, which bear off the palm for exquisite beauty are the *Rossella velata* and the *Euplectella speciosa*. [See Plates III. and VI.] The *Rossella* is not unlike the *Holtenia*. Its body is of a symmetrical oval form, composed of a beautiful net-work

of glass spicules invested by the sarcode. The chief beauty of this sponge is due to an exquisitely delicate veil, which seems to envelop it in its filmy folds. This appearance is produced by a maze of spicules which stand out from the surface of the sponge at the distance of a centimeter. The primal axis of each spicule partially penetrates the sarcode, and the cross arms interlace to form the veil. From the lower portion of the body tufts of glistening glass hair curve gracefully downward, here and there terminating in a quadrate barb, the more securely to anchor the sponge in the shifting bottom mud. The *Rossella* looks much like a pine-apple, wanting its crowning tuft of leaves, and its core, woven of fine glass hair, and veiling its loveliness in misty films of delicate spun glass.

The *Euplectella* is even more beautiful than any species yet mentioned. It is brought from the Philippine seas, and the first specimen was described and "figured" as early as 1841 by Richard Owen. This first specimen was called *Euplectella aspergillum*. [See Plates IV. and VII.] In 1858 the *Euplectella cucumer* was brought to England [See Plate V.], and later, the most exquisite of all, the *Euplectella speciosa*, made its entrée into scientific society, the acknowledged queen of the glass-sponges. [See Plate VI.] It is a graceful cornucopia, formed of a delicate lace of a square meshed texture. Every angle is softened and rounded in effect by the weaving and interweaving of other filaments. The meshes are so perfectly regular that graduated series run from top to bottom of the curved vase, making the number in every encircling row the same. There seems to be a regular web and woof to the texture; but, heightening and softening all this formal beauty, a curious little ruffle, standing at right angles to the surface of the vase, runs backward and forward, and round and round the cornucopia to its very lid. Through this delicate and wayward little frill the exquisite precision of the square meshes beneath is seen. The vase is covered with a fretted lid of closer texture than the body of the sponge, and around the smaller end is an embracing tuft of glass hair curving up on every side.

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The glass hair of which these sponges are woven is not transparent, as might be imagined; it is of a pure and lustrous white, giving, in certain lights, an opalescent play of color. The texture is like frost-work, phantom flowers, the finest and filmiest of the real Shetland lace, which is rarely seen in this country; it is so exquisitely delicate and lustrously white as to beggar description, and to make one turn disheartened away from

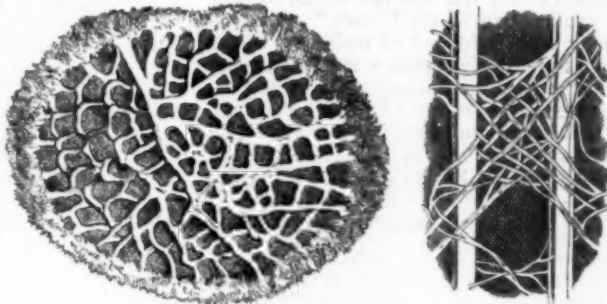


PLATE VII. LID, AND SQUARE MESHED TEXTURE (MAGNIFIED), OF *EUPLECTELLA ASPERGILLUM* (RICHARD OWEN).

analogy. In all the world there is perhaps nothing so fairy-like as these wonderful fabrics built up by this formless, structureless life, in the darkness and stillness of the deep-sea waters.

The glass-sponges, it would be seen, are of a particularly hospitable disposition, for most of them possess some "commensal" or humble friend, who always lives with them, and eats at the same table. Commensals differ from parasites in this, that they eat *with*, and not *upon*, the creature with which they are associated. They seem, by some mutual understanding, to come to an agreement to "chum together." The investing, leathery membrane of *Hyalonema* is a colony of such commensals, and, within the vase of the *Euplectella*, live two little crabs, hopelessly held in their exquisite prison-house, for here they live and here they die without possibility of release. The constant currents of sea water, created by the ciliary movement of the sarcode, brings food to the "commensal" as well as to the sponge.

Of the 140,000,000 square miles which lie under the sea, that which has been fairly dredged may be measured by the square yard; and yet how rich has been the fruit of these few years of deep-sea exploration. Every haul of the dredge brings up strange forms of life; some of them are strange, be-

cause new and unfamiliar; others, because they seem like a weird echo from a remote geologic past. Many of the organisms, now dwelling in the quiet ocean depths, are identical with those in existence when the mighty Mastodon roamed the forests of the Tertiary epoch, and the frightful Megatherium silently waited to drop upon his prey. Others, again, point to a still remoter past: the formation which is now taking place at the bottom of the sea, is, it can almost be said, a continuation of the "Chalk." The Atlantic ooze is formed of multitudes of the tiny shells of *foraminifera* and *globigerina*, which, under the microscope, so closely resemble specimens of the "Chalk" that only a trained eye can detect the difference. The glass-sponges have at last unriddled the mystery which has so long puzzled geologists,—the *ventriculites* of the "Chalk."

At the present moment, the exquisite

silicious net-work which characterizes these sponges is found associated with deposits

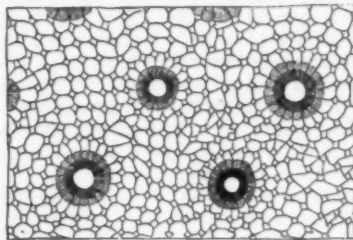


PLATE VIII. OUTER SURFACE VENTRICULITES SIMPLEX OF THE CHALK. (FOUR TIMES NATURAL SIZE.)

of tiny calcareous shells, just as they were in those ages long past, whose record is engraven upon the adamantine rocks. We look upon them with a sense of awe as we recognize the mysterious handwriting of the Creator.

## THE STORY OF ANNE MATURIN.

### A SKETCH FOR A PICTURE.

#### CHAPTER I.

ANNE MATURIN was an orphan, brought up by her aunt Mrs. Hartley, who was well off, and generous enough to give the solitary girl a home. She was very well and kindly treated, but still there was a shade of difference between her and her cousins. Mrs. Hartley had four children—two boys and two girls—and the difference of treatment to which Anne was subjected was very much what a younger daughter has to submit to while her elder sisters are still reigning in the house. She went out with them only at intervals, when either Letty or Susan happened to be indisposed for some special engagement. She was not quite so well dressed. A number of little occupations which they were not fond of fell naturally upon her, and were considered, without any question as to whether she liked them or not, her duty. Her inclinations, her dislikes, her little ailments, those trifling things which affect only comfort and have little to do either with life or health, were not, perhaps, so instantly or so carefully attended to.

But in all that could really or deeply influence her well-being Anne was as well cared for as if she had been in her mother's house. They were all very kind to her; nay, I use words which have no business here. They were not kind; they had no thought of being kind; they were simply her family as nature had made them. When Letty and Susan married, Anne worked at both the trousseaux and danced at both the weddings, and cried when they went away, and again for joy when they came back. "But," she said, "I am the only young lady in the house now. I am quite a great person," and felt her own importance, as "the youngest" does, when she finds herself at last promoted and reigning alone. Thus it will be seen that nothing in the least of a Cinderella character was in Anne's thoughts, though indeed there were friends of the family who called her Cinderella, and remarked that her gowns were more flimsy, and that her bonnets lasted longer, than those of the older girls. Letty and Susan both made very satisfactory marriages, and left their old home somewhat

lonely. It was Anne who kept things going, and kept her aunt from feeling too much the loss of her daughters; but yet Mrs. Hartley, with natural feeling, snubbed her niece when she made her little brag of being the only young lady in the house.

"Anne is a good girl," she said, "but if she thinks she can replace my own girls—"

"Hush, mamma!" cried Letty, who was a kind soul. "She did not mean to replace us; but I am sure she *is* a comfort."

And Mrs. Hartley admitted that she was a comfort, though not like her very own.

Fortunately, however, Anne did not hear this. She missed the girls very much, and she thought it natural that their mother should miss them still more, and that dreary reflection which comes to so many minds,

"Many love me, yet by none  
Am I enough beloved,"

had never entered her young soul. She was happy and light-hearted, and contented with what was given to her. The other state of mind, with its deeper questionings, may be more picturesque and more imposing; but to live with, commend me to the fresh heart which takes what it has and is happy, and grumbles not for more. She was twenty-two when she rose to the dignity of being the only young lady in the house; and what with her aunt to love and care for, and her cousins' brand-new houses to visit and admire, and "the boys" still in the house "for company," Anne Maturin was as cheerful and as pleasant a young creature as eye could desire to see. She was pretty and yet not striking, with the prettiness of youth and health, and roundness and bloom and good temper, rather than with positive beauty of any description. Her nose was not worth speaking of; her mouth, like most people's mouths, was somewhat defective. Her eyes were bright but not brilliant; well opened but not very large. In short, nice, warm, shining, ordinary brown eyes, such as you could find by the dozen. Her figure light and springy, her hair wavy and abundant. A nice girl,—this was what everybody said of her; pleasant to talk to, pleasant to look at, but no more remarkable than half of the young women who make our lives pleasant or miserable. I doubt much if in any assemblage of such, at kirk or market, you would have noted Anne at all, or found her special advantages out.

Mrs. Hartley had two sons, Francis and John—the one a barrister, the other in a public office.

John, the public office man, was like most other young men in public offices, and scarcely claimed separate notice. The barrister was the pride of the house. He had gone through a very successful career both at school and college; had made a successful appearance at the bar very early, and bade fair to be a successful man. The successfulness of success was already apparent in him. The further he advanced, the greater became his rate of progress, and the more rapidly he continued to go on. He was only about thirty, and he was already known as a rising man. The Hartleys were all proud of him, though I am not sure that his sisters, at least, were as fond of him as they were proud. Sisters judge impartially in many cases, and have many little data to go upon unknown to the outside world. Letty and Susan had an impression of his character which they would not for the world have put into words, but which they communicated to each other by little side remarks, saying: "It is just like him," when any incident happened which confirmed their theory. This theory was that Francis was selfish. He liked his own way (as who does not?), and when his way came into collision with other people's way, never yielded or compromised matters; so at least his sisters said. But Anne held no such doctrine. Since her earliest capabilities of use began she had been the little vassal first, and recently the champion and defender of Francis; and he was always good to her. That is to say, he accepted her services with much kindness, and spoke to her pleasantly, and sometimes even would applaud her gentle qualities, especially in points where she differed from his sisters. I do not know if he had ever in his life exercised himself to procure a pleasure, or done anything else in Anne's behalf which cost him trouble. But he was always "nice" to his cousin, and she thought immensely of this easy kindness. She was ready to fetch him whatever he wanted—to study his looks, to talk or be silent, according as the humor pleased him. And she could divine his humors much more quickly than even his mother could; for, indeed, Mrs. Hartley was not one of the mothers who sacrifice or annihilate themselves for their children. She was a very good mother—very careful of them and very anxious for their welfare; but withal she retained her own personality and independence. She was very good and indulgent to Francis, but she did not search his looks, and follow tremulously every shade

of meaning on his face, neither did she make everything in the house subservient to her sons. She was the mistress, and such she intended to be as long as she lived.

It was therefore with some solemnity and a little excitement, but with nothing of the intense and painful feeling which often attends such a revelation, that she made a certain disclosure to Anne one wintry spring afternoon, which changed the current of the poor girl's life, though nobody knew of it.

"I am going to tell you some news, Anne," she said; "of a very important kind. I don't quite know whether I am pleased or not; but, at all events, it is something very important and rather unexpected."

"What kind of a thing, aunt?" said Anne, looking up from her knitting.

Her fingers went on with her work, while her eyes, brightening with expectation and interest, looked up at the speaker. She was full of lively, animated curiosity, but nothing more. No fear of evil tidings, no alarm for what might be coming, was in her peaceful soul.

"What would you say to a marriage in the family?" said Mrs. Hartley.

"A marriage! But, dear aunt, there is nobody to marry—unless," said Anne, with a pleasant ring of laughter, "without my knowing anything about it, it should be me."

"Nobody to marry? Do you think the boys are nobody?" said Mrs. Hartley, with a little snort of partial offense.

"The boys! Oh, did you mean the boys?" said Anne, bewildered.

She made a little momentary pause, as if confused, and then said, rather foolishly:

"The boys' weddings will be weddings in other families, not here."

"That is true enough if you think of nothing but the wedding; but I suppose you take more interest in your cousins than that," said Mrs. Hartley. "Francis came in quite unexpectedly when you were out."

"Francis? Is it Francis?" said Anne, in a hurried low tone of dismay.

"Why not?" said Mrs. Hartley.

Why not, indeed? There could be nothing more natural. He was a full-grown man. But the surprise (surely it was only surprise made Anne quite giddy for the moment. Her head swam, the light seemed to change somehow, and darken round her. She felt physically as if she had received a violent and sudden blow.

"To be sure," she said, mechanically, feel-

ing that her voice sounded strange, and did not seem to belong to her—"Why not? I suppose it is the most natural thing in the world, only it never came into my head."

"That is nonsense," said her aunt, somewhat sharply. "Indeed the wonder is that Francis has not married before. He is over thirty, and making a good income, and when I die he will have the most part of what I have. Indeed it is in a sort of a way his duty to marry. I do not see how any one could be surprised."

Anne was silent, feeling with a confused thankfulness that no reply was necessary, and after a pause Mrs. Hartley resumed in a softened tone:

"I confess, however, that for the moment I did not expect anything of the kind. I generally have a feeling when something is going to happen; but I had not the least warning this morning. It came upon me all at once. Anne, I do think, after living with us all your life, you might show a little more interest. You have never even asked who the lady is."

"It was very stupid of me," said Anne, forcing herself to speak. "Do we know her? Do you like her? I cannot think of any one."

"No, indeed, I suppose not," said Mrs. Hartley. "She is not one of our set. It will be a capital marriage for Francis—though, indeed, a man of his abilities may aspire to any one. It is Miss Parker, the daughter of the Attorney-General, Anne; a man just as sure to be Lord Chancellor as I am to eat my dinner. She will be the Honorable Mrs. Francis Hartley one day—of course the Honorable is not much of itself. If it had been some poor Irish or Scotch girl, for instance, who happened to be a Lord's daughter; but the Lord Chancellor is very different. Fancy the interest it will give him, not to say that it will be of the greatest importance to him in his profession; the Lord Chancellor's son-in-law; nobody can have a greater idea than I have of my son's abilities," continued the old lady; "but such a connection as this is never to be disregarded. I am to call upon Lady Parker to-morrow, and make acquaintance with my future daughter. Perhaps as the girls have both got their own engagements, and Letty would not like me to take Susan without asking her, perhaps I had best take you with me, Anne."

"Oh, thanks, aunt," said Anne, tremulously. "Did you hear anything about the young lady herself?"



"Oh, I heard that she was an angel, of course," said Mrs. Hartley. "That, one takes for granted, and he gave me her photograph; it is lying about somewhere. Look on my little table under the newspaper, or under my work. Pretty enough; but you never can tell from a photograph. What is the matter with you, Anne?"

"I only tripped against the stool," said Anne, hastily turning her back to the light, and catching a glimpse of herself in the glass, which frightened her.

She was thankful to go with the photograph to the window after she had found it, the waning light being an excuse for her. The photograph was like a hundred others, such as every one has seen. A pretty young face, with the usual elaborate hair-dressing, and the usual elaborate costume. As for such things as expression or character, there were none in the so-called portrait, which might of course be the fault of the original; but this no one would dare to make sure of. It seemed to Anne, looking at it with her hot eyes, to swell and magnify, and smile disdainfully at her, as she gazed at it. She was still stupid with the blow, and, at the same time, was making so desperate an effort to restrain herself, that between the stunned sensation of that shock, and the self-restraint which she exercised, she seemed to herself to be like marble or iron, rigid and cold. The photograph fell out of her stiff fingers, and she had to grope for it on the floor, scarcely seeing it. All this occupied her so long that Mrs. Hartley became impatient.

"Well, have you nothing to say about it, now that you have seen it?" she asked.

"She is very pretty," said Anne, slowly. "I hope Francis will be very happy with her. Did he seem very much —?"

"Oh, he seemed all a young man ought to be, as foolish as you please," said Mrs. Hartley; "but he is coming home to dinner this evening, so you can question him to your heart's content. Give me a cup of tea, Anne. I think I shall go to my room and rest a little before dinner. There is nothing tiresome like excitement," said the placid old lady; and she continued to talk about and about this great subject while she drank her afternoon cup of tea.

How glad Anne was when she left the room to take that nap before dinner; how thankful that she had a moment's breathing-time, and could, so to speak, look herself in the face. This was precisely the first thing she did when she was left to herself. She

went up to the mantel-piece and leaned her arms upon it, and contemplated in the mingled light, half twilight, half ruddy gleams from the fire, the strange, forlorn, woe-begone face, that seemed to look back at her mournfully out of that rose-tinted gloom. The giddiness was beginning to go off a little, and the singing in her ears was less than it had been; the strange whirl and revolution of earth and heaven had ceased, and the things were settling down into their places. What was it that had happened to her? "Nothing, nothing," she said to herself, vehemently, the red blood of shame rushing to her face in a painful and tingling glow. Poor pretense; nothing was changed, but everything was different. The whole world and her life, and everything she was acquainted with, or had any experience of, seemed suddenly to have been snatched from her and thrown into the past. The very path she was treading seemed cut away under her feet. She had stopped short, startled, feeling deadly faint and sick when the sudden precipice opened at her feet; but there it was, and there did not seem another step for her to take anywhere upon solid ground. This sudden, wild consciousness of the difference, however, though it was bad enough, was not all. Bitter and terrible shame that it should be so, scorched up poor Anne. Shame flamed upon her innocent cheeks. Her eyes fell before her own gaze, ashamed to meet it. A man feels no such shame to have given his love to a woman who loves him not. He may be angry, jealous, mortified, and vindictive; but he is not abashed. But the woman who has given her heart unsought is more than abashed. She feels herself smitten to the earth as with a positive stain. Shame embitters and impoisons all her suffering. It is almost worse than a crime—it is a disgrace to her and to all womankind—or at least so the girl feels in the first agony of such a discovery, though her love may be as pure and devoted and unselfish as anything known in this world.

Then her thoughts all rushed to the question of self-defense. She must not make a show of herself and her emotions. She must smile and congratulate and gossip as if the event were one of the happiest which could have occurred, as she had done with a light heart when Letty and Susan were married. Their weddings had been the greatest gala-days she had ever known. She had been bridesmaid to both, with a fresh dress, and an important position, and much

attention from everybody. She had taken the most genuine interest in everything that was done and said. Her life seemed to date indeed from these great occasions. And now must she go over all this, and probably be bridesmaid again to Francis's wife? Her very heart grew sick at the thought; but she must do it, must keep up, and give no one any reason to think—one—that her heart was broken.

She was still standing thus, when the door opened, and Francis himself came into the room. Anne's heart gave a wild bound, and then seemed to stand still; but perhaps it was best that it should happen so, for she must have met him soon, and the room was dark, and he could not see how she looked. He came up to her where she stood, and took her hand, as he had a way of doing.

"Well, Anne," he said.

"Well, Francis," she returned faintly, as by some mechanical action, and withdrew her hand. She looked down into the fire, which threw a ruddy reflection on her face and disguised her paleness. She did not feel able to look at him.

"What's the matter?" said Francis, jauntily; "not displeased, are you? Of course my mother has told you," and he took her hand again. She dared not withdraw it that time, but had to leave it in his hold, though the poor little fingers tingled to their tips with the misery and bitterness and shame in her heart. All that he meant, of course, was friendliness, cousinship—while she—she, a woman, had allowed other thoughts to get entrance into her mind!

"I am not displeased," she said, summoning all her courage, "except that you did not give us any warning, Francis. You might have told me something about her; I was rather hurt at that."

"Were you, dear?" he said, with a tenderness that was unusual, and he put his other arm round her waist, as if somehow this new change had increased instead of diminishing his privileges. And Anne, poor Anne, dared not resent it—dared not break from him, as probably, laughing and blushing, she would have done yesterday. She had to stand still, making herself as stiff and cold as she could, enduring the half embrace. "If I had thought that, you should have known everything from the beginning; but it has not been a very long business; and, until I knew her sentiments, I saw no need to betray mine. It might have come to nothing, and a man does not care to make a fool of himself."

"Then tell me about her now," said Anne, holding firmly by the mantel-piece, and desperately plunging to the center of the misery at once.

Francis laughed.

"I don't know what I can say. I left her photograph somewhere, and I suppose my mother told you."

"Only that it was an excellent marriage, nothing about *her*."

Once more Francis laughed. He shrugged his shoulders, and bent down to look into her face.

"I suppose Letty and Susan raved of *him* to your sympathetic ears, did they? But men don't go in for that sort of thing. No; I want you to tell me, Anne, my dear little girl—look up, that I may see your face—are you pleased?"

"Francis! of course I am pleased if you are happy," faltered poor Anne; "but how can I tell otherwise, when I don't know her, and you won't tell me anything about her?"

"Give me a kiss then and wish me joy," he said.

Anne felt his cheek touch hers. There seemed to ensue a moment in which everything whirled round her—the fire-light, the pale evening sky through the window, the glimmer in the glass. Whether she should faint in his arms, or break away from them, seemed to hang upon a hair. But that hair-breadth of strength still remained to her. She escaped from his hold. She flew out of the room and upstairs like a hunted creature and dropped down upon her knees in her own little chamber, hiding her face on her bed. Had he suspected? Could he know? But in the passion that swept over her, Anne was beyond entering very closely into these questions. She dared not cry aloud or even sob, though nature seemed to rend her bosom; but the darkness fell on her mercifully, hiding her even from herself.

Mr. Francis Hartley remained behind and contemplated himself in the glass as Anne had done. He caressed his whiskers and drew his fingers through his hair, and said "Poor little Anne!" to himself with the ghost of a smile about the corners of his mouth. Yes, Anne was piqued, there was no doubt of it. Her little heart had been touched. Poor, dear little thing! it was not his fault; he had never given her any encouragement, and it was hard if a man could not be kind to his little cousin without raising hopes of that sort in her mind. But he liked Anne none the worse for her

weakness, and resolved to "be very kind" to her still. He could be kind with perfect safety now that he was going to be married, and he had always been fond of Anne.

## CHAPTER II.

MISS PARKER turned out to be very like her photograph—a pretty person, with a very elaborate coiffure, and a very handsome dress; thoroughly trained in London society, full of references to dear Lady Julia and the parties at Stafford House. She asked Anne whether she was going to Lady Uppingham's that night, and told her that she understood it was to be the first of a series of parties, and wasn't it delightful? Everything was so charmingly managed at dear Lady Uppingham's. She had such taste. Now, the Hartleys had never been in the way of such supreme delight as Lady Uppingham's parties, and poor little Cinderella-Anne did not know what answer to make. Fortunately for her, a little sense of fun came in to help her while she was undergoing these interrogations—invaluable auxiliary for which those who possess it cannot be too thankful. The humor of the situation saved her. But Mrs. Hartley was much impressed by the aspect of her new daughter-in-law.

"They are evidently in the very first society, Anne," she said, "as, of course, was to be expected in their position. What a thing for Francis to be among people who will appreciate him. There is only one thing that troubles me."

"What is that, aunt?"

"Her health, my dear," said Mrs. Hartley, solemnly shaking her head.

"Oh, her health!" said Anne, with something of the contempt of youth and strength. "What danger could there be about any one's health at twenty?"

And she paid no attention to her aunt's maunderings (as I am afraid she thought them) about the character of Miss Parker's complexion, its variableness, and delicacy of tint. Indeed, poor Anne had enough to think of without that. She had to conceal her own feelings and master her own heart. And she had to endure the affectionateness of Francis, who was more "kind" than he had ever been before, and would indeed be tender to her when he saw her alone, until, between despite and bitterness, and proud sense of injury, and a still prouder determination not to show her sufferings, Anne felt often as if her heart would break. Fortu-

nately, he was not often at home in the evenings, and at other times she could keep herself out of his way.

And then came the marriage, an event of which Anne was almost glad, as it ended this painful interval, and carried Francis away to another house, where he could no longer gall her by his kindness, or touch her heart by old tones and looks, such as she had loved unawares all her life. Poor Anne—she played her part so well, that no one suspected her; or rather, better still, the sisters who had suspected her decided that they had been mistaken. Mrs. Hartley had never taken any notice at all; and if any one in the house had a lingering consciousness that Anne was not quite as she was before, it was John, the second son, a very quiet fellow, who communicated his ideas to no one, and never gave to Anne herself the least reason to believe that he had found her out. After the wedding, however, when all the excitement was over, Anne fell ill. No, she was not ill, but she was pale and languid, and listless, and easily tired, and so frightened Mrs. Hartley, that she sent for the doctor, who looked wise, and ordered quinine, and hinted something about cod-liver oil. As Mrs. Hartley, however, was able to assure him, which she did with much vivacity and some pride, that disease of the lungs had never been known in her family, Anne was delivered from that terrible remedy. No, she was not ill, whatever the doctor might say. She was, as all highly strung and delicate organizations are, whom sheer "pluck" and spirit have carried through a mental or bodily fatigue which is quite beyond their powers. The moment that the heart fails, the strength goes; and when the great necessity for strain and exertion was over, Anne's heart did fail her. Life seemed to stop short somehow. It grew *faded*, monotonous, a seemingly endless stretch of blank routine, with no further motive for exertion in it. All was flat and blank, which a little while before had been so bright. She made no outcry against Providence, nor did she envy Miss Parker, now Mrs. Francis Hartley, or bemoan her own different fate. Anne was too sensible and too genuine for any of these theatrical expedients. She cursed nobody; she blamed nobody; but her heart failed her: it was all that could be said. Her occupations and amusements had been of the simplest kind; nothing in them at all, indeed, but the spirit and force of joyous, youthful life, with which she threw herself into everything; and now that spirit was

gone, how tedious and unmeaning they all seemed.

At this dreary time, however, Anne had one distraction which often answers very well in the circumstances, and, indeed, has been known to turn evil into good in a manner wonderful to behold. She had a lover. This lover was the Rector of the parish, a good man, who was one of Mrs. Hartley's most frequent visitors, and a very eligible person indeed. Everybody felt that had it been a luckless curate without a penny, it would have been much more in Anne's way, who had not a penny herself. And probably had it been so, Letty and Susan said, with justifiable vexation, Anne would have fancied him out of pure perversity. For the first moment, indeed, she seemed disposed to "fancy" the Rector. Here would be the change she longed for. She would escape at least from what was intolerable around her. But after a while there seized upon Anne a visionary disgust for the life within her reach, which was almost stronger than the weariness she had felt with her actual existence. And she dismissed, almost with impatience, the good man who might have made her happy. Perhaps, however, Mr. Herbert was not altogether discouraged; he begged to be considered a friend still; he came to the house as before. He was of use to Anne, though she would not have acknowledged it; and perhaps in the natural course of affairs, had nothing supervened, a pleasant termination might have come to the little romance, and all would have been well.

"The Francis Hartleys" came back after a while and settled in their new house amid all the splendors of bridal finery. They "went out" a great deal, and happily had not much time to devote to "old Mrs. Hartley," who liked that title as little as most people do. Mrs. Francis was a very fine and a very pretty bride. She was a spoiled child, accustomed to all manner of indulgences, and trained in that supreme self-regard which is of all dispositions of the mind the most inhuman, the least pardonable by others. It was not her fault, Anne would sometimes say with perhaps something of the toleration of contempt. She had been brought up to it; from her earliest years she had been the monarch of all she surveyed; her comfort, the highest necessity on earth; her pleasure, the law of everybody about her. Sometimes even this worst of all possible trainings does a generous spirit no harm; but poor little Mrs. Francis had

neither a generous spirit nor those qualities of imagination and humor which keep people often from making themselves odious or ridiculous. She had frankly adopted the pleasant doctrine of her own importance, and saw nothing that was not reasonable and natural in it. Further, the fact crept out by degrees that Mrs. Francis had a temper: undisciplined in everything, she was also undisciplined in this, and even in presence of his family would burst into little explosions of wrath against her husband, which filled the well-bred Hartleys with incredulous dismay. At these moments her pink color would flush into scarlet, her bosom would pant, her breath come short, and circles of excitement would form round her eyes. The pretty white of her forehead and neck became stained with patches of furious red, and the pretty little creature herself blazed into a small fury out of the smooth conventional being she generally appeared. That Francis soon became afraid of these ebullitions, and that Mrs. Francis was often ill after them, was very soon evident to his family. He came more to his mother as time went on, and though he did not speak of domestic discomfort, there was a tone in his voice, an under-current of bitterness in what he said, that did not escape even less keen observers than Anne. She, poor girl, had managed with infinite trouble to withdraw herself from the dangerous intimacy which her cousin had tried to thrust upon her. It was better, she felt, to allow him to draw conclusions favorable to his vanity than to permit him to hold her hand, to show her a tenderness which was fatal to her, and unbecoming in him. She gained her point, though not without difficulty, and it would be impossible to describe the mixture of softening compassion, sympathy, pain and contempt, with which Anne came to regard the man whom she had loved unawares all her life. Yes, even contempt—though perhaps it was not his fault, poor fellow, that he was under that contemptible sway of weakness, which even the strong have to bow to, when an ungoverned temper is conjoined with a delicate frame and precarious health. But it was his fault that he had married a woman for whom he had no real love, no feeling strong enough to give him influence with her, or power over her; and it was his fault that he came back and made bitter speeches at his mother's fire-side instead of making some effort worthy of a man to get his own life in tune. These were the reflections of an inexperienced girl, one of

the hardest judges to whose sentence weak human nature can be exposed. Anne began to look on pitying, to feel herself disentangled from the melancholy imbroglia, regarding it with keen and somewhat bitter interest, but no personal feeling. The position was painful to her, but yet buoyed her up with a certain sense of superiority to the man who had wronged her.

## CHAPTER III.

THE threads of Fate which tangle round unwary feet and bring them by all kinds of unthought-of paths to fall into some tragic net, are only now spoken of in melodrama—in the primitive and artless exhibitions of dramatic art which please the vulgar; and when we speak more piously of Providence, we attribute to that benign power those plans which bring happiness and well-being, and not those darker evils of circumstance which lead to misery or death. And yet it is still true that at the most unguarded moment the darkest cloud may rise on a blameless life—that innocence may be made to bear the guise of guilt, and heart and soul may be petrified, and all bright prospects and happy hopes come to nothing by an unconsidered momentary act. So long as this dread possibility remains, tragedy cannot be far from the most commonplace existence. And thus it was that the innocent days of Anne Maturin, most commonplace, most ordinary as they were, were suddenly swept into a destroying current, which ravaged the best part of her existence before it finally left her exhausted on the strand to snatch a late and shadowed peace.

Francis had been for some time married, and all the evils attending his marriage had become known to his family, as well as the social success and advancement which made a large counterpoise in favor of his wife, when one day he arrived at his mother's house breathless and excited.

"I want you to come to Maria directly, mother," he said. "I want you or Anne. She has had a worse attack than usual, and is really ill. Her mother is in Ireland, heavens be praised! I don't want Lady Parker in my house. I have sent for the doctor, and there is no one but the maids to be with her. She won't have me."

"Won't have you, Francis? Why?"

"Oh, it is needless entering into particulars," he said, with rising color. "The past is enough. But, in the meantime, if you would go to her,—or Anne."

"Anne can go. As for me, I am too old

to be of much use in a sick-room, and you know how it knocks me up," said Mrs. Hartley, who could sit up night after night with Letty or Susan without thinking of fatigue. "But Anne will go. Anne, my dear, put on your bonnet at once."

"Will Mrs. Francis like to have me?" said Anne, hesitating. It was no very pleasant office for her, but she no more thought of resisting Mrs. Hartley's disposal of her, than did that lady of recommending that she should go directly. Letty or Susan would have been consulted—would have been allowed their own opinion on the subject; but on Anne all such punctilios would have been thrown away.

"Of course she will like to have you," said the old lady, and Anne obeyed without further struggle.

She walked with her cousin to his house, checking the confidence which he seemed to wish to bestow upon her.

"Never mind the cause," she said. "If your wife is ill I will be of what use I can, Francis. What does it matter how it came about?"

"Perhaps you are right," said Francis sullenly. He was excited, angry, and yet frightened. "She has never been crossed all her life," he said, with a half apologetic, half-resentful air. "I don't know what is to come of it, for my part. When a woman is married, how is it possible to keep up all those pretty fictions about her? She must get to understand the necessities of life."

Anne made no reply. How strange was it that this man, for whom she herself would have undergone anything, should thus murmur to her over the difficulties of the lot he had chosen! Her heart swelled with a certain proud indignation, but with that came a feeling of natural repulsion, almost of disgust. Had she made a similar failure, how proudly, with what desperation, would she have concealed it from him! But he, if she would have permitted him, would have bemoaned himself to her. Was this another of the characteristic differences between men and women, or was it individual feebleness, cowardice on the part of Francis? She turned from him, feeling herself expelled and alienated. She had never felt her individuality more distinct, or her independence more dear to her. She had nothing to do with him or his house or his troubles, thank Heaven! She would help if she could, but she had neither part nor lot with them. Her life might be dismal enough, but yet it would be her own.



With these thoughts in her mind, she put aside her bonnet and cloak, and went into the room of the patient. Mrs. Francis lay raised up on pillows, breathing quick, and with a high and unnatural color. When she saw her husband she uttered a shrill shriek.

"Oh, go away, go out of my sight, monster. I know what you want. You want to kill me and be rid of me. Send for mamma, and go, go, go away. I hate you; go away. What did you marry me for, to bring me to misery? Go away, go away, go away."

"Maria," said Francis, who was trembling with passion, "I have brought my cousin to be with you. I cannot alarm your mother for so little. I have sent for the doctor, who will be here directly, and here is Anne to do what she may. You know the remedy is in your own hands."

"Oh, is it Anne?" said Mrs. Francis. "Come in, Cinderella-Anne; so they have sent you, because you can't help yourself. It is like the Hartleys. Come in, Cinderella; come here. Oh, you didn't know he called you Cinderella, did you? But I can tell you some pleasant things. Oh, help me, help me; give me something. I shall be suffocated. I shall—die."

The sudden change in her tone was caused by a fresh paroxysm of her malady. She placed her hands upon her side, and panted and struggled for breath, with great patches of scarlet upon her whiteness, while the bed on which she lay vibrated with the terrible struggle. Anne forgot even the sharp impression which Mrs. Francis' words had made upon her, in natural compassion and terror. She rushed to the window and threw it open. She hastened to the bedside to take the place of the terrified maid, who, uttering as many exclamations as her mistress had done, wavered, and trembled in her task of holding up the pillows which supported the sufferer. "Go away; go away," Anne said sharply to her cousin. She, too! Sullen, angry, miserable, Francis went out of the sick-room, and left the woman he had slighted alone to tend the woman he had preferred, with the comfortable conviction that all the utterances of his vanity by which he had amused his bride at the expense of his cousin, were now about to reach that cousin's ears. What a fool he was to have brought Anne, to expose her and himself to such an ordeal! The other one, confound her! ought to have the penalty of her own folly. But when the thought had passed through his mind, Fran-

cis Hartley, who was not bad, was ashamed of himself. She was in real danger, which touches the hardest heart; and she was so young, and his wife.

The paroxysm ended after a time, and the doctor came, and the ignorant panic of the attendants was somewhat mitigated. The doctor was one who had watched over Miss Parker through all her youthful existence, and he was very severe upon her husband for allowing her to be excited.

"Don't you know she will die one of these days if this is repeated?" he said, somewhat sternly. "Did not I warn you of the state she was in when you married her? Did not I tell you that she must not be crossed?"

"For God's sake, Doctor, listen to reason," cried the unhappy Francis. "How is it possible for a woman to marry and enter upon the cares of life without being crossed?"

The doctor shrugged his shoulders.

"Thank Heaven, that is your affair, not mine," he said. "I only tell you the fact, if you don't give over exciting her or allowing her to be excited, she will die."

"It is not I who excite her, she excites herself," said Francis, sullenly; but then instinct came in to remind him that domestic squabbles must not be published. "I will do my best, Doctor," he said. "In the meantime, my presence seems to excite her, would you advise me to keep away?"

"Till she wants you," said the doctor; "it might be as well perhaps. Miss Maturin, whom I left with her, seems very kind and attentive. I have left full instructions with her, and a gentle opiate to be taken at night. That, I hope, will give her some sleep and perfect quiet. I must insist upon that."

The quiet was procured, the gentle opiate administered, and the patient had a good night. Anne's presence somehow—or so at least Francis thought—stilled the house. The maids no longer ran up and down the stairs to inquire for "my poor missis, sir," as they had done before, making Francis furious. He went and dined with his mother quietly, and she was sorry for him. "A married woman and not to be crossed, forsooth," the old lady cried. It was preposterous, beyond expression, and Francis went home more and more convinced of his grievances. The next morning he went up to inquire after his wife. Exhausted as she was, and ill as she had been, she received him with that sudden rallying of animosity, that flush of battle which often shows itself when an opportunity occurs of renewing a not fully terminated matrimonial quarrel.

"Oh, I am much better, I thank you," said Mrs. Francis, with rising color. "It is quite kind of you to think of asking for me, at last."

"I would have come last night," said Francis. "I should not have left you at all, but that the doctor thought it best. He told me to keep away till you wanted me; but, you see, I could not consider myself banished so long as that."

"Oh, banished indeed," she said; "though, to be sure, perhaps you like to be here when Anne is here. She is fond of you, you know, fonder than I am, I suppose. But you did not marry her, Mr. Hartley. Oh, you may make faces at me as long as you like! Who was it that told me? Have you telegraphed for mamma?"

"No," said Francis, whose face was white with passion; for Anne stood by all this time, hearing every word.

"No!" screamed his wife; "do you mean to kill me without letting her know? Oh, if she could only see what is being done to her child, or papa either! Oh, what a fool; what a fool I was to leave them who were so fond of me, and marry you, who never cared for me! Oh, what a fool I was! They took care of me—they never allowed me to be plagued; but you torment me about everything, about your mean house-keeping, and your money, and things I hate. Oh, I am going again, I am going! Send that man away. He has taken advantage of papa's position, and got to know people through us, and got himself pushed and taken out. That was all he wanted. Oh, my God, I am going, I am going! and it is he that has done it. Send him away! Send for mamma! Oh, I will leave him! I will have a separation! I will leave him. I hate him! I never cared for him!" she cried.

Mrs. Francis Hartley's maid was in the room hearing every word. And the doctor had paused on the top of the stairs and heard it also. And so did Anne, who stood by the bedside, with, as may be supposed, many a thought in her heart. Anne was not thinking of her own share in the matter, and when, on the doctor's entrance, Francis beckoned to her at the door and took her hand in his agony and begged her pardon in miserable tones, it was with scarcely any personal sensation that she answered him. She was humbled and wounded to the very heart to see him thus beaten down and humiliated. The impotent passion in his face, the rage, the shame, the miserable self-

conviction were terrible to her. She seemed herself to be mortified and humbled in sight of his humiliation.

"Forgive you; I have nothing to forgive," she said. "I am very sorry for you," and then added more anxiously: "Go away, for God's sake, go away! you can do no good, and you may do harm. Go to your mother or one of the girls; but, at least, Francis, go! Go! there is nothing else to be said."

He left her, doubly humiliated, with a flush of such exquisite pain upon his face as he scarcely thought himself capable of feeling. He was banished by both—by the one imperiously, by the other (which was worse) indifferently—and Anne—Anne, who had loved him, did not even think so much of him now as to be wounded by hearing what he had said of her; last and deepest affront a man can be called upon to bear.

Anne went back into the sick-room. She received renewed instructions from the doctor. Quiet once more, and, chiefly, not to let the husband come in to disturb the patient. "It was well meant, no doubt, but injudicious," the doctor said. Quiet was the chief thing, and a few drops of the opiate at bed-time—only a few drops. He left her, promising to return in the evening; and Anne, tired and pale, returned to the bedside and seated herself there. Wondering at herself, as at a woman in a book. How strange, that she should be there, the protector of Francis's wife, charged to keep Francis out of sight, to guard this woman's tranquillities. It was a very irony of circumstances. She sat, thus worn out and drowsy, while the pale, misty autumn day wore on, scarcely moving, lest she should disturb the patient in the half slumber, half stupor of her exhaustion. A maid came creeping elaborately on tip-toe into the room from time to time to ask if anything was wanted—if anything could be done—if Miss Maturin would take anything. Anne was sick at heart and worn out in body, and she was mortally afraid of the recurrence of another such scene. She rejected all these proposals with a wave of the hand, and an impatient "hush!" She kept the room in an unbroken silence, which gradually seemed to creep into her mind like a kind of trance. She was not sleeping, yet she seemed to be dreaming. The day lengthened, waned, sank into twilight. No sound was in it except the dropping of the ashes from the fire, the occasional movements of the sufferer in her bed, the stealthy footsteps

coming and going. Anne seemed to herself to be waiting, waiting for the coming of the mother. In the silence, she seemed to hear the low monotonous roll of the wheels which were bringing her, bringing her, but never brought her, all the long silent day. When would she come? When would she herself, poor Anne, be able to go out free from this hectic bed-chamber, where she had no right to be, no natural duty? How she longed to go! What a yearning and anxiety there was in her mind to get out of it, anywhere into the free air, to escape, she did not care how! Yet, she sat still, unmoving though that tumult was in her soul.

In the evening the patient stirred and asked for food; and then, after her long stillness, became restless, and talked; the talk was wild, excited, and wandering; but she had not been "crossed," and there was no passion in it. Then she dozed, and Anne began to think that the worst of her vigil was over, to calculate on a quiet night, and the certainty of the mother's arrival on the morrow, and to allow the slumbrous quiet to steal into her own soul. All at once, however, in the darkening, Mrs. Francis sprang up in her bed, as if suddenly awakened, and full of fresh excitement. She plucked wildly at Anne's sleeve.

"You forget the draught," she cried; "the draught, the thing to make me sleep. Give it me; give it me this moment. You want to keep me without sleep; you want to kill me; you want to marry Francis after I am gone. Oh, I know; he told me how you tormented him; how you gave him no peace. Cinderella, give me my draught; give me sleep—sleep! There is the bottle; take it, quickly, quickly! Give me the twenty drops. Oh, you clumsy, stupid——. I shall die if I don't sleep. Give it me. Give it me. Quick! quick! quick!"

Anne had started up from a doze. She was worn out with fatigue and mental pain. She took up the bottle, which stood on a little table close to the bed, and, while this wild storm of words was poured upon her, began to drop the dangerous liquid into a glass. For years after, she labored to recall the exact sequence of her thoughts, as, with this abuse sounding in her ears, with trembling hands and shaken nerves, she tried to do her nurse's office. What were her thoughts? Fright, first, lest the attack should be coming on again; then, indignation, hot shame, contempt, anger; then did the thought cross her mind: Oh, what if the draught were strong enough to still those

babbling, violent lips, and make an end of so much misery? God help her! If the thought passed through her mind, it was none of hers. All at once Mrs. Francis darted at her, violently shaking the hand which held the bottle; then snatched the glass out of it. "There is too much," cried Anne, waking up to the full horror of the crisis, and rushing upon the mad creature; but before she could stop her, Mrs. Francis had drunk it to the last drop, and, sinking back upon her pillow with a laugh, held out the glass to her in foolish triumph:

"There now, Cinderella, you can go; now I'll sleep."

For the first moment Anne stood still, paralyzed with horror. The next, she rushed to the bell and rang it—to the door, and shrieked for help. Never was stillness more violently and suddenly broken. She called her cousin's name more loudly than she had ever spoken in her life before, and shrieked to the maids to come, to send for the doctor, to bring help, help! Francis had not come in, but all the servants in the house rushed to her. The footman went for the doctor; the maids in a body rushed into the room, filling the place, which had been so still, with a tumult of noises suggesting every kind of remedy. Oh, what would Anne have given for the power to rouse the patient into one of those paroxysms of which she had been so much afraid! For a minute Mrs. Francis kept looking at them from her bed with a smile, and with large, excited eyes, which seemed to have a kind of diabolical light. Her faculties would seem to have been at once deadened by the opiate. She resisted with the extraordinary strength of passive resistance their frantic attempts to raise her, their wild prayers to her to swallow the improvised remedies which each one presented. Anne, for her part, became as if inspired for the moment (she thought, mad, and possessed with the strength of madness). She lifted Mrs. Francis from her bed. With a terrible consciousness of controlling the despair that was in her, she tried everything she had ever heard of to counteract the fearful effects of this death draught. Whether it all passed in one horrible moment, or whether hours intervened, she never knew. By and by she became aware of the doctor's presence, of many fans about, and that she herself was employed in a variety of services with which her reason had nothing to do, acting blindly like a machine, with her whole heart and soul stupefied, but her bodily powers preternaturally active. It was mid-

night at last, when, amid dimly burning lights, and strange gusts of air from the open windows, and all the confusion of such a terrible event, Anne became aware at last that all was over. Some one drew her away from the bed-side—some one placed her in a chair, and made her swallow some wine, which he held to her lips. It was the doctor, who had employed her as his assistant.

"We have done all we could," he said, with a voice that seemed to Anne to come out of the distance, out of the darkness somewhere—miles away. "We have done all we could." Terrible confession of human impotence which attends the conclusion, whether peacefully or violently, of every human life.

This was the tragedy which, all at once, without warning or probability, enveloped Anne Maturin's life, and swallowed up its tranquillity, its gentle commonplaces, its every-day story. It was no fault of hers; indeed it would be no hyperbole to say that she would have given her life willingly to redeem that one which she appeared to herself to have sacrificed. I dare not lift the veil from the awful thoughts that took possession of her next morning, when, after the broken and disturbed sleep of exhaustion, she awoke to a real sense of what had happened. God help her! Had she murdered the wife of Francis? This was the first awful question which the daylight seemed to ask her. The cry which she uttered rang through the whole house, startling and alarming every one in it. She sprang from her bed in her agony, and paced up and down the room with moans and cries.

"What have I done; what have I done?" she cried, piteously, when some one came to her.

"Oh, miss, you didn't mean it," cried the horror-stricken maid, who, half-frightened, came into the room and stood by the door, keeping at a distance, as if Anne had been some dangerous animal. What had she done?

The parents of the unfortunate Mrs. Francis Hartley arrived that morning, and her mother, a foolish woman, raved, as a poor creature may be excused for raving over the grave of an only child. She would have had Anne arrested at once and tried for the murder of her daughter; and, indeed, a private inquiry was instituted, at which everything was investigated. Anne, fortunately for herself, was too ill to know—too ill to be aware of the ravings of poor Lady Parker, or even the unreasoning horror of

her aunt. "I can't see her; I won't have her here," Mrs. Hartley had cried, and even had gone further—crying out that her children would leave her in the power of that creature, and that she should never feel safe again. When Anne recovered, which was not for a long time, she was transferred, under pretense of "change of air," first to Letty's house and then to Susan's, who became, as they had never been before, most anxious to save her trouble, and would not accept her assistance in their nurseries or any personal attendance from her. "Oh, never mind baby; I am sure he is too much for you," Letty would say; and Susan actually snatched one of her children out of Anne's arms, when she, unconscious, was about to give it something. Poor Anne wondered, but she had become somewhat stupid since her illness. It did not occur to her what was the cause of this. Her heart was very heavy, her life like something spoilt, from which all the flavor and the freshness had gone. When it slowly dawned on her that she was not to be allowed to go home her heart stood still, and seemed as if it would never resume beating again. What was she to do? But Letty and Susan were very kind. They broke it to her in the gentlest way possible; they reminded her that old people took strange notions, and assured her of their own warm support and friendship. "Fancy the possibility of *us* doubting *you*!" Letty said with generous and sisterly warmth, but, instinctively, as she spoke she took her child's food out of Anne's hand.

If she had been as well and as full of spirit as in the old days when she thought herself so unhappy, Anne could not have borne it. But she had not the heart to justify herself, or to fly from unjust judgments. She stayed in her corner of Letty's drawing-room as long as they would let her. Her heart was broken and her judgment enfeebled, and her pride gone. She made the children's clothes, and forbore to look at them, forbore to notice them. She went to see her aunt when she was permitted, without an attempt to appeal against her doom. Her brightness, her pretty color, her lively ways were all gone. She looked ten years older; she looked dull and stupid. "What a change upon Anne!" every one said, and some whispered that it was her conscience, and many avoided her with a cruelty of which they were not aware. From being everybody's willing servant, the blithe domestic minister of the Hartley family, joyously

at their command for everything, she fell into the humble and silent dependent, living in her corner alone, half shunned, half pitied, the pariah of the house.

#### CHAPTER IV.

FRANCIS HARTLEY had returned to his mother's house. The event which released him from a career of domestic misery acted uncomfortably upon his worldly prospects. An impression that he had not "behaved well" got abroad—one of those vague impressions which can neither be explained nor accounted for, but which sap a man's public character and popularity without any apparent reason. His father-in-law gave him up. He was no longer admitted into his intimacy, scarcely even to his acquaintance; and good-natured friends were but too ready to say and believe that "something must be very much amiss" when a good-hearted man like the Attorney-General so cast off his daughter's husband. Other circumstances concurred, as they always do, to make Francis unfortunate. During his brief married life he had spent a great deal of money and made many new friends, but in the enforced retirement of his early widowhood, the money he had spent and the friends he had made became useless, and the society into which he had struggled forgot him. Francis felt all these things deeply, as he was in the habit of feeling anything that affected his own comfort. He grew indolent and listless, and this made matters worse. At length he formed a resolution, which involved many changes, and to which he was moved by a great diversity of motives. His wife had been dead about a year and a half, when one morning he came suddenly to the house of his sister Letty, where Anne was staying. During all this time he had been very kind to Anne; a touch of real consideration had been in his behavior to her. His own humiliation before her in those terrible days before his wife's death had made him gentle to her afterward; and in the dull state of no feeling which supervened after so much excessive feeling she had been conscious that he was kind. He was not suspicious, like the others. He did not bemoan her, and then tremble at her as they did. He behaved to her more respectfully, less carelessly, but much as he had done before.

Anne was alone. She was in a little morning room, which she chiefly inhabited while Letty was busy with her household

and her children. What a change it was for Anne—she who had been always in movement about the house, going errands for everybody, executing all sorts of commissions since ever she could recollect! Francis felt for her as he entered the little room where she sat at work.

"Always making pinafores?" he said, half bitterly. Her aspect made his resolution all the more decided.

"I am very glad to do it," she said, with a smile.

How subdued she was—how unlike the Anne of old!

"Anne, I have a great deal to say to you," he cried, "about myself and about you. First about myself: I have not been getting along well lately. Things seem to have taken a bad turn. Old Parker has set himself dead against me; as if—as if it could have been my fault, and other things have gone wrong. I can't tell you all the details; but the result is, I am disgusted with England and with London, and I have made up my mind to go to India and practice at the Indian bar."

"To go to India?" said Anne, in amaze.

"Yes; that is my determination. So much about myself. Now about you."

"Don't say anything about me, please," said Anne, reddening painfully. "About me there is nothing to be said. I have been very unfortunate, and nothing—nothing can mend it. Talking only makes it all worse. Tell me a little more about yourself. What will your mother do?"

"But, I must talk about you, because myself is involved," said Francis, with a calm sense that all objection on her part must give way to this momentous reason. "Anne, it is best to come to the point at once; why should not you come with me to Calcutta? You are not very happy here now, any more than I am."

"I—go with you to Calcutta?" said Anne, looking up at him with her lips apart, with a strange whiteness coming over her face.

"Yes; why not? I mean, of course, as my wife. Listen to me, Anne, wait a little before you rush from me in that ghostly way. What have I said to make you look so horror-stricken? There is nothing so very much against me to alarm a woman. And, look here, I always was fond of you; even before—before poor Maria's time," he said, with a slight shiver. "I used to like you years and years ago. Anne, you surely don't mean to leave me without an answer?"



"Oh, let me go, Francis?" she said, "don't speak another word; too much has been said. I go with you to Calcutta? I be your wife? Francis, Francis, let me go!"

"Why should you go? You shall not move a step till you have given me an answer. What is it to be?"

"Let me go, let me go!" cried Anne, pale as marble.

He stood between her and the door. He thought she was modestly overcome by so wonderful a hope.

"Not without my answer!" he said. "Yes, Anne, I have always been fond of you. Many a day before poor Maria's time, did I think ——"

"Then, why did you not say it?" she cried, with sudden passion. "Why—why—when nothing had happened, when there was nothing to remember, nothing to fear! Oh, how dare you tell me this now?"

"I did not tell you—because—I think you might guess—because, I could not in my position marry a penniless girl without connections. But now, when things are so different, when we have both been unfortunate."

Anne broke from him with a cry—a bitter cry wrung out of the depth of her heart. The excitement and storm of passionate feeling which overwhelmed her, made her unable to speak; but, when she had opened the door, she turned back again and stood there for a moment, looking at him wildly.

"Had you said it then," she cried, "had you said it then! Oh, how much might have been spared! But now there is nothing so impossible, so horrible. You and I to marry—you and I!—not if we were the last two in the world!"

"But, Anne, why, in the name of Heaven?"

"Oh, hear him, hear him!" she cried, "you and I, you and I! Would she not come out of her grave to stop it? Oh, go, go; and never speak to me more."

"But you used to be fond of me, Anne," he said, in amaze.

Another low cry of pain came out of her heart. This time surely it was broken quite, and she would die. She rushed up to her own room, leaving him all amazed and uncomprehending, not knowing what to make of it. Why should she be moved so deeply? he asked himself; was this horror affected, or did it really mean anything? He waited for some time, thinking she might come back, and then, when further waiting seemed vain, Francis took up his

hat again, and, with much annoyance and some regret, went away.

This strange interview, of which no one knew, roused Anne out of the half stupor into which her life had fallen. When she was quite sure that Francis was gone, she put on her hat and went out. She did not know where to go; but, had it been possible, she felt she would never have returned again. She walked far and fast until she was weary, and then reluctantly she turned back, with a failing and sinking heart. Home? oh, no, to Letty's, which was all the home she had in the world.

But when she got back, she had not the heart to go in. Letty lived in one of the Squares in the Kensington district, and Anne, after her long wandering went into the garden in the middle of the square, and seated herself on a bench in her weariness. She could not stay there forever, and she had nowhere else to go to; but yet she could not make up her mind to return to the house. She sat there she did not know how long, till the evening was falling, and she was chilled through and through. Just as she began to be aware of the glimmer of lights in the houses round, some one came along the winding walk and started at sight of her. It was the clergyman she had refused after Francis's marriage, but whom, perhaps, if all had gone well, she might not always have refused. He was a friend; he came and sat down beside her on the bench and talked to her in soft and tender tones. And Anne was so forlorn that she burst into tears when she answered and betrayed herself. She had not met him for what seemed to be a very long time, and he knew almost nothing of her story, nor why it was that she had left her aunt's house. In the commotion of her disturbed heart, she told him everything that had happened from the time that Francis had come to fetch her to nurse his wife. That dismal epoch rose before her eyes as she spoke; she told him everything—fully, as she had never been able to tell it before—and then in broken words, by half revelations, unawares, she let him see how desolate she was.

"I have been thinking," she said, "if I could get a governess's situation. I don't know very much; but I could teach little children. Would any one take me, Mr. Herbert, or would people be afraid to let me be with their children, like Letty? Oh, you don't know," cried Anne, with tears, "how hard it is; I, that would rather die than hurt them,—and Letty is afraid of me.

Letty! Don't mind my crying, it does me good. How kind you are!"

"You are trembling with cold," said Mr. Herbert, whose heart was wrung for the woman who had rejected him. "You will be ill. Miss Maturin, will you go home now, and let me come to you to-morrow? In the meantime, I will think what can be done."

"Will you?" said Anne, weeping still, but softly, for her heart was relieved by her outburst. "How good you are! Oh, if I could but stay here until to-morrow; but I know it would be wrong, it would make them all unhappy. I must go back to Letty's; it is not home. I wish I could stay here."

"And I wish I could take you home," he said, with sudden fervor.

Far from poor Anne's thoughts was any vanity; any possibility of putting a different meaning on his words. He would like, perhaps try, in his kindness to open her old home to her, she thought; how good he was!—but that could never be.

And she went back, and met Letty's reproaches with humble and gentle apologies. She had not meant to make any one uneasy. She was very sorry to have pained her cousin. That evening, when they were sitting together, she broached her idea of trying "a governess's place."

"I could not teach much," she said; "but perhaps strangers would not be afraid of me." Upon which Letty, touched by her conscience, fell a crying like a woman deeply wronged.

"Take a governess's place?" she cried. "One of our family in a governess's place! Could you have so little consideration for us, Anne, making people suppose that we are unkind to you—that you are not happy at home?"

"I shall never be happy anywhere," said

poor Anne. "But you are afraid of me," she added with a moan, and with bitter tears swelling in her eyes.

"Oh, Anne, how unkind you are!" said Letty, crying. She had nothing to say for herself, and therefore she wept as if she were the injured person. Many people take this way of persuading themselves that they are right, and the object of their unkindness in the wrong.

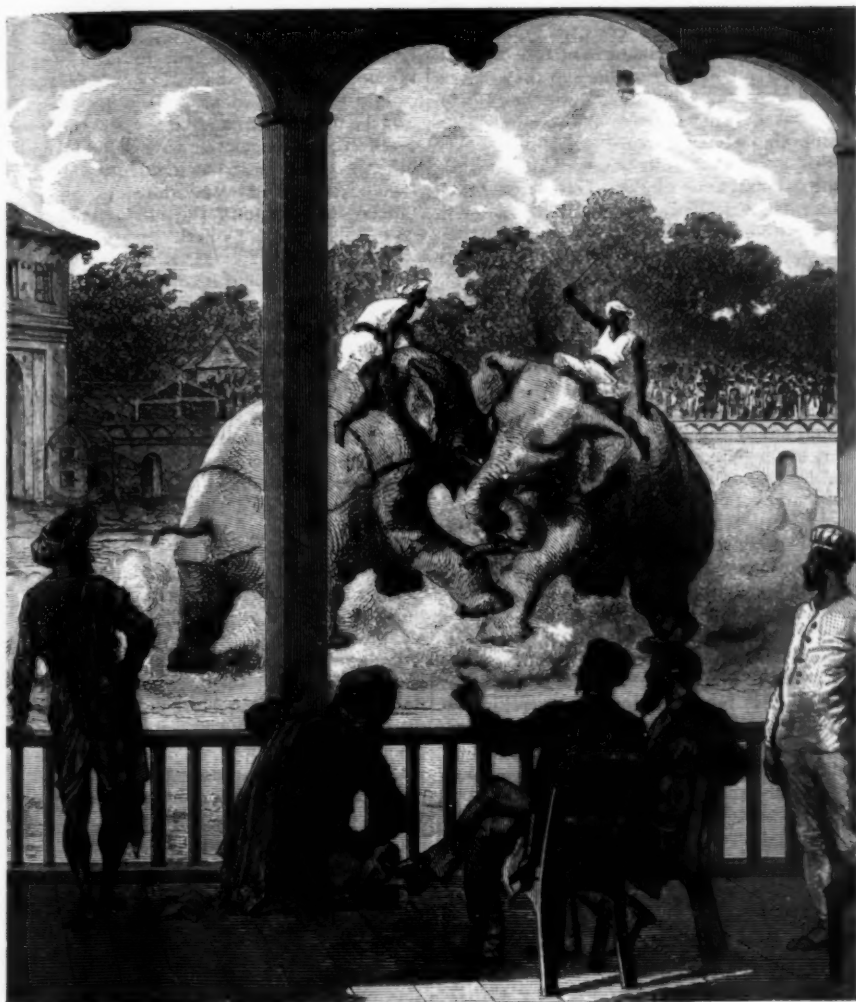
Mr. Herbert came next day. He came not to speak of a governess's place, but to tell Anne that he had accepted a living in the country, and to ask her to go with him there. He did not weary her worn-out mind by asking for her love. He took no high ground; his heart was overflowing with pity. "It will be a home, and your own," he said, looking at her with anxious tenderness. "And I will never marry any one but you, whether you will have me or not," he added, with a smile. What answer could she make but one?

Thus after a while Anne Maturin's story ended in the peaceablest way. Francis Hartley went to India, piqued and disappointed, but the rest of the family were very much satisfied with the good marriage Anne made, and her aunt restored her to her favor as soon as it was all settled. She had not a very long life, but she lived for some tranquil years in her country Rectory, and made her husband happy. Anne, too, was far happier than she ever expected to be,—but yet never, in her own consciousness, got quite free from that tragic net which caught her heedless feet unawares. In one moment, without thought or warning, without meaning or premeditation, she fell into it, and never struggled fully out again, nor quite emancipated herself, all her life.

#### LAUS MARIE.

ACROSS the brook of Time man leaping goes  
On stepping-stones of epochs, that uprise  
Fixed, memorable, 'midst broad shallow flows  
Of neutrals, kill-times, sleeps, indifferences.  
So 'twixt each morn and night rise salient heaps:  
Some cross with but a zigzag, jaded pace  
From meal to meal: some with convulsive leaps  
Shake the green treacherous tussocks of disgrace;  
And some advance, by system and deep art,  
O'er vantages of wealth, place, learning, tact.  
But thou within thyself, dear manifold Heart,  
Dost bind all epochs in one dainty Fact.  
Oh, Sweet, my pretty Sum of history,  
I leapt the breadth of Time in loving thee!

## INDIA AND ITS NATIVE PRINCES.



ELEPHANT-FIGHT AT BARODA.

INDIA is the land of ancient traditions, and the birthplace of languages and religions. According to the system of the Hindus, the present age of the world is divided into four grand periods, comprehending to the year 1875 a space of three million eight hundred and ninety-two thousand nine hundred and sixty-nine years. That "boastful

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and turgid vanity" which Mr. Mills, the historian, tells us characterizes all Oriental nations, might as well have claimed double this number of years as the measure of Hindu antiquity, for one period could have been comprehended by the mind as easily as the other. On the other hand, philologists and students of mythology, or of the history of

religions, could have found a few hundred thousand years quite as ample as three or four millions to beget that obscurity, uncertainty, and contradiction which have afforded ample scope for the exploitation of all sorts of theories and for the construction of systems innumerable. Histories of India, which are rarely, if ever, read, burden the shelves of all libraries. But, if its chronology is to the last degree confusing, and, indeed, incomprehensible, the country itself surpasses all others in that which interests the traveler and fascinates the reader. The terms magnificence, grandeur, and splendor do not reach the limit of hyperbole without the prefix "Oriental," and India is the country, of all countries, which has given this adjective to the vocabulary. Its luxuriant forests and interminable jungles abound in the noblest game that ever falls before the sportsman's rifle. Accounts of travels through the country are therefore sure to be diversified with thrilling adventure. Its temples surpass those to be found in any other country, not only in number, but in colossal grandeur and exquisite delicacy of architecture; the antiquity of its ruins and their wonderful extent give the archaeologist the widest scope for research; and its native princes, although shorn of much of their former glory, still live in a magnificent luxury, which revives the glories of the "Arabian Nights," and makes even those imaginative tales seem at least to be founded in fact. There is a marvelous fascination in accounts of this strange land, and when the narrative is rehearsed by an impressionable and enthusiastic Frenchman, whose imagination is keenly alive to the scenes through which he passed, and who has unusual skill in depicting with pen and pencil the wonders he witnesses, we have a book of travels not only interesting and valuable for the information it conveys, but which, in its external attractions, reaches the dignity of a work of art. Such a volume is that superb quarto, "India and its Native Princes: Travels in Central India in the Presidencies of Bombay and Bengal," by M. Louis Rousselet, just issued in this country by Messrs. Scribner, Armstrong & Co. M. Rousselet's journeys in India covered a period of between four and five years,—from 1864 to 1868. During this time he visited the extreme southern part of the peninsula, reaching Seringapatam and Outakamand, Hyderabad and Aurungabad. To the northward he visited Agra, Delhi, Meerut, and the mountainous region of Peshawur, meanwhile traveling extensively in the interior. Crossing the country,

he stopped at Lucknow, Benares and Patna, thus reaching Calcutta, whence he visited all the points of interest in the adjacent country. Then going down the coast to Madras and Pondicherry, he made a short stay in Ceylon, and so returned home. This brief itinerary is sufficient to indicate the thoroughness with which M. Rousselet prosecuted his explorations. No other work of travels in this extremely interesting country gives so comprehensive a view of it, and none other sketches with such fidelity and sustained interest its wonderful ruins, its magnificent temples, and the characteristics of its people and their rulers.

Without following M. Rousselet step by step—for this would involve a reproduction of the volume itself—we shall present, with slight abridgment and disconnectedly, a few of his picturesque descriptions and instructive paragraphs.

Reaching Bombay in the midst of the rainy season—in July, 1864—our traveler was detained there until it should be practicable to penetrate the interior. But the two or three months spent in this active commercial city and its vicinity were industriously improved. A glance at the map will show that the island of Bombay forms part of an important group of islands, which, placed in front of the estuary of a river, appear to form a kind of delta. It is the port of arrival for all who come from Persia, from Arabia, from Afghanistan, and the coast of Africa; and from it the pilgrims from Hindustan, bound to Mecca, Karbala, or Nujiff, take their departure. Besides the indigenous races, which still present great variety, one meets the Persian with his high cap of Astrakhan; the Arab in his Biblical costume; the Tomale negro with fine, intelligent features; the Chinese, the Burmese, and the Malay. The corpulent Buniahs of Kutch or Goojerat, with their pyramids of muslin on their heads, raise their voices in rivalry with the natives of Cabul or Scinde; the Hindu fakir, naked and hideously painted, elbows the Portuguese priest in his sable robe, and the beggar, clad in tatters and repulsive in the extreme, clamors for alms.

Bombay supplies the products of Europe to two-thirds of India. The trade of which it has legitimately the command, apparently ought to be sufficient to satisfy the ambition of its merchants, but M. Rousselet reminds us of a time when they boldly grasped after more, and, failing, plunged the community into the disorders of a terrible crisis. The series of events which had this

culmination took place in the year 1864-65, and is thus graphically sketched: "America, rent asunder by the horrors of civil war, had deprived Europe of one of the elements most necessary to its industrial existence, viz., cotton; and India, which had comprehended how important it was that she should attempt to step into the place then, for the time being, vacant, had (thanks to her intelligent efforts) become able to supply in a great degree the void that had been produced in the means of feeding the manufactures of the world. Bombay had then become the emporium of all the cotton of India. Availing herself of the immense advantages of her position, she had contrived to attract to herself the whole of this branch of commerce, and had become almost the sole arbitress of it. Incredible fortunes were rapidly accumulated, and then, impelled by the longing after speculation which had begun to possess their souls, the Indians disinterred the treasures that had been buried for centuries, and money overflowed upon the ground. Considering the reconstruction of the United States an impossibility, the Bombayans foresaw for their city a most magnificent future. Instead of seeing in that season merely an exceptional piece of good fortune, they thought that nothing could possibly reverse their prosperity. Projects sprang into life on all sides; cotton, while remaining as the basis of their commerce, became merely the pretext for unlimited speculation. Intelligent but inconsiderate men established gigantic companies to develop resources which had already attained the height of their development. A project was organized to enlarge the island,



A HINDU BEGGAR.

and reclaim from the sea the Back Bay. A company was started; and when, some days after the issue of the shares, they attained a premium of £3,000, the speculation knew no bounds. Many new banks were founded; but all this was on paper only. It was merely a game at which everybody was playing. Merchants, officers, public functionaries, were only too glad to exchange their silver for wretched scraps of paper; some humbled themselves so far as to solicit the lead-



ers of the movement, and the leading men were regarded as millionaires and demigods. In spite of the efforts of some honorable men, who foresaw the ruin in which this folly would certainly end, and who endeavored to stop the people on the brink of the abyss, the contagion spread throughout the whole island. Even the ladies, seated in their chariots by the sea-side, conversed together eagerly on the fluctuations of Exchange; servants risked their wages, and workmen their pay, in this insatiable speculation. But when the news of General Lee's defeat reached Bombay, when the banks were closed, when well-established commercial houses collapsed, and all these shares became waste paper, then there was universal ruin—from the greatest to the least, all were struck down. The crash was so severe that even the Bank of Bombay was obliged to suspend payment, and the most prudent were in their turn dragged into the abyss created by the speculators. Bombay has

raised herself slowly and painfully from this fearful crisis, and now aspires anew, but with more prudence, to become once more the commercial metropolis of India."

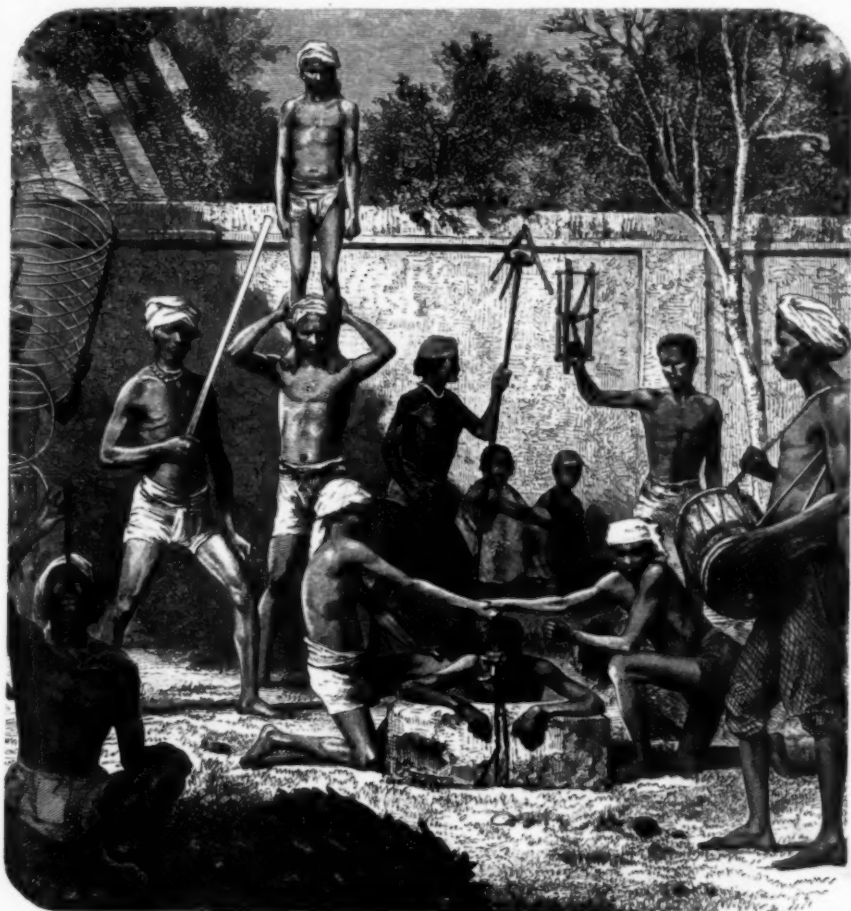
Everywhere in India one meets with the jugglers and serpent-charmers, whose feats are famous the world over. Matheran, a locality in the table-land of the Ghauts, 1,500 or 2,000 feet above the sea-level, where the English have established sanatoria both for the soldiers and the residents, is naturally one of the leading rendezvous for these jugglers. They assemble during the season on this table-land and perform their tricks from one bungalow to another. Some of them are very skillful. Almost entirely naked, and in the middle of your room, they will make a serpent disappear, a tree grow and bring forth fruit, or water flow from an apparently empty vase. Others will swallow a saber, or play tricks with sharp knives. Each has his special accomplishment. One of their most curious tricks

is that of the basket and child. A child of seven or eight years old, standing upright in the basket, writhes in convulsions under the influence of music, and disappears slowly into the interior, which is barely large enough to contain it. Scarcely is it inside when the musicians throw themselves upon it, close the lid, and pierce the basket in every direction with their long knives. They strike with all their might until, the bamboo giving way, the basket is almost completely flattened, and seems no longer capable of containing anything. They then re-form the circle and resume their chant, to which a voice now responds from the forest. The sound gradually approaches, and at last seems to come from the basket, which becomes more and more distended; the lid is removed, and the child springs out. This trick is very adroitly performed, and, though capable of being explained to Europeans, excites lively astonishment in the Indian spectators.

The top trick is likewise very curious. The juggler gives a vigorous impulse to the top, which he places on the top of a small stick balanced on his nose; then, according to the request of the spectator, the top suddenly stops, or again goes on spinning. This last part of the operation M. Rousselet thought by far the most extraordinary. That the top should stop is intelligible; but that



SERPENT-CHARMER.



INDIAN JUGGLERS.

it should afterward continue to revolve, without any new impetus, and perform these alternate maneuvers for several seconds, is the inexplicable point. Our traveler attentively examined both the stick and the top, but could discover no trace of mechanical contrivance.

These jugglers have a number of secret artifices of this description, which gain them, among the Indians, a reputation for sorcery that proves greatly to their advantage. The acrobats go through all the feats familiar to Europeans at home, such as swinging on the trapeze, climbing and balancing poles, etc.; but that which consists in receiving on the shoulder a ball of stone of great weight dropped from a very considerable height,

without the juggler appearing at all hurt, was most astonishing.

Religious mendicants of all sorts, each of whom has his special avocation, are little less notable than these jugglers. One excites the pity of the public by showing himself in the streets entirely naked, or covered only with a coating of ashes; another shows proudly his arm, which sticks up bare and emaciated, the nails having grown through the hand; while a number of them stand in the bazaars and sell amulets and charms, and ply many other lucrative trades. But every season there is at least one fakir, who contrives, by some novel trick, to make himself the lion of these religious circles. The year M. Rousselet visited Jeypoor, it was a



FAKIRS.

Goussain, and this was the method by which he succeeded in making himself famous. One morning some peasants who were coming into the town saw, near M. Rousselet's bungalow, at the cross-roads from the Residency, a holy man occupied in tying several thick ropes to the branch of a tree overhanging the road; and great was their astonishment when they saw the Goussain place his feet in two slip knots, and then, having stretched himself on the ground, haul himself up gently by means of a third

rope, until he was suspended by the feet, like a calf in a slaughter-house. In the course of an hour a vast crowd surrounded the fakir, who, still in the same position, tranquilly mumbled his prayers, while telling his beads. After hanging in this manner for several hours, he let himself down and returned to the town, escorted by a crowd of enthusiasts. On the morrow he returned to the same spot, to go again through the same performance. M. Rousselet went there with several Europeans, and

they all saw that, although the Goussain had then been suspended by the feet for some hours, his face was calm, that he spoke without difficulty, and certainly appeared to feel no inconvenience; when they asked him how he had managed to accustom himself to that position, he answered that God had given him this power as an evidence of his sanctity. Of course it would have been difficult to obtain any other explanation. For more than a month this holy man remained thus suspended like a ham during the greater part of each morning, and gained by it a good round sum. The rajah, however, never came to see him.

Still another type of these religious enthusiasts and beggars M. Rousselet encountered at Bhopaul. These fakirs go about entirely naked, except a strip of cloth around their loins, and announce their presence by a series of lamentable cries while they dance a mournful kind of dance. In the midst of their contortions they brandish about long, sharp poniards of peculiar shape and ornamented with little charms of steel. From time to time one of these enthusiasts thrusts the poniard into his body, for the most part striking his chest, his arms, or his thighs. He keeps up these stabs until, to calm his apparent madness, the by-standers have thrown him a goodly number of coin. These unfortunates, streaming with blood, were hideous to look upon, and M. Rousselet's sympathies with them were excited not a little until Houssein

Khan, who accompanied him, satisfied him that the daggers which they flourished so furiously, and which they thrust into themselves so recklessly, were purposely so made with rounded points that it was almost impossible for them to inflict serious wounds. Besides, the fakirs were careful to strike themselves always in parts which were not vital, and the wounds they made were seldom more than skin deep.

A much more pleasing performance, and one which might perhaps better have been mentioned in connection with the exploits of the jugglers, is the "egg dance." This is not, as one might expect from the name given it, a dance upon these fragile objects. It is executed in this wise: The dancer, dressed in a corsage and very short skirt, carries a willow wheel of moderate diameter fastened horizontally upon the top of her head. Around this wheel threads are fastened, equally distant from each other, and at the end of each of these threads is a slip noose, which is kept open by a glass bead. Thus equipped, the young girl comes toward the spectators with a basket full of eggs, which she passes around for inspection to prove that they are real, and not imitations. The music strikes up a jerky, monotonous strain, and the dancer begins to whirl around with great rapidity. Then, seizing an egg, she puts it in one of the slip nooses, and, with a quick motion, throws it from her in such a way as to draw the knot tight. The swift turning of the dancer produces a centrif-



FIGHT BETWEEN A PANTHER AND A BOAR.



THE EGG DANCE.

ugal force which stretches the thread out straight like a ray shooting from the circumference of the circle. One after another the eggs are thrown out in these slip nooses until they make a horizontal aureole or halo about the dancer's head. Then the dance becomes still more rapid, so rapid in fact that it is difficult to distinguish the features of the girl; the moment is critical; the least false step, the least irregularity in time, and the eggs dash against each other. But how can the dance be stopped? There is but one way,—that is, to remove the eggs in the way in which they have been put in place.

This operation is by far the more delicate of the two. It is necessary that the dancer, by a single motion, exact and unerring, should take hold of the egg, and remove it from the noose. A single false motion of the hand, the least interference with one of the threads, and the general arrangement is suddenly broken, and the whole performance disastrously ended. At last all the eggs are successfully removed; the dancer suddenly stops, and without seeming in the least dizzied by this dance of twenty-five or thirty minutes, she advances to the spectators with a firm step, and presents them the eggs,

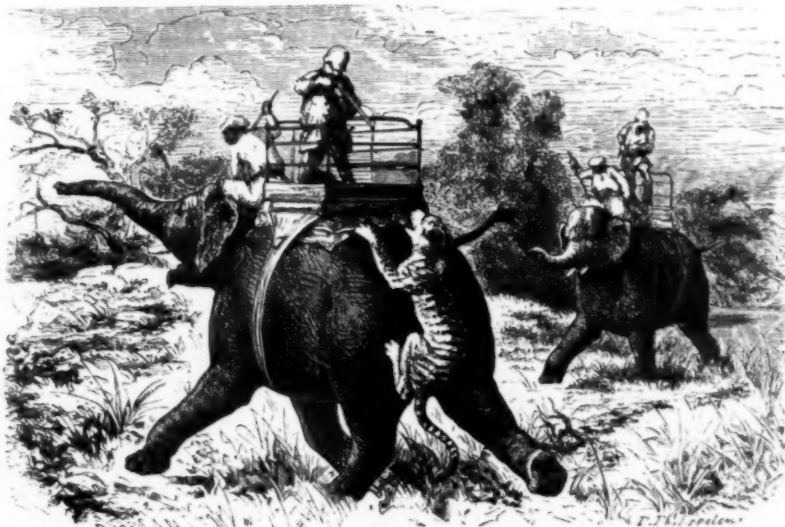


which are immediately broken in a flat dish to prove that there is no trick about the performance.

Shortly after his arrival at Baroda, M. Rousselet was formally received at the Palace by the Guicowar, one of the most powerful of the Indian sovereigns. The manners of the Guicowar were full of courtesy and affability. After smoking a few minutes, he handed his hookah to a servant, and began to question M. Rousselet as to the object of his journey, and the length of stay he proposed to make at Baroda. "He was charmed," writes our traveler, "to find me answer him direct in his own language. We conversed for some hours, during which he passed in review, with much interest, all the States of Europe, asking me respecting their relative importance, their revenues, their forms of government, and their intercourse with one another. He appeared well informed in the affairs of France, England, and Russia, and the encroachments of the Muscovite Power in Central Asia engaged his attention considerably. With the other nations he was quite unacquainted. When we rose to take leave, he held my hand while he expressed the pleasure my visit had afforded him; and I took it for granted that this was merely a complimentary form; that he saw in our sojourn a means of recreation, and that was enough for a man of so capricious a character. But

he made me promise that I would come to see him every morning of my stay at Baroda, and when I tried to excuse myself by alleging the great distance between my abode and the palace, he told me that he would have a residence prepared for me in a place nearer at hand." And the Guicowar was as good as his word. A few days afterward, M. Rousselet was notified that the Motibaugh, or "Garden of Pearls," not far from the Royal Palace, was at his disposal, and he was soon duly installed there. Statues, fountains, and kiosks surrounded this delightful retreat, to which coolness, shade, and a beautiful prospect all lent their attractions. In addition, the Guicowar placed at the disposal of M. Rousselet a numerous staff of servants, and his table was supplied with the choicest dishes and the best wines of Europe, all at the expense of his generous host.

One of the entertainments which the Guicowar ordered for the amusement of his guest was an elephant-fight. This combat is of so novel and extraordinary a character, that we give M. Rousselet's account of it in full. The elephant, which is personally known as an animal of very gentle disposition, can, it seems, be brought, by a system of exciting nourishment, to a state of rage, which the Indians call *musth*. He then becomes furious, and attacks whatever comes in his way, men or animals. Males alone, however, are



PANTHER SHOT FROM AN ELEPHANT'S BACK.

capable of becoming *musthi*, and to bring them to this state, it is necessary usually to feed them with sugar and butter for three months. The day before the combat M. Rousselet accompanied the king to see the elephants which were to fight, and upon which many wagers had already been staked. The immense brutes were loaded with iron chains of considerable weight, and were shut up separately in strongly fenced enclosures. A dense crowd was pressing round them, praising or criticising the good qualities or defects of each. The king went to and fro in the midst of the courtiers like a private individual, gesticulating and shouting like the others. The betting was carried on with spirit, and M. Rousselet laid wagers with the king and several of the courtiers, merely for the sake of following the general example, for it would have been difficult for a novice to decide on the merits of one animal over those of another. On the occasion of the combat M. Rousselet was favored with a seat in the king's box, overlooking the elephants' arena, occupying a chair next the Guicowar, while the nobles were disposed of on cushions. The arena was in the form of a vast parallelogram, about three hundred yards long by two hundred wide. It is entirely surrounded by thick walls; a great number of narrow doors allow of entrance or exit to the attendants, without permitting the elephant to follow them. The summits of the walls are provided with balconies, open to the public, who seem passionately fond of spectacles of this kind. The roofs of the neighboring houses, even the trees, are covered with a motley and, as usual, noisy crowd. On an elevated mound are placed the female elephants, and these, it appears, have a decided taste for such sights. In the arena itself are the two males, each chained to one of the extremities, expressing their wrath by trumpetings, and fiercely digging their tusks into the sand. By instinct the elephant always recognizes his *mahout*, or driver, and allows him to approach him even while in this condition. Gracefully formed young men, nearly naked, are walking about in groups. These are the *sâtmarî-wallahs*, who play the same part here as the *toreadors* at bull-fights in Spain, and who may be called *elephantadors*. They wear nothing but a light, colored turban, and a scanty, tight-fitting pair of drawers, which give the elephant nothing to lay hold of. The most active carry only a horse-whip and a veil of red silk; others are armed with long lances; and, lastly, a small num-

ber have only a fuse fastened to the end of a stick, and a lighted match. These last have the least showy but the most important functions to perform. They must post themselves at different points of the arena, and run to the rescue of the elephantador when in danger. Rushing in front of the infuriated animal, they flash their fuses in his face, when he recoils in terror, and they succor the wounded. But they are not allowed to have recourse to this stratagem unless there is real danger. If they make a mistake, they are reprimanded; if they allow the elephantador to be killed, they are severely punished. They are all selected from among the handsomest and best-made men that can be procured, and are endowed with wonderful agility.

A few minutes after the arrival of M. Rousselet and his friend, the Guicowar entered the box, and took his seat between them. At a given signal the arena is cleared for the contest. Each mahout seats himself on the neck of his elephant, the chains are cast loose, and the two animals are in full view. After an instant's hesitation, they approach each other, with their trunks raised, and trumpeting fiercely; their pace increases, and they meet in the center of the arena. Their foreheads strike together, and the violence of the shock is so great that their fore feet give way, and they remain leaning against each other. They wrestle with their trunks, which they entwine like arms, and the mahouts have sometimes to defend themselves with their goads. For some minutes the elephants remain head to head, until one of them, finding himself growing gradually weak, feels that he is going to be conquered. It is a critical moment, for the creature well knows that in taking flight he must present his flank to the enemy, who may pierce him with his tusks, or throw him prostrate. The worsted one, therefore, summoning up all his strength, pushes his adversary back by one desperate thrust, and takes flight. The combat is decided; shouts re-echo on all sides, and the spectators are occupied more with their wagers than with the elephants. The vanquished one has now to be taken away, and the field left free to the conqueror. A party of men come with great iron pincers, indented, with long handles united by a spring. They skillfully fix a pair on one of the hind legs of each elephant, where, through the operation of the spring, they remain tight. The long handles get entangled with the other three legs, and, as the teeth of the

pincers at every step bite a little into the skin, the elephant stops short. He is forthwith surrounded, chained, bound with cords, and, if vanquished, is led by a band of armed men behind the arena. The victor remains alone; his mahout dismounts, the pincers and fetters are removed, and the *sâtmari* commences. This is the second act—a combat between the elephant and men. The arena is invaded by elephantadors and fuse-bearers, this brilliant troop, with loud cries, approaching the elephant from every side. The latter, taken aback by this sudden onslaught, stands undecided at first; but soon he receives a stroke of the whip on the trunk, the lances prick him all over, and he rushes with fury on one or another of his assailants. One comes in front and waves his red veil; the elephant pursues him, but, constantly plagued in this way, he repeatedly changes his course, and never catches any one. After a short time spent in useless efforts, he at length perceives his mistake, and changes his tactics; he waits. Then one of the best elephantadors advances, gives him a vigorous stroke with his whip, and springs to one side just as the trunk is on the point of seizing him. But the elephant does not let him go in safety. This time he has fixed on his enemy, and nothing will make him abandon him; all that remains for the fugitive is to reach one of the small doors, and so make his escape out of the arena. The animal, blind with rage, strikes the wall, and, fancying he has at last got hold of his assailant, furiously tramples the soil. He who has not seen the elephant in one of these combats, or in a wild state, can form no idea of the rapidity of his course. A man pursued, and having to run some two hundred yards before he could find shelter, would infallibly be lost. In the first combat at which M. Rousselet was present the elephant resolutely pursued a young man, who was a very good runner, and, in spite of the thrusts of lances with which he was assailed, never lost sight of him for an instant. The unhappy man made desperate efforts to gain one of the outlets; but, just as he reached it, the creature's trunk seized him by the wrist, lifted him into the air, and dashed him violently to the earth. A mo-



PRINCESS CHAH JEAN OF BHOPAUL.

ment more and the enormous foot, already raised, would have crushed his skull, when one of the fuse-bearers sprang in front of the elephant, covered him with flames, and the terrified animal fled bellowing away.

At last the trumpets sound, and the elephantadors disappear through the small doors. The elephant does not understand the meaning of this sudden flight, and appears to be on the look-out for some unexpected attack. A door opens, and a Mah-ratta horseman, lance in hand, and mounted on a beautiful steed, enters the arena. Prancing up to the royal balcony, he gracefully salutes the king. The horse has his tail cut very short to prevent the elephant laying hold of him. The latter runs toward him with his trunk raised aloft in order to annihilate the creature whom he hates most of all. He has, in fact, a peculiar aversion for the horse, which he manifests even in his gentlest moments. This third act of the combat is the most attractive. The horse, admirably trained, does not stir, save by order of his rider, so that the latter allows the elephant almost to touch him with his

trunk before getting out of his way. He attacks the enormous beast with his lance, sometimes in front, sometimes in flank, driving him into a paroxysm of rage. But even at this moment the elephant displays his extraordinary intelligence. Pretending to take no notice of the horseman, he allows him to approach behind, and, suddenly turning round with astounding rapidity, he is on the point of seizing the horse, who only saves himself by a desperate bound. At length the combat terminates; the horseman again salutes the royal party, and withdraws, and the pincer-bearers enter, welcomed by the shouts of the crowd, to secure the elephant. These poor fellows have hard work of it, for the elephant charges them, and they have great difficulty in bringing it to a stand-still. The king calls before him the fuse-bearer who saved the life of the sâtmariwallah, and rewards him with a piece of figured stuff and a purse of five hundred rupees.

Another sort of combat, though not so attractive, nor on so grand a scale, is not wanting in originality—rhinoceros-fights. The two animals are chained at opposite extremities of the arena. One is painted black, the other red, in order that they may be distinguished, for otherwise they resemble each other in every point. When the company is assembled (M. Rousselet describes a scene of which he was an actual witness), the two hideous animals are let loose, and start off in an ungainly trot, raising angry cries. They seem to have very bad sight, for they pass one another several times without stopping; but at length they meet, and attack each other fiercely. Horn against horn, they exchange passes, as though fencing with swords, until one succeeds in passing his horn beneath the head of his antagonist, which is the vulnerable spot. The animal, therefore, who finds himself in this predicament, suddenly turns, so that the point of the enemy's horn rests against his jaw-bone, instead of penetrating his throat. They remain in this position, motionless, for some minutes, then separate, and one of them takes to flight. For a whole hour the fight is many times renewed with increasing fury; their horns clashing together with a great noise, their enormous lips covered with foam, and their foreheads stained with blood. Their attendants surround them, and throw buckets of water over them to refresh them, so that they may sustain the combat. At last the Guicowar orders a cessation of hostilities; a fuse is employed to separate the

combatants; they are secured, sponged, and led away.

In these beast-fights buffaloes also display a terrible degree of fury. Their vast horns are formidable weapons that repel the tiger himself, and their agility makes them more dangerous than even the elephant. But the oddest of all these contests was one our traveler saw one day, in the *haghur* at Baroda, between an ass and a hyena, and—who would have thought it?—the ass gained the victory! The sight of the hyena filled him with such rage that he immediately attacked, and, by dint of kicking and biting, very soon disabled him. The victor was covered with garlands of flowers, and led off amid the cheers of the multitude.

Perhaps the most exciting of the combats of this description which M. Rousselet witnessed was a fight between a panther and a boar which the Rana of Odeypoor arranged for his amusement. This combat took place in a handsome building surmounted by turrets, and picturesquely situated on the shores of the lake opposite to Odeypoor. The arena was surrounded by high walls with marble balconies on either side at a sufficient height from the ground to prevent the panther from reaching them in his frantic leaps. The wild boar was alone; a splendid animal, above the average size, and armed with long, sharp tusks. He had been captured in the neighboring gorges, where he was the leader of a herd, and the loss of his liberty had rendered him fierce and savage; he looked around him in search of an antagonist, and pawed the ground with impatient fury. Suddenly he paused, and trembled for an instant, while his huge mane bristled all over his shoulders. At length he saw his adversary. A trap-door opened, and a magnificent panther slowly entered the arena, and, crouching down in one corner, fixed his eyes upon the wild boar. The latter was the first to begin the attack. He rushed impetuously forward, and, allowing the panther to spring on him, tore his flanks with his tusks. His movements were so rapid and violent that the panther attempted to escape; but that attempt was fatal to him, for the wild boar, taking advantage of his enemy's distress, redoubled his efforts, and each successive attack told on his adversary, who, with mangled sides, his skull shattered, and blinded with blood, could no longer defend himself. A rifle-ball put an end to the sufferings of the poor beast, and the victor was loudly applauded by the spectators. The wild boar soon reduced the body of his



THE CARAVAN.

victim to a shapeless mass, trampling it under foot, and occasionally tossing it in the air to the opposite side of the arena. The reward of his courage was liberty. The trap-door was opened, and, amidst the acclamations of the crowd, he trotted off, slowly and philosophically, toward the mountains. On turning to the Rajpoots, it was easy to see, by the expression of their countenances, how pleased they were at the victory of their favorite adversary.

M. Rousselet's royal hosts in almost every part of India made hunting parties a leading feature in the entertainments by which they endeavored to amuse their guests. Now it was the bear which was the object of pursuit, now the nilghau, that great antelope which the Indians call the blue ox, and now the tiger or panther. Upon one of these occasions the hunters, mounted on an elephant, had followed a panther into a small wood,—when it attacked the animal with such courage that, if a ball had not come to put an end to the contest, M. Rousselet and his companions would have run great risk of being torn by the panther, or battered to pieces against a tree in the course of the elephant's flight.

Nearly everywhere, M. Rousselet seems to have exhibited a very happy faculty of finding an easy entrance to the confidence and regard of the native rulers of the districts through which he traveled. His reception at the Court of the Begum of Bhopaul was quite as cordial as it had been at that of the Guicowar; and, although his stay there was

not so prolonged, he left behind him just as sincerely attached friends. Her Royal Highness the Princess Chah Jean of Bhopaul, whose portrait we give, might be taken upon this representation of her as a young woman of intelligence and refinement, and Madame Elizabeth de Bourbon, at the same Court, he speaks of as a noble-hearted and sincere representative of her sex. The latter, M. Rousselet tells us, exhibited an irrepressible desire to see for herself the wonders of Paris which he had described to her,—doubtless, without attempting to repress his enthusiasm, or to measure his words. "At all events," she said to M. Rousselet, as he was making his adieux, "if I am too old to make the journey, you will always remember Bhopaul, and some day will visit us again." "A year afterward," adds M. Rousselet, "death suddenly removed her from her country, from her labors, and from my affectionate regard."

The methods of transportation and locomotion in India range from the most primitive and barbarous to those of the most highly civilized countries. M. Rousselet, like an enterprising traveler, adapted himself to whichever happened to be the most convenient. In starting for the country of the Bheils, he had his first experience of camel-riding. Of this he gives an amusing account. On that occasion he organized a regular caravan, containing seven riding and seven baggage camels, for which seven camel-drivers were hired. The two camels on which he and his companion were to ride



appeared on the morning of starting smartly caparisoned with housings of silk and a profusion of tassels; but all these ornaments were simply in honor of the ceremony of departure, and it was well understood would disappear when the caravan was once on the road. One morning at four o'clock our traveler was called, and found everything in readiness for starting. "The Sani, or riding-camel," he says, "squatted at the door waiting for me. I threw some coverings on the saddle to make it more comfortable, and took my place on the hind seat; my driver bestrode that in front, and the camel sprang to his feet. The saddle used for camel-riding, as no doubt most of my readers are aware, is double, so that the two riders find themselves fitted close to one another. The position of the one who is behind is not the most agreeable on account of this proximity, but I had chosen it to accustom myself a little to the motion of the camel before I

attempted to guide it myself. I remained for half an hour without being able to find my equilibrium, violently jolted and clinging to the back of the camel; my companion, however, suffered equally with myself. At the end of this time I felt more at my ease, and was able to take some notice of the road we were traveling."

A rather more exciting method of traveling was found in the mail wagon, of which we have this lively account: "'Here comes the mail-cart, gentlemen,' cries our servant, and we are hardly out of our rooms when there appears on the road a fantastic equipage with three horses attached drawing a light box, painted red, mounted upon two immense wheels, which make enormous jumps, as if they wished to get ahead of the horses. In the twinkling of an eye the wagon is in front of us, the horses are unhitched, and the relay is attached. 'Quick! gentlemen!' says the courier, a



THE MAIL WAGON.



A PALACE CAR IN INDIA.

tall, thin Indian, who is dressed in an old red cloth tunic, which lets you see his gaunt and naked limbs. I get up beside him. 'Hold on tight!' I grasp hold of the sides, and we start. Our horses break into a furious gallop, and seem to have taken the bits in their teeth. The wagon jumps and bounds about. It seems to me every moment that I shall fly into the air. I try to speak, but it is impossible to open my mouth. The Indian, impassible, almost standing in his seat, belabors his horses constantly. Up hill and down, over narrow bridges, the same mad gallop is kept up. One can hardly get a glimpse at the country, or tell whether the objects he is passing are trees or houses. At last there is a relay. I take advantage of this moment of rest to ask the driver if he always goes at this rate. 'Bara Sahib ka houkoum,' he replies,—'That is the order.' My question is absurd. The mail can never

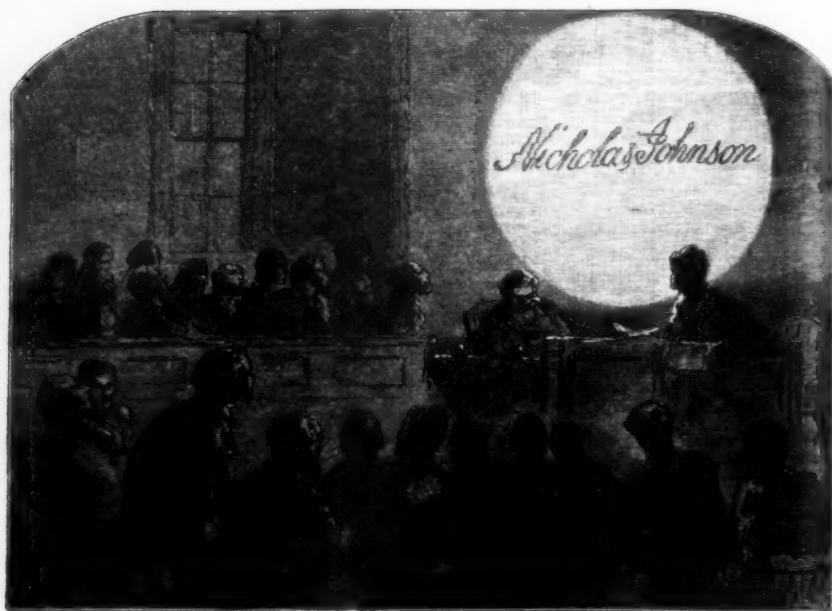
go slowly; but in India it must go fast—at a mad rate of speed. Every day horses and couriers break their legs or arms; but that is no matter, the letters must go forward. Another courier takes the despatches, and is off."

And, last of all, there is to be found on some of the Indian railways the veritable "palace car," modified somewhat in arrangement, and more open and roomy, to meet the requirements of the oppressive climate.

These brief glimpses into M. Rousselet's account of "India and its Native Princes" do but scant justice to the interest and novelty which are to be found in the volume itself. Indeed there could not be a country named in the description of whose marvels, beauties, and peculiarities, the pen and the pencil together would have wider scope for the fullest exhibition of what they can accomplish.

## THE STORY OF SEVENOAKS.

BY J. G. HOLLAND.



THE HEAVENLY WITNESS

## CHAPTER XXVI.

IN WHICH PHIPPS IS NOT TO BE FOUND,  
AND THE GENERAL IS CALLED UPON TO  
DO HIS OWN LYING.

AT the appointed hour on the following morning the Court resumed its session. The plaintiff and defendant were both in their places, with their counsel, and the witnesses of the previous day were all in attendance. Among the little group of witnesses there were two or three new faces—a professional-looking gentleman with spectacles, a thin-faced, carefully-dressed, slender man, with a lordly air, and the bearing of one who carried the world upon his shoulders, and did not regard it as much of a burden; and, last, our old friend Sam Yates.

There was an appearance of perplexity and gloom on the countenances of Mr. Cavendish and his client. They were in serious conversation, and it was evident that they were in difficulty. Those who knew the occasion of the abrupt adjournment of the

court on the previous day looked in vain among the witnesses for the face of Phipps. He was not in the room, and, while few suspected the real state of the case, all understood how essential he was to the defendant in his attempt to establish the genuineness of the assignment.

At the opening of the court, Mr. Cavendish rose to speak. His bold, sharp manner had disappeared. The instrument which he had expected to use had slipped hopelessly out of his hand. He was impotent.

"May it please the Court," he said, "the defendant in this case finds himself in a very embarrassing position this morning. It was known yesterday that Cornelius Phipps, the only surviving witness of the assignment, mysteriously disappeared at the moment when his testimony was wanted. Why and how he disappeared I cannot tell. He has not yet been found. All due diligence has been exercised to discover him, but without success. I make no charges of foul play, but it is impossible for me, knowing what I

know about him—his irreproachable character, his faithfulness to my client, and his perfect memory of every event connected with the execution of the paper in question—to avoid the suspicion that he is by some means, and against his will, detained from appearing here this morning. I confess, sir, that I was not prepared for this. It is hard to believe that the plaintiff could adopt a measure so desperate as this for securing his ends, and I will not criminate him; but I protest that the condition in which the defendant is left by this defection, or this forcible detention—call it what you will—demands the most generous consideration, and compels me to ask the Court for suggestions as to the best course of proceeding. There are now but two men in court who saw the paper executed, namely, the assignor and the assignee. The former has declared, with an effrontery which I have never seen equaled, that he never signed the document which so unmistakably bears his signature, and that the names of two of the witnesses are forgeries. I do not expect that, in a struggle like this, the testimony of the latter will be accepted, and I shall not stoop to ask it."

Mr. Cavendish hesitated, looked appealingly at the Judge, and then slowly took his seat, when Mr. Balfour, without waiting for any suggestions from the Court, rose and said:

"I appreciate the embarrassment of the defense, and am quite willing to do all I can to relieve it. His insinuations of foul dealing toward his witness are absurd, of course, and, to save any further trouble, I am willing to receive as a witness, in place of Mr. Phipps, Mr. Belcher himself, and to pledge myself to abide by what he establishes. I can do no more than this, I am sure, and now I challenge him to take the stand."

The Judge watched the defendant and his counsel in their whispered consultation for a few minutes, and then said:

"It seems to the Court that the defense can reasonably ask for nothing more than this."

Mr. Belcher hesitated. He had not anticipated this turn of the case. There appeared to be no alternative, however, and, at last, he rose with a very red face, and walked to the witness-stand, placing himself just where Mr. Balfour wanted him—in a position to be cross-examined.

It is useless to rehearse here the story which had been prepared for Phipps, and for which Phipps had been prepared. Mr. Belcher swore to all the signatures to the assignment, as having been executed in his

presence, on the day corresponding with the date of the paper. He was permitted to enlarge upon all the circumstances of the occasion, and to surround the execution of the assignment with the most ingenious plausibilities. He told his story with a fine show of candor, and with great directness and clearness, and undoubtedly made a profound impression upon the Court and the jury. Then Mr. Cavendish passed him into the hands of Mr. Balfour.

"Well, Mr. Belcher, you have told us a very straight story, but there are a few little matters which I would like to have explained," said Mr. Balfour. "Why, for instance, was your assignment placed on record only a few months ago?"

"Because I was not a lawyer, sir," replied Mr. Belcher, delighted that the first answer was so easy and so plausible. "I was not aware that it was necessary until so informed by Mr. Cavendish."

"Was Mr. Benedict's insanity considered hopeless from the first?"

"No," replied Mr. Belcher, cheerfully; "we were quite hopeful that we should bring him out of it."

"He had lucid intervals, then?"

"Yes, sir."

"Was that the reason why, the next day after the alleged assignment, you wrote him a letter, urging him to make the assignment, and offering him a royalty for the use of his patents?"

"I never wrote any such letter, sir. I never sent him any such letter, sir."

"You sent him to the asylum, did you?"

"I co-operated with others, sir, and paid the bills," said Mr. Belcher, with emphasis.

"Did you ever visit the asylum when he was there?"

"I did, sir."

"Did you apply to the superintendent for liberty to secure his signature to a paper?"

"I do not remember that I did. It would have been an unnatural thing for me to do. If I did, it was a paper on some subordinate affair. It was some years ago, and the details of the visit did not impress themselves upon my memory."

"How did you obtain the letters of Nicholas Johnson and James Ramsey? I ask this, because they are not addressed to you."

"I procured them of Sam Yates in anticipation of the trial now in progress here. The witnesses were dead, and I thought they would help me in establishing the genuineness of their signatures."

"What reason had you to anticipate this trial?"

"Well, sir, I am accustomed to provide for all contingencies. That is the way I was made, sir. It seemed to me quite probable that Benedict, if living, would forget what he had done before his insanity, and that, if he were dead, some friend of his boy would engage in the suit on his behalf. I procured the autographs after I saw his boy in your hands, sir."

"So you had not seen these particular signatures at the time when the alleged assignment was made?"

"No, sir, I had not seen them."

"And you simply procured them to use as a defense in a suit which seemed probable, or possible, and which now, indeed, is in progress of trial?"

"That is about as clear a statement of the fact as I can make, sir;" and Mr. Belcher bowed and smiled.

"I suppose, Mr. Belcher," said Mr. Balfour, "that it seems very strange to you that the plaintiff should have forgotten his signature."

"Not at all, sir. On the contrary, I regard it as the most natural thing in the world. I should suppose that a man who had lost his mind once would naturally lose his memory of many things."

"That certainly seems reasonable, but how is it that he does not recognize it, even if he does not remember the writing of it?"

"I don't know; a man's signature changes with changing habits, I suppose," responded the witness.

"You don't suppose that any genuine signature of yours could pass under your eye undetected, do you?" inquired Mr. Balfour.

"No, sir, I don't. I'll be frank with you, sir."

"Well, now, I'm going to test you. Perhaps other men, who have always been sane, do sometimes forget their own signatures."

Mr. Balfour withdrew from his papers a note. Mr. Belcher saw it in the distance, and made up his mind that it was the note he had written to the lawyer before the beginning of the suit. The latter folded over the signature so that it might be shown to the witness, independent of the body of the letter, and then he stepped to him, holding it in his hand, and asked him to declare it either a genuine signature or a forgery.

"That's my sign manual, sir."

"You are sure?"

"I know it, sir."

"Very well," said Mr. Balfour, handing

the letter to the clerk to be marked. "You are right, I have no doubt, and I believe this is all I want of you for the present."

"And now, may it please the Court," said Mr. Balfour, "I have some testimony to present in rebuttal of that of the defendant. I propose, practically, to finish up this case with it, and to show that the story to which you have listened is false in every particular. First, I wish to present the testimony of Dr. Charles Barhydt."

At the pronouncement of his name, the man in spectacles arose, and advanced to the witness-stand.

"What is your name?" inquired Mr. Balfour.

"Charles Barhydt."

"What is your profession?"

"I am a physician."

"You have an official position, I believe?"

"Yes, sir; I have for fifteen years been the Superintendent of the State Asylum for the Insane."

"Do you recognize the plaintiff in this case as a former patient in the asylum?"

"I do, sir."

"Was he ever visited by the defendant while in your care?"

"He was, sir."

"Did the defendant endeavor to procure his signature to any document while he was in the asylum?"

"He did, sir."

"Did he apply to you for permission to get this signature, and did he importunately urge you to give him this permission?"

"He did, sir."

"Did you read this document?"

"I did, sir."

"Do you remember what it was?"

"Perfectly, in a general way. It was an assignment of a number of patent rights on sundry machines, implements, and processes."

Mr. Balfour handed to the witness the assignment, and then said:

"Be kind enough to look that through, and tell us whether you ever saw it before."

After reading the document through, the Doctor said:

"This is the identical paper which Mr. Belcher showed me, or a very close copy of it. Several of the patents named here I remember distinctly, for I read the paper carefully, with a professional purpose. I was curious to know what had been the mental habits of my patient."

"But you did not give the defendant



liberty to procure the signature of the patentee."

"I did not. I refused to do so on the ground that he was not of sound mind—that he was not a responsible person."

"When was this?"

"I have no record of the date, but it was after the 12th of May, 1860—the date of Mr. Benedict's admission to the asylum."

"That is all," said Mr. Balfour.

Mr. Cavendish tried to cross-examine, but without any result, except to emphasize the direct testimony, though he tried persistently to make the witness remember that, while Mr. Belcher might have shown him the assignment, and that he read it for the purpose which he had stated, it was another paper to which he had wished to secure the patient's signature.

Samuel Yates was next called.

"You are a member of our profession, I believe," said Mr. Balfour.

"I am, sir."

"Have you ever been in the service of the defendant in this case?"

"Yes, sir."

"What have you done for him?"

"I worked many months in the endeavor to ascertain whether Paul Benedict was living or dead."

"It isn't essential that we should go into that; and as the defendant has testified that he procured the autograph letters which are in the possession of the Court from you, I presume you will corroborate his testimony."

"He did procure them of me, sir."

"Did he inform you of the purpose to which he wished to put them?"

"He did, sir. He said that he wished to verify some signatures."

"Were you ever employed in his library at Sevenoaks, by his agent?"

"Yes, sir, I wrote there during several weeks."

"May it please the Court, I have a letter in my hand, the genuineness of whose signature has been recognized by the defendant, written by Robert Belcher to Paul Benedict, which, as it has a direct bearing upon the case, I beg the privilege of placing in evidence. It was written the next day after the date of the alleged assignment, and came inclosed from Benedict's hands to mine."

Mr. Belcher evidently recalled the letter, for he sat limp in the chair, like a man stunned. A fierce quarrel then arose between the counsel concerning the admission of the letter. The Judge examined it, and said that he could see no reason why it

should not be admitted. Then Mr. Balfour read the following note:

"SEVENOAKS, May 5, 1860.

"DEAR BENEDICT: I am glad to know that you are better. Since you distrust my pledge that I will give you a reasonable share of the profits on the use of your patents, I will go to your house this afternoon, with witnesses, and have an independent paper prepared, to be signed by myself, after the assignment is executed, which will give you a definite claim upon me for royalty. We will be there at four o'clock.

"Yours, ROBERT BELCHER."

"Mr. Yates," said Mr. Balfour, "have you ever seen this letter before?"

Yates took the letter, looked it over, and then said:

"I have, sir. I found the letter in a drawer of the library-table, in Mr. Belcher's house at Sevenoaks. I delivered it unopened to the man to whom it was addressed, leaving him to decide the question as to whether it belonged to him or the writer. I had no idea of its contents at the time, but became acquainted with them afterward, for I was present at the opening of the letter."

"That is all," said Mr. Balfour.

"So you stole this letter, did you?" inquired Mr. Cavendish.

"I found it while in Mr. Belcher's service, and took it personally to the man to whom it was addressed, as he apparently had the best right to it. I am quite willing to return it to the writer, if it is decided that it belongs to him. I had no selfish end to serve in the affair."

Here the Judge interposed.

"The Court," said he, "finds this letter in the hands of the plaintiff, delivered by a man who at the time was in the employ of the defendant, and had the contents of the room in his keeping. The paper has a direct bearing on the case, and the Court will not go back of the facts stated."

Mr. Cavendish sat down and consulted his client. Mr. Belcher was afraid of Yates. The witness not only knew too much concerning his original intentions, but he was a lawyer who, if questioned too closely and saucily, would certainly manage to bring in facts to his disadvantage. Yates had already damaged him sadly, and Mr. Belcher felt that it would not do to provoke a re-direct examination. So, after a whispered colloquy with his counsel, the latter told the witness that he was done with him. Then Mr. Belcher and his counsel conversed again for some time, when Mr. Balfour rose and said, addressing the Court:

"The defendant and his client evidently

need time for consultation, and, as there is a little preliminary work to be done before I present another witness, I suggest that the Court take a recess of an hour. In the meantime, I wish to secure photographic copies of the signatures of the two autograph letters, and of the four signatures of the assignment. I ask the Court to place these documents in the keeping of an officer, to be used for this purpose, in an adjoining room, where I have caused a photographic apparatus to be placed, and where a skillful operator is now in waiting. I ask this privilege, as it is essential to a perfect demonstration of the character of the document on which the decision of this case must turn."

The Judge acceded to Mr. Balfour's request, both in regard to the recess and the use of the paper; and the assembly broke up into little knots of earnest talkers, most of whom manifested no desire to leave the building.

Mr. Cavendish approached Mr. Balfour, and asked for a private interview. When they had retired to a lobby, he said:

"You are not to take any advantage of this conversation. I wish to talk in confidence."

"Very well," said Mr. Balfour.

"My client," said Cavendish, "is in a devilish bad box. His principal witness has run away, his old friends all turn against him, and circumstantial evidence doesn't befriend him. I have advised him to stop this suit right here, and make a compromise. No one wants to kill the General. He's a sharp man, but he is good-natured, and a useful citizen. He can handle these patents better than Benedict can, and make money enough for both of them. What could Benedict do if he had the patents in his hands? He's a simpleton. He's a nobody. Any man capable of carrying on his business would cheat him out of his eye-teeth."

"I am carrying on his business, myself, just at this time," remarked Mr. Balfour, seriously.

"That's all right, of course; but you know that you and I can settle this business better for these men than they can settle it for themselves."

"I'll be frank with you," said Mr. Balfour. "I am not one who regards Robert Belcher as a good-natured man and a useful citizen, and I, for one—to use your own phrase—want to kill him. He has preyed upon the public for ten years, and I owe a duty not only to my client but to society. I understand how good a bargain I could make

with him at this point, but I will make no bargain with him. He is an unmitigated scoundrel, and he will only go out of this court to be arrested for crime; and I do not expect to drop him until I drop him into a penitentiary, where he can reflect upon his forgeries at leisure."

"Then you refuse any sort of a compromise."

"My dear sir," said Mr. Balfour, warmly, "do you suppose I can give a man a right to talk of terms who is in my hands? Do you suppose I can compromise with crime? You know I can't."

"Very well—let it go. I suppose I must go through with it. You understand that this conversation is confidential."

"I do; and you?"

"Oh, certainly!"

#### CHAPTER XXVII.

IN WHICH A HEAVENLY WITNESS APPEARS WHO CANNOT BE CROSS-EXAMINED, AND BEFORE WHICH THE DEFENSE UTTERLY BREAKS DOWN.

At the re-assembling of the Court, a large crowd had come in. Those who had heard the request of Mr. Balfour had reported what was going on, and, as the promised testimony seemed to involve some curious features, the court-room presented the most crowded appearance that it had worn since the beginning of the trial.

Mr. Belcher had grown old during the hour. His consciousness of guilt, his fear of exposure, the threatened loss of his fortune, and the apprehension of a retribution of disgrace were sapping his vital forces, minute by minute. All the instruments that he had tried to use for his own base purposes were turned against himself. The great world that had glittered around the successful man was growing dark, and, what was worse, there were none to pity him. He had lived for himself; and now, in his hour of trouble, no one was true to him, no one loved him—not even his wife and children!

He gave a helpless, hopeless sigh, as Mr. Balfour called to the witness stand Professor Albert Timms.

Professor Timms was the man already described among the three new witnesses, as the one who seemed to be conscious of bearing the world upon his shoulders, and to find it so inconsiderable a burden. He advanced to the stand with the air of one

who had no stake in the contest. His impartiality came from indifference. He had an opportunity to show his knowledge and his skill, and he delighted in it.

"What is your name, witness?" inquired Mr. Balfour.

"Albert Timms, at your service."

"What is your calling, sir?"

"I have at present the charge of a department in the School of Mines. My specialties are chemistry and microscopy."

"You are specially acquainted with these branches of natural science, then?"

"I am, sir."

"Have you been regarded as an expert in the detection of forgery?"

"I have been called as such in many cases of the kind, sir."

"Then you have had a good deal of experience in such things, and in the various tests by which such matters are determined?"

"I have, sir."

"Have you examined the assignment and the autograph letters which have been in your hands during the recess of the court?"

"I have, sir."

"Do you know either the plaintiff or the defendant in this case?"

"I do not, sir. I never saw either of them until to-day."

"Has any one told you about the nature of these papers, so as to prejudice your mind in regard to any of them?"

"No, sir. I have not exchanged a word with any one in regard to them."

"What is your opinion of the two letters?"

"That they are veritable autographs."

"How do you judge this?"

"From the harmony of the signatures with the text of the body of the letters, by the free and natural shaping and interflowing of the lines, and by a general impression of truthfulness which it is very difficult to communicate in words."

"What do you think of the signatures to the assignment?"

"I think they are all counterfeits but one."

"Professor Timms, this is a serious matter. You should be very sure of the truth of a statement like this. You say you think they are counterfeits: why?"

"If the papers can be handed to me," said the witness, "I will show what leads me to think so."

The papers were handed to him, and, placing the letters on the bar on which he had been leaning, he drew from his pocket

a little rule, and laid it lengthwise along the signature of Nicholas Johnson. Having recorded the measurement, he next took the corresponding name on the assignment.

"I find the name of Nicholas Johnson of exactly the same length on the assignment that it occupies on the letter," said he.

"Is that a suspicious circumstance?"

"It is, and, moreover" (going on with his measurements), "there is not the slightest variation between the two signatures in the length of a letter. Indeed, to the naked eye, one signature is the counterpart of the other, in every characteristic."

"How do you determine, then, that it is anything but a genuine signature?"

"The imitation is too nearly perfect."

"How can that be?"

"Well, no man writes his signature twice alike. There is not one chance in a million that he will do so, without definitely attempting to do so, and then he will be obliged to use certain appliances to guide him."

"Now, will you apply the same test to the other signature?"

Professor Timms went carefully to work again with his measure. He examined the form of every letter in detail, and compared it with its twin, and declared, at the close of his examination, that he found the second name as close a counterfeit as the first.

"Both names on the assignment, then, are exact fac-similes of the names on the autograph letters?" said Mr. Balfour.

"They are, indeed, sir—quite wonderful reproductions."

"The work must have been done, then, by a very skillful man?" said Mr. Balfour.

The Professor shook his head pityingly.

"Oh, no, sir," he said. "None but bunglers ever undertake a job like this. Here, sir, are two forged signatures. If one genuine signature, standing alone, has one chance in a million of being exactly like any previous signature of the writer, two standing together have not one chance in ten millions of being exact fac-similes of two others brought together by chance."

"How were these fac-similes produced?" inquired Mr. Balfour.

"They could only have been produced by tracing first with a pencil, directly over the signature to be counterfeited."

"Well, this seems very reasonable, but have you any further tests?"

"Under this magnifying glass," said the Professor, pushing along his examination at the same time, "I see a marked difference

between the signatures on the two papers, which is not apparent to the naked eye. The letters of the genuine autograph have smooth, unhesitating lines; those of the counterfeits present certain minute irregularities that are inseparable from painstaking and slow execution. Unless the Court and the jury are accustomed to the use of a glass, and to examinations of this particular character, they will hardly be able to see just what I describe, but I have an experiment which will convince them that I am right."

"Can you perform this experiment here, and now?"

"I can, sir, provided the Court will permit me to establish the necessary conditions. I must darken the room, and as I notice that the windows are all furnished with shutters, the matter may be very quickly and easily accomplished."

"Will you describe the nature of your experiment?"

"Well, sir, during the recess of the court I have had photographed upon glass all the signatures. These, with the aid of a solar microscope, I can project upon the wall behind the jury, immensely enlarged, so that the peculiarities I have described may be detected by every eye in the house, with others, probably, if the sun remains bright and strong, that I have not alluded to."

"The experiment will be permitted," said the Judge, "and the officers and the janitor will give the Professor all the assistance he needs."

"Gradually, as the shutters were closed, the room grew dark, and the faces of Judge, jury, and the anxious-looking parties within the bar, grew weird and wan among the shadows. A strange silence and awe descended upon the crowd. The great sun in heaven was summoned as a witness, and the sun would not lie. A voice was to speak to them from a hundred millions of miles away—a hundred millions of miles near the realm toward which men looked when they dreamed of the Great White Throne.

They felt as a man might feel, were he conscious, in the darkness of the tomb, when waiting for the trump of the resurrection and the breaking of the everlasting day. Men heard their own hearts beat, like the tramp of trooping hosts; yet there was one man who was glad of the darkness. To him the judgment day had come; and the closing shutters were the rocks that covered him. He could see and not be seen. He could behold his own shame and not be conscious that five hundred eyes were upon him.

All attention was turned to the single pair of shutters not entirely closed. Outside of these the Professor had established his heliostat, and then gradually, by the aid of drapery, he narrowed down the entrance of light to a little aperture where a single silver bar entered and pierced the darkness like a spear. Then this was closed by the insertion of his microscope, and, leaving his apparatus in the hands of an assistant, he felt his way back to his old position.

"May it please the Court, I am ready for the experiment," he said.

"The witness will proceed," said the Judge.

"There will soon appear upon the wall, above the heads of the jury," said Professor Timms, "the genuine signature of Nicholas Johnson, as it has been photographed from the autograph letter. I wish the Judge and jury to notice two things in this signature—the cleanly cut edges of the letters, and the two lines of indentation produced by the two prongs of the pen in its down-stroke. They will also notice that, in the up-stroke of the pen, there is no evidence of indentation whatever. At the point where the up-stroke begins, and the down-stroke ends, the lines of indentation will come together and cease."

As he spoke the last word, the name swept through the darkness over an unseen track and appeared upon the wall within a halo of amber light. All eyes saw it, and all found the characteristics that had been predicted. The Professor said not a word. There was not a whisper in the room. When a long minute had passed, the light was shut off.

"Now," said the Professor, "I will show you in the same place the name of Nicholas Johnson as it has been photographed from the signatures to the assignment. What I wish you to notice particularly in this signature is, first, the rough and irregular edges of the lines which constitute the letters. They will be so much magnified as to present very much the appearance of a Virginia fence. Second, another peculiarity which ought to be shown in the experiment—one which has a decided bearing upon the character of the signature. If the light continues strong, you will be able to detect it. The lines of indentation made by the two prongs of the pen will be evident, as in the real signature. I shall be disappointed if there does not also appear a third line, formed by the pencil which originally traced the letters, and this line will not only accompany, in an

irregular way, crossing from side to side, the two indentations of the down-strokes of the pen, but it will accompany irregularly the hair-lines. I speak of this latter peculiarity with some doubt, as the instrument I use is not the best which science now has at its command for this purpose, though competent under perfect conditions."

He paused, and then the forged signature appeared upon the wall. There was a universal burst of admiration, and then all grew still.—as if those who had given way to their feeling were suddenly stricken with the consciousness that they were witnessing a drama in which divine forces were playing a part. There were the ragged, jagged edges of the letters; there was the supplementary line, traceable in every part of them. There was man's lie—revealed, defined, convicted by God's truth!

The letters lingered, and the room seemed almost sensibly to sink in the awful silence. Then the stillness was broken by a deep voice. What lips it came from no one knew, for all the borders of the room were as dark as night. It seemed, as it echoed from side to side, to come from every part of the house: "*Mene, mene, tekél, upharsin!*" Such was the effect of these words upon the eager and excited, yet thoroughly solemnized crowd, that when the shutters were thrown open, they would hardly have been surprised to see the bar covered with golden goblets and bowls of wassail, surrounded by lordly revelers and half-nude women, with the stricken Belshazzar at the head of the feast. Certainly Belshazzar, on his night of doom, could hardly have presented a more pitiful front than Robert Belcher, as all eyes were turned upon him. His face was haggard, his chin had dropped upon his breast, and he reclined in his chair like one on whom the plague had laid its withering hand.

There stood Professor Timms in his triumph. His experiment had proved to be a brilliant success, and that was all he cared for.

"You have not shown us the other signatures," said Mr. Balfour.

"False in one thing, false in all," responded the Professor, shrugging his shoulders. "I can show you the others; they would be like this; you would throw away your time."

Mr. Cavendish did not look at the witness, but pretended to write.

"Does the counsel for the defense wish to question the witness?" inquired Mr. Balfour, turning to him.

"No," very sharply.

"You can step down," said Mr. Balfour. As the witness passed him, he quietly grasped his hand and thanked him. A poorly suppressed cheer ran around the court-room as he resumed his seat. Jim Fenton, who had never before witnessed an experiment like that which, in the Professor's hands, had been so successful, was anxious to make some personal demonstration of his admiration. Restrained from this by his surroundings, he leaned over and whispered:

"Professor, you've did a big thing, but it's the fust time I ever knowed any good to come from peekin' through a key-hole."

"Thank you," and the Professor nodded sidewise, evidently desirous of shutting Jim off; but the latter wanted further conversation.

"Was it you that said it was mean to tickle yer parson?" inquired Jim.

"What?" said the astonished Professor, looking round in spite of himself.

"Didn't you say it was mean to tickle yer parson? It sounded more like a furiner," said Jim.

When the Professor realized the meaning that had been attached by Jim to the "original Hebrew," he was taken with what seemed to be a nasal hemorrhage that called for his immediate retirement from the court-room.

What was to be done next? All eyes were turned upon the counsel, who were in earnest conversation. Too evidently the defense had broken down utterly. Mr. Cavendish was angry, and Mr. Belcher sat beside him like a man who expected every moment to be smitten in the face, and who would not be able to resent the blow.

"May it please the Court," said Mr. Cavendish, "it is impossible, of course, for counsel to know what impression this testimony has made upon the Court and the jury. Dr. Barhydt, after a lapse of years, and dealings with thousands of patients, comes here and testifies to an occurrence which my client's testimony makes impossible; a sneak discovers a letter which may have been written on the third or the fifth of May, 1860—it is very easy to make a mistake in the figure, and this stolen letter, never legitimately delivered—possibly never intended to be delivered under any circumstances—is produced here in evidence; and, to crown all, we have had the spectacular drama in a single act by a man who has appealed to the imaginations of us all, and who, by his skill in the management of an



experiment with which none of us are familiar, has found it easy to make a falsehood appear like the truth. The counsel for the plaintiff has been pleased to consider the establishment or the breaking down of the assignment as the practical question at issue. I cannot so regard it. The question is, whether my client is to be deprived of the fruits of long years of enterprise, economy, and industry; for it is to be remembered that, by the plaintiff's own showing, the defendant was a rich man when he first knew him. I deny the profits from the use of the plaintiff's patented inventions, and call upon him to prove them. I not only call upon him to prove them, but I defy him to prove them. It will take something more than superannuated doctors, stolen letters, and the performances of a mountebank to do this."

This speech, delivered with a sort of frenzied bravado, had a wonderful effect upon Mr. Belcher. He straightened in his chair, and assumed his old air of self-assurance. He could sympathize in any game of "bluff," and when it came down to a square fight for money his old self came back to him. During the little speech of Mr. Cavendish, Mr. Balfour was writing, and when the former sat down, the latter rose, and, addressing the Court, said:

"I hold in my hand a written notice, calling upon the defendant's counsel to produce in court a little book in the possession of his client, entitled, 'Records of profits and investments of profits from manufactures under the Benedict patents,' and I hereby serve it upon him."

Thus saying, he handed the letter to Mr. Cavendish, who received and read it.

Mr. Cavendish consulted his client, and then rose and said:

"May it please the Court, there is no such book in existence."

"I happen to know," rejoined Mr. Balfour, "that there is such a book in existence, unless it has recently been destroyed. This I stand ready to prove by the testimony of Helen Dillingham, the sister of the plaintiff."

"The witness can be called," said the Judge.

Mrs. Dillingham looked paler than on the day before, as she voluntarily lifted her veil and advanced to the stand. She had dreaded the revelation of her own treachery toward the treacherous proprietor, but she had sat and heard him perjure himself, until her own act, which had been performed on

behalf of justice, became one of which she could hardly be ashamed.

"Mrs. Dillingham," said Mr. Balfour, "have you been on friendly terms with the defendant in this case?"

"I have, sir," she answered. "He has been a frequent visitor at my house, and I have visited his family at his own."

"Was he aware that the plaintiff was your brother?"

"He was not."

"Has he, from the first, made a confidant of you?"

"In some things—yes."

"Do you know Harry Benedict—the plaintiff's son?"

"I do, sir."

"How long have you known him?"

"I made his acquaintance soon after he came to reside with you, sir, in the city."

"Did you seek his acquaintance?"

"I did, sir."

"From what motive?"

"Mr. Belcher wished me to do it, in order to ascertain of him whether his father were living or dead."

"You did not then know that the lad was your nephew?"

"I did not, sir."

"Have you ever told Mr. Belcher that your brother was alive?"

"I told him that Paul Benedict was alive, at the last interview but one that I ever had with him."

"Did he give you at this interview any reason for his great anxiety to ascertain the facts as to Mr. Benedict's life or death?"

"He did, sir."

"Was there any special occasion for the visit you allude to?"

"I think there was, sir. He had just lost heavily in International Mail, and evidently came in to talk about business. At any rate, he did talk about it as he had never done before."

"Can you give us the drift or substance of his conversation and statements?"

"Well, sir, he assured me that he had not been shaken by his losses—said that he kept his manufacturing business entirely separate from his speculations, gave me a history of the manner in which my brother's inventions had come into his hands, and, finally, showed me a little account-book, in which he had recorded his profits from manufactures under what he called the Benedict Patents."

"Did you read this book, Mrs. Dillingham?"

"I did, sir."

"Every word?"

"Every word."

"Did you hear me serve a notice on the defendant's counsel to produce this book in court?"

"I did, sir."

"In that notice did I give the title of the book correctly?"

"You did, sir."

"Was this book left in your hands for a considerable length of time?"

"It was, sir, for several hours."

"Did you copy it?"

"I did, sir; every word of it."

"Are you sure that you made a correct copy?"

"I verified it, sir, item by item, again and again."

"Can you give me any proof corroborative of your statement that this book has been in your hands?"

"I can, sir."

"What is it?"

"A letter from Mr. Belcher, asking me to deliver the book to his man Phipps."

"Is that the letter?" inquired Mr. Balfour, passing the note into her hands.

"It is, sir."

"May it please the Court," said Mr. Balfour, turning to the Judge, "the copy of this account-book is in my possession, and if the defendant persists in refusing to produce the original, I shall ask the privilege of placing it in evidence."

During the examination of this witness, the defendant and his counsel sat like men overwhelmed. Mr. Cavendish was angry with his client, who did not even hear the curses which were whispered in his ear. The latter had lost not only his money, but the woman whom he loved. The perspiration stood in glistening beads upon his forehead. Once he put his head down upon the table before him, while his frame was convulsed with an uncontrollable passion. He held it there until Mr. Cavendish touched him, when he rose and staggered to a pitcher of iced water upon the bar, and drank a long draught. The exhibition of his pain was too terrible to excite in the beholders any emotion lighter than pity.

The Judge looked at Mr. Cavendish, who was talking angrily with his client. After waiting for a minute or two, he said:

"Unless the original of this book be produced, the Court will be obliged to admit the copy. It was made by one who had it in custody from the owner's hands."

"I was not aware," said Mr. Cavendish fiercely, "that a crushing conspiracy like this against my client could be carried on in any court of the United States, under judicial sanction."

"The counsel must permit the Court," said the Judge calmly, "to remind him that it is so far generous toward his disappointment and discourtesy as to refrain from punishing him for contempt, and to warn him against any repetition of his offense."

Mr. Cavendish sneered in the face of the Judge, but held his tongue, while Mr. Balfour presented and read the contents of the document. All of Mr. Belcher's property at Sevenoaks, his rifle manufactory, the goods in Talbot's hands, and sundry stocks and bonds came into the enumeration, with the enormous foreign deposit, which constituted the General's "anchor to windward." It was a handsome showing. Judge, jury, and spectators were startled by it, and were helped to understand, better than they had previously done, the magnitude of the stake for which the defendant had played his desperate game, and the stupendous power of the temptation before which he had been led to sacrifice both his honor and his safety.

Mr. Cavendish went over to Mr. Balfour, and they held a long conversation, *soito voce*. Then Mrs. Dillingham was informed that she could step down, as she would not be wanted for cross-examination. Mr. Belcher had so persistently lied to his counsel, and his case had become so utterly hopeless, that even Cavendish practically gave it up.

Mr. Balfour then addressed the Court, and said that it had been agreed between himself and Mr. Cavendish, in order to save the time of the Court, that the case should be given to the jury by the Judge, without presentation or argument of counsel.

The Judge occupied a few minutes in recounting the evidence and presenting the issue, and, without leaving their seats, the jury rendered a verdict for the whole amount of damages claimed.

The bold, vainglorious proprietor was a ruined man. The consciousness of power had vanished. The law had grappled with him, shaken him once, and dropped him. He had had a hint from his counsel of Mr. Balfour's intentions, and knew that the same antagonist would wait but a moment to pounce upon him again and shake the life out of him. It was curious to see how, not only in his own consciousness, but in his appearance, he degenerated into a very vulgar sort of scoundrel. In leaving the court-

room, he skulked by the happy group that surrounded the inventor, not even daring to lift his eyes to Mrs. Dillingham. When he was rich and powerful, with such a place in society as riches and power commanded, he felt himself to be the equal of any woman; but he had been degraded and despoiled in

the presence of his idol, and knew that he was measurelessly and hopelessly removed from her. He was glad to get away from the witnesses of his disgrace, and the moment he passed the door, he ran rapidly down the stairs and emerged upon the street.

(To be continued.)

## FOREIGN DRAMATISTS UNDER AMERICAN LAWS.

THE American stage is to-day almost wholly dependent upon foreign sources for the amusement and instruction nightly given to the public. It always has been so dependent, and there is no prospect that independence in this respect will be attained in the near future. It is not to the purpose to touch upon the delicate ground whether we have a native drama. However that question may be decided, the fact is apparent that most of the new comedies which American managers are expected and even required to provide for an exacting public and a critical press are, like most of our finest merchandise, imported from England and France. It may not be generally known, but it is nevertheless a fact, that while foreign plays are so generally demanded by American audiences, they are under the ban of American law to the extent that they must be kept in manuscript. The moment they appear in print, they become common property—the lawful spoil of whomsoever chooses to appropriate them. Thus, Mr. Wallack or Mr. Daly may copy-right a drama which he has himself written, and whether the play be in manuscript or print, the author's exclusive rights must be respected by all persons. But if the comedy has been sent from Paris by M. Sardou, or from London by Mr. Byron, the owner's rights are lost when the play has been published by authority.

In order to determine more clearly the privileges accorded to, or rather withheld from, foreign dramatists in our courts, it will be important to ascertain what is the status of foreign authors in general under the American copyright laws. And here we find that the legislation by Congress has been tolerably explicit, and freed from much of the doubt and consequent litigation that have arisen from the corresponding language used by the British Parliament. There, from the first statute passed in the reign of

Anne, for the encouragement of "learned men to compose and write useful books," to the latest one enacted under the present Queen, the privilege of enjoying the profits arising from the sale of their works for a specified period after first publication has been granted to "Authors." For more than a century, the exact meaning of this word, as here used, was not defined by Parliament or the Judiciary, nor was it questioned in the English courts. In 1854, however, the House of Lords was called upon to determine its construction in a case involving Bellini's rights in the opera "*La Sonnambula*," which had arisen several years before, and which, having passed through the lower courts, had now reached the highest tribunal known to English law. Five of the eleven Judges who had been summoned to give their opinions, for the guidance of the Lords, contended that the word "author" must be construed in a restrictive sense, and as applying only to subjects of the realm; that a British Legislature dealing with British interests must be presumed to have legislated for British subjects, and for the encouragement of British talent and industry. On the other hand, it was stoutly maintained by six of the Judges that the word was used in a general sense, and was applicable alike to foreign and native authors; that there was nothing in the language of the act, either expressed or implied, to show that Parliament had intended to exclude foreign authors from the privileges granted; and, even admitting that the purpose of the law was to encourage British learning, such object would be promoted in the highest degree by "inducing French, Italian, and German authors to publish their works first in this country." The venerable Lord Brougham and Lord St. Leonards, who advised their peers, followed the minority of the Judges, and the House of Lords followed Lord Brougham and Lord St. Leonards, and, in pronouncing

the most important copyright judgment since Lord Mansfield's time, held that neither at common law nor by statute would English copyright vest in a foreign author while resident abroad. There was, however, in this decision no intimation that a foreign author might not acquire all the rights accorded to a native author by coming within the British dominions. It was even held sufficient to cross from Calais to Dover.

In this country, however, as has been stated, the meaning of the law on this point has been less doubtful. In legislation extending through three-quarters of a century, Congress has granted protection to the works of such author as may be a "citizen of the United States or resident therein," thus by express words excluding foreigners from the privileges granted to native authors. This language has, nevertheless, given rise to some dispute as to who may be regarded as a "citizen" or "resident," and what is necessary to constitute such citizenship or residence as will entitle the claimant to come within the provisions of the law. Of course the chief difficulty is in construing the word "resident;" for literary men of every tongue have come to our shores for a longer or shorter period without losing citizenship in their native country, or acquiring it in this. In many instances, such authors have resided here for years; in others, for months or weeks. Are they "residents" in the meaning of the copyright laws?

This question has been left to the determination of the Courts, and was thoroughly considered in a case before the United States Court in Chicago, in 1868. The action was brought by the well-known dramatist and actor, Dion Boucicault, a native of Great Britain, who had resided in the United States from 1853 to 1860, when he returned to his native land. During this period, he had published certain plays which were duly copyrighted in his name, and which were subsequently represented without authority at Wood's Museum, in Chicago. From this sprang the controversy whether Boucicault, being a British subject who had not been naturalized under our laws, and had not formally declared his intention of becoming a citizen, was entitled to American copyright. According to the judicial construction given in this case, the word "resident" refers to any person, no matter of what nativity, residing in the United States with the intention of making this country his place of permanent abode. A formal declaration of such intention is not

essential, much less naturalization. How long such residence shall continue, or how short it may be, is not defined, and no specific acts are stated as necessary to constitute it. No distinction is made between a householder and a boarder or lodger. A man may live in his own castle, or in a hotel, or "on the European plan." Nor is it necessary that such intention shall continue indefinitely. It must exist, however, when application is made for copyright. Suppose Mr. Tyndall were to come to this country with the view of making it his future home, and while here should publish one of his charming works on science, then, after a few weeks' stay, should change his plans and seek again his native land. There is no doubt that the copyright obtained for his book under such circumstances would be held valid by our courts. Suppose, on the other hand, his coming should be for the purpose of scientific investigation, or the delivery of lectures, and with the intention of returning sooner or later to his own fireside, while in reality he should tarry here many years. Before the law, he would be a mere sojourner, not entitled to copyright. Let us take another illustration. The late Prof. Agassiz first came to the United States in 1846, for the purpose of studying the natural history and geology of this country, in fulfillment of a mission suggested to the King of Prussia by Alexander von Humboldt. It does not appear that he was induced to remain here until the following year. In 1848, he published his "Principles of Zoölogy." Suppose the validity of the copyright in that work should be questioned. The most important judicial inquiry would be, whether the title of the work was filed for copyright before or after the great naturalist had decided to make this country his home.

The question, then, is determined by the intention existing in the mind of the person at the time he has his abode here, and by his acts, so far as they may indicate what that intention was. Of course it will often be a matter of no little difficulty thus to read a man's mind, and may be attended with fraud; but it is a question of fact for the jury, whose finding will determine the law. In Boucicault's case, it was the opinion of the jury that when that gentleman copyrighted the works in question, he regarded this country as his home; judgment was therefore in his favor. The assignee of a foreign author, though a citizen of the United States, holds the same relation under the

statute as the author himself; so that a citizen is not entitled to copyright in a work purchased from a foreign author.

From this cursory review, it will be seen that from the first copyright law of 1790 to the existing one adopted in 1870 our gates have been pretty effectively closed against the authors of other lands. But have they been left ajar for dramatic authors? Has an exception been made in favor of this class? This inquiry must be answered in the negative. And yet, within the past fifteen years, our courts have repeatedly protected from piracy the plays of foreign authors. A consideration of the facts and legal principles presented by the leading of these cases will afford the best illustration of the rights of foreign dramatists under American laws.

In the autumn of 1858 the first performance anywhere of the comedy, "Our American Cousin," was given at Laura Keene's Theater in New York, with Joseph Jefferson in the then leading comedy part of Asa Trenchard, and Mr. Sothern in a character, which he has since made one of the most ludicrous comedy creations of the stage, Lord Dundreary. This play had been written by Tom Taylor for performance at the Adelphi Theater, London, in 1852. It was not, however, given there, and six years later the manuscript was purchased by Miss Keene, who had it copyrighted under the laws of the United States, and carefully guarded it from the printer. The success of the comedy was unparalleled, except perhaps by that of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and consequently it was at once coveted by other managers. It was soon brought out without authority by William Wheatley in Philadelphia, Moses Kimball at the Boston Museum, and, later, by the comedian, John S. Clarke, in New York. Other managers also announced the comedy without permission; but the three named were called to account by Miss Keene. The pioneer case was that against Wheatley, which resulted in a triumph for Miss Keene—not, however, because the play had been copyrighted, for such copyright was pronounced invalid on the ground that the comedy was from the pen of a foreign author, and, moreover, Miss Keene was herself an alien, but because the common law right of that lady to the exclusive control and enjoyment of her literary property had been invaded. In Boston, however, Kimball triumphed, maintaining that the members of his company had witnessed the performance of the play at Miss Keene's Theater, and were thus enabled to

reproduce it from memory. This question, whether the spectators at a public performance have a right to make public use of a play which they have carried away in their memories, had also been thoroughly considered in the Philadelphia case; but as Wheatley represented "Our American Cousin" from an unauthorized manuscript which he had obtained from England, the decision did not turn on this point. Nor was it a direct issue, although much debated, in the case against Clarke in the New York Superior Court, which was decided in favor of Miss Keene. This valuable discovery of a way of acquiring literary property without paying for it will be fully considered further on; but before doing so, it will be well to note the facts in two other recent cases in which the same doctrine was a stumbling-block to our courts.

On the last day of 1869 the United States Circuit Court in Chicago decided a controversy as to the rights of Mrs. Crowe (Miss Kate Bateman) in the manuscript drama, "Mary Warner," which Tom Taylor had written expressly for, and duly assigned to, her in consideration of four hundred pounds.

Miss Bateman brought out the play first at the Haymarket Theater, London, in June, 1869, and in the following autumn at Booth's Theater in New York, herself assuming the leading character. Without authority, the piece was announced for production by Aiken at his theater in Chicago. Mrs. Crowe had kept the play in manuscript, and alleged that the defendant had produced it, not by means of the memory of those who had witnessed its authorized representations in London and New York, but by a copy wrongfully and surreptitiously obtained. Aiken replied that he had represented the play by means of printed copies obtained from Robert M. De Witt, a New York publisher of dramas, and that his representation therefore was lawful. These copies had been printed, however, without the knowledge or consent of Mrs. Crowe, and in pronouncing judgment in favor of that lady, Judge Drummond had no doubt "that De Witt obtained the copy of the play of 'Mary Warner,' which he furnished to the defendant in this case, either in whole or in part through a shorthand reporter, or in some other unauthorized or wrongful way, and not by memory alone."

The only other legal controversy that need be cited here to illustrate the standing of foreign dramatists in our courts had reference to the charming English comedy, "Play," written by the late T. W. Robert-



son. The New York manager, Henry D. Palmer, had purchased the manuscript of this piece from the author, with the exclusive privilege of representation and publication in the United States, and was careful that it should not fall into the hands of the printer. The play was first given to the public through the agency of the author at the Prince of Wales Theater in London, and about the same time was brought out in New York by Mr. Palmer. Soon after, without the knowledge or consent of the author or Mr. Palmer, a printed copy appeared in circulation in this country, and was traced to the press of Robert M. De Witt. When that gentleman was called to account, he alleged that he had received the words of the comedy, with the necessary stage directions, from one or more persons who had witnessed its performance in London, and, in the three courts through which the case passed, his lawyers offered that plea as a sufficient defense. It did not appear, however, whether De Witt was indebted to the memories or the notebooks of his London friends who had furnished the copy, and when the case was called in the Court of Appeals in 1872, the Judges entertained a strong opinion that "it would be entirely consistent with the findings that the copies were surreptitiously obtained," and pronounced in favor of Palmer the judgment of the highest court of the State of New York.

Here, then, are four cases wherein the rights of British dramatists have been protected in our courts, and only one in which protection has been denied, and that on a disputed principle of law. But it will be observed that none of the cases arose under the copyright statute, and did not, therefore, as some have erroneously supposed, have anything to do with our copyright legislation. All of the works in controversy were the dramatic productions of English authors resident in Great Britain. They had been produced in manuscript for exclusive representation in the United States. They were represented from manuscript held by the assignee, were not copyrighted (except "Our American Cousin," the copyright of which was held invalid), and had not been printed by authority for public circulation. Having been publicly represented by the lawful owner, they were reproduced without license by other managers, who maintained that the authorized representation was a publication which divested the owner of his exclusive rights in the play, and made it common property. It was, therefore, common law

protection which was granted, and not statutory. It is a fundamental principle of the common law, recognized wherever that law obtains, that an author has the same control over, and the same right to the enjoyment of, the unpublished products of his brain, as the farmer has to the results of his toil or the banker to his bonds. Whether reduced to writing or not, whether in manuscript or in print, traced in marble or upon canvas, such production is his literary property, and subject to his exclusive direction until it is abandoned to the public. The common law makes no distinction between native and foreign authors; before it all tongues are the same. But the act of publication transfers the work from the realm of common law to that of the statute, and remands the author to the latter tribunal for redress.

The great question, therefore, in all the cases here referred to was, whether the public representation of a manuscript play by its lawful owner was such a publication as made it common property, and gave others the right to reproduce it upon the stage without special license. On this point certain principles of law may be considered as firmly established in our jurisprudence. In the first place, the representation of a drama does not authorize any one to print and publish it without the consent of the owner, no matter how the copy may be obtained; so that the dramatist has a complete remedy for the piracy of his play by publication. But, suppose the infringement consists, not in publishing the piece, but in representing it upon the stage by means of a copy obtained from the authorized performance. In this case the question becomes more difficult. It is fully settled, however, that the authorized representation would be unlawful, and might be restrained if the copy had been obtained in any surreptitious manner, or from the authorized performance by means of phonography, notes, or any other aids to memory. In other words, all means of obtaining a play from its public performance for the purpose of reproducing it upon the stage have been declared unlawful, except that of memory. But may a rival manager summon to his aid the memory of any person who has witnessed the performance, and by this means reproduce the play against the protest of the owner of the manuscript? This question has caused much discussion before our judicial tribunals, and cannot yet be considered as settled, notwithstanding the affirmative has been maintained in several of the cases mentioned.

The doctrine recognizing memory as a lawful means of thus acquiring a valid title to an uncopyrighted play, and any use of pen or pencil as unlawful, first appeared in this country in Miss Keene's case against Wheatley in the United States Circuit Court in Philadelphia. Let us be thankful that it is not a production of American genius, but is of foreign importation. In that case the rule was laid down that the public performance of an unprinted play was a publication so far as to justify a rival manager in reproducing it, provided he had "obtained it by fair means;" but that no one of the audience "might lawfully make use of stenography, phonography, writing, notes, or any other except fair means." And "the only fair means by which others could have obtained the words were their impression upon the memory of some person whose constant attendance at the performances of the play might at length enable him to repeat or to write out its language." This distinction was recognized in the subsequent cases of Keene against Kimball, in the Supreme Court of Massachusetts; Keene against Clarke, in the New York Superior Court, and Crowe against Aiken, in the United States Circuit Court in Chicago. In each of these cases the Court admitted that a play, having been once publicly performed, might without authority lawfully be reproduced upon the stage from the memory of any spectator, but not from notes or a copy surreptitiously obtained. This view was also adopted in Palmer's suit against De Witt in the Superior Court of New York; but when that case came before the General Term for review, Judge Monell took strong ground against this unsound doctrine, and maintained that "any surreptitious procuring of the literary property of another, *no matter how obtained*, if it was unauthorized and without the knowledge or consent of the owner, and obtained before publication by him, is an invasion of his proprietary rights, if the property so obtained is made use of to his injury."

We may look in vain for any sound reasons in support of this remarkable doctrine. The leading arguments seem to have been that "in the case of a public dramatic performance the public is held entitled to make use of that faculty which is necessarily addressed by such representation, to wit, memory, for the purpose of repeating the contents of the play even in performing it elsewhere;" that "taking notes and all artificial aids to or substitutes for memory may

be restrained by a court as a violation of the terms of admission, or may be made part of the police of the place of performance;" but the "privileges of listening and of retention in the memory cannot be restrained where the audience is not a select one." One New York judge solemnly announced from the bench that remembering to a certain extent is the natural consequence of hearing, and using such recollection naturally flows from possessing it. He might with equal solemnity have proclaimed that using our hands naturally flows from having them, and therefore putting them into another's pockets is perfectly legitimate.

Another intimated that it was more difficult to bring away the dialogue and scenes by memory, and hence more lawful; that the note-book process was too easy, and therefore wrong. But how about some of the phenomenal memories we read of? Pliny says that Cyrus had a memory so prodigious that he could name every officer and soldier in his armies; and that Lucius Scipio knew every Roman citizen by name when that city contained more than two hundred thousand capable of bearing arms. Seneca speaks of a friend, Pontius Latro, who could repeat *verbatim* all the speeches he had heard declaimed by the Roman orators. It is said that Joseph Scaliger committed to memory both the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* in twenty-one days. Sir William Hamilton tells us of a young Corsican of good family who had gone to Padua to study civil law, in which he soon distinguished himself. "He was a frequent visitor at the house and gardens of Muretus, who, having heard that he possessed a remarkable art or faculty of memory, though incredulous in regard to reports, took occasion to request from him a specimen of his power. He at once agreed; and, having adjourned with a considerable party of distinguished auditors into a saloon, Muretus began to dictate words, Latin, Greek, barbarous, significant and non-significant, disjointed and connected, until he wearied himself, the young man who wrote them down, and the audience who were present;—'we were all,' he says, 'marvelously tired.' The Corsican alone was the one of the whole company alert and fresh, and continually desired Muretus for more words, who declared he would be more than satisfied if he could repeat the half of what he had taken down, and at length he ceased. The young man, with his gaze fixed upon the ground, stood silent for a brief season; and then says Muretus,

•Vidi facinus mirificissimum. Having begun to speak, he absolutely repeated the whole words in the same order in which they had been delivered, without the slightest hesitation; then, commencing from the last, he repeated them backward till he came to the first. Then, again, so that he spoke the first, the third, the fifth, and so on; did this in any order that was asked, and all without the smallest error. Having subsequently become familiarly acquainted with him, I have had other and frequent experience of his power. He assured me (and he had nothing of the boaster in him) that he could recite in the manner I have mentioned to the amount of thirty-six thousand words. And what is more wonderful, they all so adhered to the mind, that after a year's interval he could repeat them without trouble. I know, from having tried him, he could do so after considerable time."

Fauvel-Gouraud recites a clever story to illustrate how wonderful was the memory of a young Prussian officer, whose name has been forgotten. When Voltaire was at the Court of Frederick the Great, he spoke enthusiastically to the King one evening of a new poem of considerable length upon which he was at work. Upon its completion, the brilliant literary society of Berlin was assembled at the Prussian Court to hear the new poem read by its author. When the reading was finished, the King was as lavish with his praises as were his learned guests, but laughingly remarked to the philosopher that the same composition had been submitted to his criticism a few months before by one of his officers. Here the King summoned a young officer, and asked for the manuscript. He replied that it had been lost, but remarked that he could recite the poem from memory, which he did with strict accuracy, to the great astonishment of the company and the confusion of Voltaire. Frederick now explained to the French wit that the officer, stationed behind a curtain, had heard the poem read by the author, and was thus enabled to repeat it.

Now what is the difference in principle between calling into requisition one of these prodigious memories and employing the services of a phonographer? It is true these are exceptional cases; but, if necessary, the memory can be trained to do wonders as well as the hand. Are our judges aware that, as well as a system of phonography, there is an art of mnemonics as old as Simonides, who flourished about 500 B. C., and that its teachers have shown it capable of

wonderful results? Are they aware that Lambert Schenkel astonished all classes in France, Germany, and the Netherlands, by his mnemonic performances, which were so wonderful that they were pronounced by some the devil's doings?

This legal doctrine of memory seems to proceed upon the principle that, that faculty being given to man to be used, any use which can be made of it is legitimate; so that if a spectator at a public performance is enabled to carry away in his memory the contents of a play unrestrained by "police" arrangements, he has acquired a right to make any use of it he chooses. The unsoundness of this position is too apparent to need serious consideration. Memory may be legitimately used as a means of improvement, enjoyment, or profit, but not to invade the rights of another, or to acquire property without paying for it. In paying for admission to a public performance, a spectator is entitled to such instruction and enjoyment as he may derive from witnessing and hearing the performance. He is also entitled to the "pleasures of memory" in recalling it afterward. This is the consideration contracted for in return for the price of admission. But there is no contract, express or implied; no consideration, no understanding that the spectator shall acquire any title to the property in the play, or make any use of it detrimental to the interests of the owner. But, say the courts, a spectator cannot be prevented by "police" arrangements or otherwise from carrying away in his memory a knowledge of the play. True, but that is no reason why a judicial tribunal should not restrain him from making public use of it, or should not mulct him in damages for such unlawful appropriation. Take a practical illustration of the distinction between unlawfully obtaining a play by phonography and acquiring lawful possession by memory. Mr. Wallack has, written to order by one of the best dramatists of Paris or London, a manuscript play for his own exclusive use, and brings it out at his own theater, where its marked success makes it coveted by other managers. Mr. Daly, of the Fifth Avenue Theater, sends a phonographer to the performance to get the play in short-hand. The courts cry "piracy!" He then sends the members of his company to bring away in their note-books what they cannot in their memories. The verdict is still "piracy." The artists again engage seats for the new play, and, having tact and talent in acquiring, and a well-trained memory for retaining,

the dialogue and "business," two or three evenings' attendance is sufficient to enable them to produce the drama on their own stage. This satisfies the Judiciary! In fact this very process was alleged by Miss Keene against Kimball.

This distinction between memory and the note-book is one without a difference. It is a distinction merely between the modes or means of obtaining a play, and it is not easy to see why one mode should be more legitimate than the other, since both are without consideration, and against the protests of the owner. The simple *manner* of obtaining the play, so long as it is without consent or consideration, cannot affect the fundamental issue. Either the public representation of a drama is a publication so as to work an abandonment of the owner's rights, or it is not; and, in either case, the *mode* of obtaining it is immaterial, as affecting the right of the owner or the wrong of the invader. The real problem is, whether the public performance of an unprinted play is, *in itself*, an abandonment of the owner's rights; and whatever may be the true solution, the principle is not affected by the means of reproduction, or by the presence or absence of a "restrictive notice."

Although the doctrine recognizing memory as a legitimate means of acquiring title to a dramatic production has been enunciated in several recent American cases, it cannot be regarded as an accepted principle of American jurisprudence, for, in no case in which it has been discussed, except one in Massachusetts, did it appear that the play had been obtained by memory. The direct issue, therefore, was not before the courts, and all the remarks on this point may be regarded as *obiter*. Indeed, the history of the past fifteen years' litigation on this point shows a very encouraging progress in the direction of liberality and enlightenment. As has been stated, the direct issue has not been squarely presented, but the *dicta* of the courts are tending toward the explosion of the doctrine that a man may have as much of his neighbor's literary property as he can remember. Already, the companion fallacy, which was introduced into our courts at the same time, has been exploded, viz., that, in order to protect his property from piracy, the manager must cover the walls of his theater and his admission tickets with "restrictive notices" to the spectators that his play is not to be stolen; which would be very much the same as requiring Mr. Stewart to

notify his customers not to steal his silks, in order to protect himself from shoplifters. This absurd notion, which has been gravely discussed and recognized by at least two American judicial tribunals, is buried beyond the hope of resurrection; and there is strong reason to hope that the doctrine of memory, no less unsound, will soon share the same fate. Then may the foreign dramatist put unreserved trust in our courts for that protection to the products of his mental toil which is sacredly guaranteed by the Common Law.

It will now be seen what are the rights of a foreign dramatic author in the United States. Under the copyright law he need expect no protection. He cannot, therefore, print his play, but must carefully guard it in manuscript. When so guarded, the owner, in publicly representing it, need dread nothing but the tenacious memories of his patrons, and let us hope that this cause of fear is only a chimera soon to be slain. It may be remarked here that the privileges accorded to foreign dramatists in the courts of this country are greatly unequal to those enjoyed by native or resident authors. In 1856, Congress gave to the latter, in addition to the exclusive privilege of publication, the sole liberty of representing their dramatic compositions upon the stage. Under this law, therefore, one of our own dramatists, having completed and copyrighted his play, might print and publish it, and at the same time call to strict account any manager or actor for representing it without authority,—thus having complete means of redress. The protection, therefore, provided for American dramatists was statutory, and the remedy consequently more certain; while a foreign dramatist had to depend upon the more uncertain common law remedy; and his American assignee had just the same right, no more nor less, than he himself might claim. The legislation of 1856 has been superseded by the general copyright act of 1870; but it was doubtless intended to retain in the new law the same provisions on this point as were found in the old. Our statutes deny protection to the best dramas that Europe sends us, simply because they are of foreign workmanship; they protect the worst of American plays, simply because they are of native production. This is absurdity itself.

Having seen how, for three-quarters of a century, the American Congress has proclaimed the productions of foreign genius to be common property within our gates,

the legitimate spoil of any one who may choose to print and publish them, it may not be out of place to inquire how the same subject has been treated by the English Parliament and courts. The former, as has been seen, in legislating "for the encouragement of learning," has made no distinction between native and foreign authors, but, aiming to make England the publishing house of the world, the center of learning and culture, has, in the opinion of the most learned statesmen and lawyers of the realm, invited men of learning of every tongue to send their productions to the United Kingdom for first publication. *Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur*. It is true that this intention was less liberally construed in 1854, when the highest judicial tribunal of the realm declared the bodily presence of a foreign author upon English soil at the time of publication to be an essential condition precedent to valid copyright. But even while this continues the supreme law, a compliance does not become a hardship. Moreover, between England and several Continental powers, including France, Prussia, Belgium, Spain, etc., a special international copyright arrangement subsists, by which the authors of those countries may enjoy in England the privileges of protection for their works without being on English territory, or even first publishing in Great Britain. But these favors are granted by England only in cases of reciprocity to British authors, and therefore the United States does not come within this arrangement.

Nevertheless, American authors may easily acquire valid copyright in England. The conditions are three. In the first place the British public must have the benefit of a first publication. This does not mean that the author must publish there and nowhere else. He may publish in as many countries and as many languages as he pleases; but in no place must the publication be on an earlier day than in the United Kingdom. It may, however, be on the same day, as the English courts make no distinction between a first and a contemporaneous publication. In the next place, the book must be published in England, Wales, Scotland, or Ireland; it is not sufficient that it appear in Canada, India, or any of the provinces. Lastly, the author is required to be upon British soil at the time of such publication. Where, it matters not; whether in the busy streets of London, within the "Asiatic Empire of Britain," under an African sun, or at any point in Canada between

the two oceans. Provided he be anywhere within the British dominions when his work is published first in the United Kingdom, English law will be satisfied, and his book will be protected wherever that law is supreme.

We find here, then, no more irksome condition imposed upon an American author seeking English copyright than a short trip to Canada. And this would not be a serious matter in the case of a citizen of Detroit, where only the waters of the St. Clair separate American from British soil; still less to an author who might be enjoying the scenery of Vermont, where only an imaginary line marks the limit between American and English rule. And yet it is only necessary for an American author to step across this border to satisfy the law of London which makes this a dividing line between valid and void copyright in an American book.

That the copyright laws of England still deny to men of letters that full protection to which the labors of every man, poet or peasant, is rightly entitled, and which was enjoyed by English authors prior to 1774, is true; that the effects of those laws give to literary men, and especially to dramatists, just cause of complaint, is also true. But it cannot be successfully disputed that the British nation for more than a century and a half has pursued a far more liberal and enlightened policy toward foreign authors than has the American Government. The motive of the former may have been a selfish one, viz., the advancement of British interests. But, if so, is it not selfishness of a more wholesome kind than that which turns from our shores the productions of foreign literature and art? Under the catholic spirit of the English laws toward the authors of other countries, English literature and art and culture have continued to flourish and advance. Is not that full of significance to American legislators? In other words, does not broad and enlightened statesmanship require that our gates be opened wide to the literature and science of England, the philosophy of Germany, and what is best in the drama of France? Upon two or three slight conditions, England welcomes to the protection of her copyright laws, all tongues, all races, all creeds; the United States turns away all but its own citizens. This may be, in the "glorious Latin Webster borrowed of Sir Robert Peel, *vera pro gratis*, unwelcome truth;" but, if the first step toward remedying an evil is to expose it, the sooner we know the deficiencies of our copyright laws, the sooner we may hope to see them improved.



## THE OLD GERMANIA ORCHESTRA.

On the morning of the 2d of August, 1848, the good packet ship "Diadem" sailed out of its London dock, bearing to the New World, in the midst of much other more or less precious freight, a group of German musicians. They were members of an orchestra which was destined to fulfill as eventful a history for itself as it did a faithful mission of good toward the progress of music in America,—an orchestra since known perhaps throughout the entire country, and certainly in every American city, as the Germania Musical Society.

The Germania Orchestra was composed of twenty-four members.\* They were young and adventurous, but they carried with them something better than a love for adventure—a love for their chosen art, so strong and faithful that it was in fact the primary cause of their journeyings; so sacred that it claimed precedence over every social tie; and so enduring that in the long period of varied and frequently evil fortune which was now to follow, they were never once untrue to that art. Amid hardships which would perhaps have broken a mere spirit of adventure, they did not turn back, but, pushing through and conquering every difficulty, they won at length, even in that unartistic field, a genuine artistic triumph; compromising none of their classical instincts, and winning the field by storm rather than strategy, at the very point of the musical bayonet.

Bearing in mind the condition of musical taste in this country a quarter of a century ago, and measuring its immense strides since that day; noticing too, how, during the ear-

lier part of that period, the progress of musical feeling and the success of the "Germania" were accurate barometers of each other, it cannot, surely, be an ill-spent hour in which we here recall the history of its career.

The nucleus of the Germania Orchestra was formed from Joseph Gungl's orchestra of Berlin. To these members were added others of equal culture, if not equal experience, and, being nearly all young men and personal friends, they had thus, at the outset, an important combining link which secured their unity of purpose and effort during so many years.

The idea of forming an orchestra for an American tour originated in the autumn of 1847. The political events which were then hastening the downfall of Louis Philippe and which soon enveloped all central Europe in the gravest difficulties, had caused a general neglect of musical matters, which extended even to the German public, and the revolution of March 18, 1848, which seemed for a time to paralyze the entire public mind, had the effect to confirm and hasten the purpose of the young musicians.

The original plan of the organization was to start directly for the United States. At a preliminary entertainment, given before the United States Minister to Berlin, Mr. Wright, the English Ambassador, the Earl of Westmoreland, was present. The Earl was somewhat distinguished as an amateur in music, and an overture of his composition was performed on this occasion. This first concert of the young society took place May 4, 1848, in the Milentzschen Saale, at Berlin. It was so decidedly successful that both the Earl and the American Minister furnished the orchestra with strong commendatory letters, and thus fortified they resolved first to visit London. The qualifications of a consular incumbent from this country scarcely included then, any more than at present, a critical knowledge of musical technics, and we are without information as to our Mr. Wright's accomplishments in this respect. It is probable, however, that the worthy representative thought he could not go far wrong in adding his official signature to that of a man who had actually written a piece of music himself.

Arriving in London, the members found their progress materially checked by their

\* The main facts contained in this sketch of the "Germania" have been obtained from the journal of Mr. William Schultze, who was the leading violinist from the first to the last day of its existence.

The following is a list of the original members of the Orchestra:

Lenschow, Cond'r.			
Griebel . . .	{ Violin I.	Zerrahn . . .	{ Flutes.
Schultze . . .		Pfeiffer . . .	
Besig . . . .		Ohlemann . .	
Stein . . . .	{ Violin II.	Thiede . . .	{ Fagotti.
Sentz . . . .		Mann . . . .	
Albrecht . .		Haase . . . .	
Buchheister .	{ Viola.	Moritz . . . .	{ Trumpets
Luhde . . . .		Küstenmacher .	
Balke . . . .		Plagemann . .	
Bartels . . .	{ Bass.	Kielblock . . .	{ Horns.
Schultz . . .		Njorth . . . .	
Haehnel . . .			
	{ Clarinet.		{ Drums.

total ignorance of the business part of their enterprise. A *Kunstreise* of such magnitude as the one now projected must be conducted on business laws as strict as the laws of music itself. An orchestra is a large and, when in incompetent hands, an unwieldy affair to manage. A number of concerts were given in London, but while the applause was liberal, the financial results were far from satisfactory. The performances given were three *matinées* at the Princess' Theater, two concerts in Hanover square, two in Crosby Hall, and eight promenade concerts, together with numerous private entertainments which were often very enjoyable. The most memorable among these latter was a *soirée* given at the magnificent villa of the Messrs. Baring Brothers, where numerous celebrated operatic stars took part, including Grisi, Garcia, Alboni, Mario, and Tamburini. The invited guests were from the highest circles, and the new orchestra obtained a large share of the applause. The Duke of Cambridge, himself an amateur on the violin, was particularly interested in this department of the orchestra, turning the leaves for the first violins, and calling the attention of the entire company to the performance of the orchestral pieces. Other prominent occasions wherein the Germanians took part seemed to be gradually directing the public attention more and more to their merits, and it is quite possible that they might have remained and done well in London during the succeeding season. But the charms of distance and of novelty; the never-ebbing tide of golden rumor that was now beating constantly against the shores of the old world, lured our young musicians more and more strongly to the new. To the United States they were bound, and to the United States they sailed as aforesaid.

The passage must be called, we suppose, a "speedy and prosperous voyage," as it occupied only fifty-eight days. They reached New York on the 28th of September, and on the 5th of October they gave their first performance in America at Niblo's "Opera-House."

It would be difficult to attempt a description of the condition of musical affairs in America at that period, which would be intelligible to one who knows only the standard of the present. Very few celebrated *virtuosi*, either singers or instrumentalists, had yet visited the "States." Even the opera was almost a novelty, although at this very period Madame Laborde, with

a meager troupe, was performing in New York. Jenny Lind, who occasioned the earliest general furore in regard to music, did not arrive until nearly three years later. There was not even a decent opera-house in America. Dinky theaters and barren public halls were the sole provision made for accommodating public gatherings.

The condition of orchestral music was even still lower than vocal. Twenty-three years earlier, when that greatest of all music teachers, Manuel Garcia, with his young daughter, afterward Malibran, the greatest of all dramatic singers, essayed the first Italian opera ever given in America, it is related that he was so maddened by the shocking style in which the second finale to "Don Giovanni" was rendered by the orchestra, that he rushed to the foot-lights, sword in hand, and indignantly compelled them to play it over. In the long interval there had been little or no opportunity for orchestral music to improve. The only intervening opera company, that of the Woods, in 1840, could have done very little to advance its condition, and the Steyermark band, which came over under the conductorship of Riha, in 1846, scarcely gave a whole season's performances before it was disbanded.

The advent of the Germania, therefore, an orchestra which, although small in numbers, was almost complete in its various parts, and composed of really fine performers, was indeed something of a musical wonder. But there was another feature of this enterprise which was altogether without a parallel in the history of American musical enterprises. The public taste at that day, in such matters as music, the drama, and fine arts generally, was almost entirely founded on foreign choice and reputation. The few great artists who had ventured so far, came here with the thickly woven laurels of the Old World on their brows. Then, in addition to this, a soloist is always more of an attraction to the average mass of pleasure seekers than any combination. When, therefore, we consider that the "Germania" was organized especially for the American "market," that it came here with no foreign reputation clinging to it, either as a whole, or in any of its members, such an enterprise argues not only great faith in the sound, good taste of the American people, but an equally firm consciousness of the strength and thoroughness of its own organization.

The first concert in New York, above mentioned, was, in an artistic point of view, highly successful. The few who could ap-

preciate the refined and sterling selections given, were delighted at hearing them rendered in a manner greatly superior to anything hitherto known. From the 9th of October to the 15th of November sixteen concerts were given at the "Tabernacle," in New York, and four in Brooklyn. The form and quality of the programmes selected were even thus early fixed upon, and, we believe, rarely afterward abandoned. They contained always a couple of good overtures; parts or the whole of a symphony; two solos; while the rest of the selections were of a more popular character.

This series of concerts created much interest among the real music-lovers of New York, but pecuniarily they brought nothing, the receipts often falling considerably below the expenses. This was partly owing to the fact that the exciting political events which followed the Mexican war, and preceded the election of General Taylor, were then at their height. At the close of the series a complimentary benefit was tendered to the orchestra by a number of resident musicians and amateurs, and the event called together the first and only crowded house of the season. This concert took place at the Tabernacle on the 11th of November, and a number of vocal and instrumental soloists, then popular, assisted, including Madame Otto, Mrs. Horn, Messrs. Timm and Scharfenberg, and Signor De Begnis. The performance throughout pleased amazingly, and its success served to revive the drooping spirits of the members. The gleam of light, however, was of brief duration. Before the close of the month, two other orchestras arrived from Europe, each with a reputation already established. One, the "Saxonia," was of fair ability, while the other was no less than the famous orchestra of Joseph Gungl, from Berlin, out of which their own forces had been largely recruited. The Germania Society was now almost bare of finances. The first excitement over its arrival was already subsiding, and the members felt themselves in no condition to compete with these formidable rivals.

About the end of the month they went to Philadelphia on the invitation of a gentleman from that city, who had heard them play in New York, and who defrayed either the whole or a part of the expense of the trip. But in Philadelphia they were no less unfortunate, and their arrival was in the highest degree ill-timed. Madame Laborde, with the Italian opera company we have already mentioned, much more popular from its

novelty than for intrinsic excellence, was just then in the city, and in the full tide of success. The wild excitement which was created by the discovery of the California gold mines, the intensity of which many comparatively young readers may still recall, was just now beginning to agitate the public mind. Altogether, the prospect seemed far from propitious.

The first concern of the members was to provide themselves with such quarters as their waning resources would permit. They engaged board at the "White Swan Hotel," then in Race street, above Third, at the certainly moderate rate of three dollars per week for each member. In order to introduce themselves more readily to the notice of the public, the society engaged the Musical Fund Hall and sent invitations to members of the press, and a large number of the most prominent musicians, music-teachers and amateurs, residing in the city.

This first performance in Philadelphia took place on the afternoon of December 4th. Its result, as well as that of the succeeding concerts, was pretty much the same story over again. Artistic success, immense; pecuniary success, infinitesimal. Four concerts were given at Musical Fund Hall, and the losses at each were so serious, that to lessen the expenses the much smaller hall of the Chinese Museum, at Ninth and Chestnut streets, was engaged. Two more concerts followed in that locality, and still, when the poor fellows undertook to figure up the results, the only figures that stared them in the face were ciphers. In a moment of desperation, they abandoned the Museum, as they had already abandoned the Musical Fund, hired a melancholy room, then known as "Arch Street Hall," and advertised a series of "Promenade Concerts," to begin on January 1st, 1849. The rent of this spacious and imposing structure was to be ten dollars per night, and on this eventful New-Year's Evening, after waiting patiently for the most persistent late-comer to arrive, the receipts amounted to nine dollars and a-half. In the middle of the concert, the worthy proprietor of the hall, taking advantage perhaps of the title given to the entertainments, himself appeared on the "promenade" and announced to the unhappy musicians that unless the ten dollars rent was forthcoming, then and there, he would turn off the gas. The despairing members one and all, with the utmost possible promptness and unanimity, desired him to "turn it off," and so ended the first and last of the "Promenade Concerts."

The same evening the orchestra held a meeting in a gloomy back room at the "White Swan," and unanimously voted that affairs were desperate. To extricate themselves seemed a very forlorn hope. A number of propositions were made and rejected, one of the most amusing proceeding from the commander of the drums, Herr Njorth. The worthy drummer was the possessor of a very charming wife who was, withal, an "expert" at dancing, and Herr Njorth thought if she would appear between the parts of the programme in a dance or two it might produce an effect. Some of the members, the more youthful ones, seemed to favor the proposition. But it was indignantly voted down by the older ones, who regarded such an innovation with a holy horror. The meeting ended in nothing, save a general desire to be home again, and they separated still undecided as to their future.

In Philadelphia, as in New York, the few who were good judges of a musical performance were mortified and indignant at the wretched success of these concerts. They justly regarded it a calamity quite as great in its effects on our own public as on the visiting musicians. The only reparation in their power took shape, as in New York, in a complimentary concert, at which the orchestra was associated with the famous violoncellist, George Knoop. This concert, which was one of the finest ever given in Philadelphia, took place on the 6th of January. We will add here the programme entire, since it reveals a degree of richness totally beyond the experience of music-lovers at that day:

1. Overture to "Jessonda".....*Spohr.*
2. Duo. Violin and Violoncello, on Styrian Airs.  
Performed by Messrs. Wm. Schultze and  
Geo. Knoop.
3. Septette, opus 20.....*Beethoven.*
4. Overture, C minor.....*Lenschow.*
5. Concerto for Violoncello.....*G. Knoop.*
6. Concertino for two flutes, from "Robert le Diable."  
Performed by Messrs. Carl Zerrahn and  
P. Pfeiffer.
7. Double Quartette.....*Spohr.*
8. Duo. Violin and Violoncello, from "William Tell."
9. Overture. "Midsummer Night's Dream."  
*Mendelssohn.*

A bill so replete with sterling compositions as the above would be creditable even in these days. Twenty-three years ago it was nothing less than a musical marvel; and when given, as it was, before a crowded and attentive audience, and by

such conscientious musicians, the effect produced may be imagined. For years afterward the "Germania and Knoop concert" was a subject of pleasant memories and frequent reference by many who had heard it. One such success as this, however, could not bolster up the waning fortunes of the orchestra. The men were out of money and out of spirits. After some further deliberation they resolved to disband and each shift for himself. One joined the United States service as band-master; a few returned to New York, but the greater number remained in Philadelphia. If they had possessed the means it is quite probable they would have hastened back to their native land with the utmost expedition.

A few weeks after the orchestra had separated, a profitable engagement offered at Washington, to give four concerts and to perform at an "Assembly Ball," and the grand Inauguration Ball. The offer was, of course, accepted, and the dispersed members hastily recalled. After the inauguration festivities the Society concluded to try concerts again. This time they fixed upon Baltimore, and on the 8th of March gave their first performance in that city, at Brown's building; the more fashionable resort, Carroll Hall, being engaged by Gungl's band, which performed the same evening.

The condition of musical taste in Baltimore at the present day is not very flourishing. The receipts of the symphony concerts, which were directed by Mr. L. H. Southard, of the Peabody Institute, for several years, fell short of the expenses. The field, generally, has been so far from promising, that Mr. Southard, after a number of years spent in trying to cultivate it, some time ago abandoned the undertaking and went back to Boston. The honor, however, was reserved for Baltimore at that early day, to accord the first genuine success to the Germania Society. At the first concert, although the hall was by no means crowded, the demonstrations of pleasure and approval were more decided than the players had before heard anywhere. A second performance, on the following evening, was still better, and a general excitement was created. A mass at the Cathedral followed on Sunday, and the same evening a sacred concert was given at Zion Church with the greatest possible success. Gungl and his orchestra returned abruptly to New York, leaving the Germanians in possession of the field, and of Carroll Hall. But Carroll Hall proved soon to be too small for the increasing crowds, and the per-

formances were continued at the Holliday Street Theater.

Now followed success as great as it was unexpected. Eight concerts were given to crowded houses, and the members of the orchestra were wonderfully elated. Many excellent compositions were now performed for the first time in America, among them Beethoven's Third, Fifth, Sixth, and Seventh\* Symphonies, Spohr's Consecration of Tones, overtures by Mozart, Weber, Mendelssohn and Spohr, a large amount of chamber music, and, in connection with the Musical Fund Society of Philadelphia, Rossini's "Stabat Mater," and Romberg's "Lay of the Bell." The business agent of the orchestra, Mr. Helmsmüller, was at his wits' end to plan suitable announcements for many of these concerts. At the very beginning of the series, so unexpectedly successful, he had advertised the "Farewell Concert." Now he was obliged to follow it up with such titles as "Grand Symphonic Entertainment;" "By request, One More Concert;" "Another Farewell Concert;" "They won't let us go," &c. But at last it had to come to an end, and the posters read:—"Most Positively the *last* Farewell Concert."

Having pushed their success in Baltimore as far as prudence would seem to dictate, they now resolved upon a visit to Boston. On the route to that city concerts were given at New Haven, Hartford, Springfield, Worcester, and Providence, with moderate success. They arrived in Boston on the 14th of April, and played the same evening. Here, again, a slight misunderstanding of American customs seemed likely to mislead them and disconcert their plans. The musical "season" ends in America while still at its height in London; and in the continental cities to which our artists had been accustomed the changes of season were very little regarded. But in America, even now, by the 14th of April, the concert season may be considered very far spent; and so the result of this first Boston concert was far from encouraging. They made a very small beginning indeed, the entire receipts being only twenty-three dollars.

The artistic success of this concert, however, was complete, and succeeding performances were more and more encouraging. The Boston public has enjoyed, for two generations or more, the reputation of pos-

sessing the most refined and enlightened taste to be found on this continent. With no disposition to dispute her high artistic repute, we are inclined to trace it to a somewhat different source than superior judgment and unerring taste. The chief cause of it rests in the simple fact that what her people really like they will have, and are always ready to pay for. While other cities may be haggling over terms, and other audiences are hanging back until prices fall, Boston, having found a good thing, steps in, and, outbidding every vacillating competitor, bears the prize triumphantly within her own charmed circle. It was very much in this way that Boston treated the Germania Society. The season was virtually over. According to all precedent, the violins should have been boxed up, the flutes unscrewed, the kettle-drums hustled into their musty garrets to keep company with spider-webs, and the general average of concert-goers prepared gratefully to button up their pocket-books and thank God that one expense was over.

But the first concert of the Germania Musical Society opened the Bostonian eyes, and the unfastening of the Bostonian purse followed as a matter of course. They did not stay to ask whether it was May or November. Twenty-two concerts were now given in rapid succession, and the unabated enthusiasm was highly encouraging to the members. The last five concerts were played in connection with the then famous vocalist, Fortuneda Tedesca, and the hall was invariably filled to overflowing. It is a fact worth recording that at these twenty-two concerts the overture to "Midsummer Night's Dream" was played entire *forty-four times*, the audience in every instance insisting upon a repetition.

The high-road to success was now at length reached, and despite the near approach of summer, engagements from other cities flowed in rapidly. Good, paying concerts were given in Lowell, Taunton, and New Bedford, directly following the Boston series; and even New York, which had so decidedly given the cold shoulder to this enterprise, now offered an engagement to play at "summer festivals" in Castle Garden. This offer was accepted, and by the end of the series summer had come in good earnest.

About this time some of the more influential pioneer visitors at Newport had set about the project of making that resort a fashionable watering-place. Their artistic taste and judgment were well shown in their engagement of the Germania Orchestra for

\* It is said, by another authority, that the Seventh Symphony of Beethoven was first given in Boston about 1842.



the entire summer. Indeed, for six successive seasons the musicians found themselves regularly coming back to Newport again from their various wanderings; and it would not be too much to say that the popularity of Newport was quite as much due to their presence as to any other influence.

During this first season their plan was to play twice a week as one band; the rest of the time they were divided among the different hotels. The guests, among whom were many of their former friends from Baltimore, listened most attentively to the music, even going so far as almost to give up dancing during the entire summer. The cozy evenings at the "Atlantic" and "Bellevue" are still recalled with great pleasure by the surviving members. The entertainments resembled promenade concerts. Regular programmes were made out by the musical portion of the guests, and the playing drew crowds of listeners, filling parlors, halls, and piazzas with an audience far more attentive than could have been expected under the circumstances.

The numerous Baltimoreans who were at Newport that summer had by no means forgotten the musicians, nor the warmth with which they had greeted the orchestra in its day of obscurity. Now that its reputation was insured, they were no less anxious to participate in its triumphs. A subscription was set on foot, and very soon raised, for a series of thirty grand concerts to be given in Baltimore during the coming season, thus insuring the stay of the orchestra during the entire winter. This unprecedented series of concerts was given between November 27, 1849, and April 6, 1850. They were all well attended, and awakened an interest, not only popular, but unmistakably genuine.

During this long stay in Baltimore, the members had formed numerous personal friendships, and the time of parting did not arrive without bringing many regrets. The hearts of the young men had not been unimpressed. It was said in those days, and widely believed, that the Germania member, who should marry, forfeited his membership. This was not literally the case; but, recognizing the difficulty of maintaining domestic ties in a life necessarily so nomadic, the members, for a long time, refrained from such ties. The director and the drummer had been benedicts before the orchestra came into being; the rest remained single.

When the day of departure at length came, numerous friends assembled to bid them farewell, and the good wishes of

the entire community went with them on their way.

Now followed a tour throughout the Eastern States and Canada. Splendid success was met with everywhere. An overwhelming demonstration greeted them at Montreal, where seven concerts were given. The best portion of the citizens filled the house nightly, and the officers of the English regiments stationed there showed their appreciation and hospitality by giving the members a standing invitation to their mess, besides letters of introduction to their brother officers at other military stations.

The tour which they were now making was extended to nearly all the cities of Western New York, and lasted until the Newport season opened. It was, at this time, the custom of the orchestra to give seldom more than three concerts per week, and thus the members had large opportunities for social recreation, as well as for visiting points of interest in the various places through which they journeyed. In this way they gained a most thorough knowledge of the whole country, and it would be difficult to select an equally numerous group of American citizens who know so much of the geography of their own country, as did these peripatetic Germans.

The second season at New York began and ended with nothing eventful to record. At the close of the summer, the season of 1850-51 was again passed in Baltimore, where a second series of thirty concerts had been subscribed for. At the close of these concerts, which were fully as successful as those of the previous winter, the orchestra went on a four weeks' trip to the Southern States with Parodi, Amalia Patti, and Strakosch. Following this engagement was one with Jenny Lind, for whom they played in nearly thirty concerts, and when these were concluded, they repaired to Newport for the third summer.

At the close of the subscription concerts in Baltimore, Mr. Lenschow, the original director of the orchestra, had tendered his resignation, and Mr. Wilhelm Schultze, the leader of the violins, was chosen conductor *ad interim*. This arrangement continued with excellent results until the beginning of their Newport season, when the talents of Carl Bergmann—then in New York—becoming known to the members, he was elected to and accepted this important position.

During the season at Newport it was resolved to spend the following winter in Boston. While this resolution was pending,

there was much difficulty in making it unanimous, and six of the members resigned. An agent, however, was at once dispatched to Germany to supply their places, and the new players arrived just at the close of the Newport season. A two-months visit through the Eastern States served to convert the fresh arrivals into valuable members, and, thus equipped, the orchestra began its season in Boston. By careful management, and the exertions of friends, a sufficient number of subscribers was obtained for twenty orchestral concerts. It was by far more difficult here than in Baltimore. The Musical Fund Society and the Boston Quintette Club, two well established instrumental organizations, had each a large subscription list, for the entire winter, and the Handel and Haydn Society, which also had its regular subscribers, would of course employ the home musicians for its oratorios. Great rivalry now took place between the organizations. The Germanians being the better performers, and enjoying, as a result of their varied experiences, far more practical management, gradually got the better of the Musical Fund Orchestra. Even the Handel and Haydn Society finally engaged the Germanians for its concerts, and from that date their professional status in Boston was unquestioned.

It was at this time that the so-called "public rehearsals," destined to be so extraordinarily popular, were first undertaken, and here the great contralto, Miss Adelaide Phillips made her first public appearance, singing at nearly all of the afternoon concerts. These so-called "rehearsals" were thus named, in part, at least, from the fact that they were given in the afternoons, and to avoid using that frequently absurd anachronism, *matinée*. But the word was doubtless shrewdly chosen also, in deference to that well pronounced disposition of the human mind to enjoy everything that seems to be exclusive, or which the masses are presumed not to have the privilege of enjoying. It was remarked by Charles Dickens that the greatest happiness of the average human being, was to go "*dead-head*" to the theater. It was no doubt partly owing to this tendency that these "rehearsals" were so popular.

At the close of the winter of 1851-52 in Boston, the Germania formed a connection with Ole Bull, traveling with him very extensively in the North and West, for nearly four months. Then, again, a delightful summer (the fourth) at Newport. During the leisure hours of this summer, plans were laid of a more ambitious character than here-

tofore, with a view of spending the winter again in Boston. The Boston Music Hall was now nearly completed, and in the anticipation of an increased general interest in the subject of music, it was determined to enlarge the orchestra to thirty members, besides securing additional attractions in the way of soloists.

At the close of the season in Newport, the month of October was spent in Philadelphia. Their arrival was somewhat early in the musical year, but they were welcomed with a plentiful display of enthusiasm. They gave five concerts alone, and seven in combination with Madame Sonntag. These were the most brilliant concerts that the orchestra ever gave in Philadelphia, and to use the words of a member, "they were a most astonishing contrast" to those hapless entertainments which took place there in their earlier days.

The Boston Music Hall was now quietly engaged for every alternate Saturday evening, and for every Wednesday afternoon during the whole winter. An engagement with Alfred Jaell, the pianist, and Camilla Urso, the talented lady violinist, was perfected, and thus well prepared the Germania entered upon the most successful year of their organization, and one of the most brilliant in the history of music in America. In addition to the regular Wednesday "rehearsals" and ten grand subscription concerts in Boston, series of three or four each were given in Charlestown, Taunton, New Bedford, Lowell, Newburyport, Providence, Hartford, Worcester, New Haven, and Portland, with single concerts at smaller places. Numerous performances were also given in connection with other artists, Alboni, Sonntag, etc., and with the Handel and Haydn Society.

The success of the public rehearsals on Wednesday afternoons was something prodigious. At one of them there were 3,737 tickets taken at the door, by actual count. True, the price was low—eight tickets for one dollar. At one time there were more than ten thousand tickets issued and in the hands of the public, while their use was so general that they have frequently been given and taken in "making change." It is a curious fact that seven hundred dollars' worth of these tickets were never redeemed, although a fund was reserved for a long time by the members for that purpose, even after the orchestra had finally separated. Occasionally afternoon and evening concerts were given on the same day, but the crowds continued undiminished.

The unprecedented popularity of the organization at this time certainly exercised a powerful influence over the taste of the public. Negro minstrelsy declined. Music at the theaters became almost passable; dancing music and even street bands improved, particularly in the character of their selections, because the people demanded better food than the diet of previous years. The concerts of the Handel and Haydn Society—that unerring gauge of the musical talent of Boston—awakened a new interest. Mr. Carl Bergmann, the Germania conductor, had been chosen their director, drilling them often with the orchestra as well as without. More frequent oratorio performances were now given, and always to large houses. After Mr. Bergmann had them in charge the members of this veteran society sang with so much more force and precision than ever before, that it was apparent both to the singers and the audience. Two rival organizations, the “Musical Education Society” and the “Mendelssohn Choral Society” soon succumbed, and the “Handel and Haydn” were left masters of the field which they have ever since held, and have so widely extended.

During this great musical winter a large number of compositions were given, which had never before been heard in America. Among these, the most noteworthy was the Ninth Symphony of Beethoven, with all the choral as well as orchestral parts entire. Others were Schumann's First Symphony in B flat; Gade's in C minor; the overtures to “Tannhäuser,” “Nachklänge aus Ossian,” &c., &c. On the 2d of April, 1853, this astonishing season was brought to a close, with a second performance of the Ninth Symphony.

An extended trip through the West was next undertaken, as far as St. Louis and Louisville. The Germania members had now become so famous that their countrymen at Rochester, Cincinnati, Louisville, St. Louis, Chicago and Milwaukee, turned out to meet them on their arrival.

This tour was a successful but exhausting one, and the musicians were glad to get back again, for the fifth year, to their summer quarters at Newport. In the autumn they went, of course, again to Boston, with numerous special attractions engaged, and after a large outlay both of labor and money. The concert season of 1853-4 was good, but not to be compared to the previous one, which indeed it was hopeless to expect, as the enthusiasm then had been

strung up to a pitch too high to be permanent. The special artists whom the Germania had engaged did not generally please. Mr. Aptommas, the harpist, played very finely, but proved no attraction, as the public grew shortly weary of the instrument, even in such hands. Indeed the harp can scarcely be heard to worse advantage than in an orchestral concert. Mr. Theodore Thomas has well illustrated this in his entertainments, where even the masterly performances of Luigi on this instrument produced but a very evanescent effect.

Three several singers were engaged at different times during the winter:—Mme. Siedenburger, Miss Pintard, and Miss Hensler, none of whom, however, “took.” Then again, just at this time, M. Jullien, with his splendid orchestra, nearly all soloists, was at the beginning of his dazzling career in this country, and the people had “American Quadrille” on the brain. The Germania Society having received numerous requests to play more light music, for the first time in their history, ventured to make some concessions to the *ad captandum* taste; and certainly they had no after reason to congratulate themselves upon such a misstep. They resolved to give four extra concerts, on alternate Saturday nights, where light in juxtaposition with classic music should be performed, the subscribers being admitted to either concert. This arrangement, by which they thought to please everybody, seemed, in reality, to please nobody. “It was one of the most curious phenomena,” observes a member, “that we encountered during our long period of catering for the public.” The real success of the campaign was the production of “Moses in Egypt,” by the Handel and Haydn Society and the Germania Orchestra combined. This was brought out eight times, on eight consecutive Sundays, to crowded houses. The public rehearsals still continued in considerable favor, and, on the whole, the season could not be entitled a failure, although certainly after the previous year it marked a very decided change in the popular current.

By this time several more changes in the material of the orchestra had taken place, and but fourteen of the original members were remaining. Another Western trip was resolved upon after the close of the Boston season. This proved a somewhat disastrous undertaking. There were two Italian Opera companies in the country, besides Jullien's band, and as all were traveling, disadvantageous contact could not always be avoid-

ed. Even at this early day, however, it is worth remarking that the best music was frequently the most popular, and in Philadelphia, especially, the concerts of the Germania, which sometimes occurred on the same nights with those of M. Jullien, were nearly always more fully attended. In order to offer something novel and attractive, the society now produced the "Midsummer Night's Dream" in a style of unusual completeness. Miss Kate Saxon read the text, Miss Lehmann gave the songs, and the orchestra performed Mendelssohn's music. The enterprise, however, did not realize their expectations either in pecuniary results or general interest.

The more recent members began to grow discouraged. They had not known adversity. Boarding at three dollars a week in fourth-class houses, and playing in ten-dollar halls to empty benches, had not been numbered among their experiences. Uninfluenced by the calmer judgment of the more experienced members, they held a private meeting to discuss the probabilities and uncertainties of the future. The older members looked upon this proceeding with regret. It denoted the clashing of two opposing interests, for the first time in the history of their cherished organization. Throughout the whole of their career, during the extremes of good and evil fortune, the orchestra had maintained an almost unbroken harmony, both of professional views and social relations. From the nature of their associations together, the formation of an opposing faction could end only in one way—by a breaking up of the orchestra.

This result, however, was delayed for a season. An offer came at this time from Mr. Barnum to take part in the "Musical Congress" at the Crystal Palace in New York. The idea was somewhat repugnant to many of the more musical spirits, and the engagement was accepted under pressure. The concerts of the "Congress" began June 15th. For a little while everything seemed to work happily. Jullien was in his glory. The "Fireman's Quadrille," as performed under his baton, drew together an immense audience, which, however, grew unfortunately smaller every day. After eleven days the affair was closed, and the expenses had largely outrun the receipts. Everything about that unfortunate Crystal Palace seemed fruitful of disaster. Part of the pay of the Germania Orchestra for their services here was given in shares of stock in the ill-fated building, and after its summary de-

struction by fire, the stock went up so high that the finest Munich lenses could not have discovered it.

The Barnum business was the last stroke of ill-fortune, and the end was now at hand. Again, as so often before, when the July suns began to wither the landscape, the members found themselves back at Newport. But this sixth year was widely different from the first one. The social relations were less agreeable than formerly, and the business relations had lost their old unity. The very successes of the society had helped to a certain extent in undermining its popularity. The charm of novelty was over. It was no longer an isolated circumstance to hear a fair orchestra, and instrumental concerts were no longer the popular attraction which attaches to everything that is new. For very much of this the triumphs of the Germania were directly accountable, and while they could not but be proud of such a reward, the immediate returns were far from encouraging, and the future was full of gloom.

Taking into consideration the decided change in the social and professional relations of the Society, the fourteen original members met in secret conclave and resolved upon a final separation. The event took place at Downing's Yacht-House, on the evening of September 13th, 1854. A bounteous supper was the last event which closed the checkered career of the old Germania Orchestra, and when the moment of parting came the members clasped hands in silence.

But who shall say that the Germania Orchestra had outlived its usefulness? or who shall measure the value of its offerings on the shrine of true and beautiful art? Not only is the country forever indebted to this energetic and faithful organization for its combined labors, but even after it had ceased to exist, its influences for the good of music had in many cases only just begun. Wherever a member of the Germania has settled down and made his home, there he has formed a sort of nucleus and gathered about him the very choicest musical spirits of his neighborhood. Some of these artists have achieved a reputation, since the orchestra disbanded, far wider than they had ever enjoyed before. Prominent among these is Mr. Carl Zerrahn, the original "first flute" of the orchestra, who has developed, within the past ten years, the most unusual abilities as a chorus leader, and in this department is no doubt unequaled anywhere. His companion player, Herr Pfeiffer of the sec-

ond flute, after seven years of honorable and conscientious labor in the Pennsylvania Institution for the Blind, sleeps in a Philadelphia churchyard. Mr. William Schultze, the first violin, has been for at least a dozen years past the leader of that famed Mendelssohn Quintette Club, which, although bearing the name of Boston, justly belongs to the whole country. Carl Bergmann, the last and best director, has held for fourteen years the conductor's baton of the New York Philharmonic Society, the most powerful orchestra in the country. Carl Sentz, who has been long and constantly before the public as a musical director, has done special good service in Philadelphia, where his lot has been cast since the Society

separated. So, too, Mr. Carl Plagemann, the "first horn," also a Philadelphian, is much esteemed in musical circles.

Others have settled in different localities, and nearly all have done faithful service. Some—nearly one third of the original members—have passed into the realm of rewards for all earthly labor, leaving their well-written page of effort unsullied behind them. In short, while we cannot trace, at this late day, the record of its voyages, whether few or many, we feel safe in asserting that the little packet ship "Diadem" never bore a more precious cargo than when, in those autumn months, twenty-six years ago, it carried to our shores the members of the Germania Musical Society.

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MORNA.

MORNA, Morna, your eyes are blue,  
 And blue, they say, is true and tender;  
 I tremble for them, lest, too true,  
 Their truth bring tears to dim their splendor.  
 Beware of Cupid's silver bow;  
 He ever lurks near blue eyes, maiden;  
 His shafts are sometimes tipped with woe,  
 Though seeming all with pleasure laden.  
 Oh, Morna! Morna! I have fears  
 For the eyes so blue,  
 That shine so true;  
 Blue eyes may look through tears.  
 Oh, Morna! Morna! is it so?  
 You would not listen to my warning,  
 But yielded to the sweet-lipped foe,  
 And look through tears this summer morning.  
 Does the spar-hawk guard the ringdove's nest?  
 Do eagles mourn when lambs are bleeding?  
 Does the false one care when the maiden's breast  
 Is anguished by his honeyed pleading?  
 Oh, Morna! Morna! all my fears  
 For the eyes so blue  
 Are true, too true;  
 The blue eyes look through tears.

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## THE HOTEL OF THE FUTURE.

Was it Dr. Johnson who roared out between his rapid and magnificent mouthfuls of fish-sauce and veal-pie with plums, "There is nothing, sir, which has yet been contrived by man, by which so much happiness is produced as by a good tavern or inn"?

If he said it behind the screen at St. John's Gate, or outside the eating-house window in Porridge Island, one might not have felt constrained to contradict him. I suppose, indeed, he was so tremendous an autocrat that one would hardly have dared to contradict him; and is there any reason for contradicting him? On the whole, yes. Still, abstracting all that he said for the mere purpose of making an effect and challenging, not to say defying, contradiction, we have truth enough left whereon to found an essay and to rear a Grand Hotel. No man who has taken a day's journey on a railroad train but would find it easy to forgive the slight possible exaggeration of Dr. Johnson's assertion.

For an inn is better than a friend.

"Whoe'er has traveled life's dull round,  
Where'er his stages may have been,  
May sigh to think he still has found  
The warmest welcome at an inn."

And he should heave a far deeper sigh, let us add by the way, to think it is his own fault. If a man is more welcome where he pays four dollars and a half a day for board than anywhere else, it is not owing to the heartlessness of his friends, but to his own disagreeable nature. His money is better than himself. But the contrary does not follow. That we sometimes prefer a hotel to a friend's house does not prove or even indicate that hired service is better than love's ministry. The din and dust, the smoke and cinders of a journey, make us lapse into barbarism. You have no heart to go to your friend and sit clothed and in your right mind, to be polite, good-natured, entertaining or entertained. What you want for the time is freedom to pass from the savage into the civilized state—freedom to ring for what you desire, to sit silent, to lounge, to sleep, to stare, with no sense of obligation or restraint. For these crucial moments there is nothing like a good hotel.

Seeing, then, that hotels play so important a part in national economy, it is worth while

to spend time and thought, sense and science, on their construction and establishment. I do not say that they are not already admirable. I do say that, being so admirable, the wonder is they are not more so. There is apparently no stint of money. There seems, on the contrary, to be a lavish and extravagant outlay. The parlors are hushed with heavy carpeting. The windows are hung with finest lace and satin, fold on fold, all gloss, and grace, and softness. Bedrooms are bright with Brussels and silk damask, and carved wood, and polished marble; but let me give over to infamy and malediction, the name of the man who invented that abomination of desolation called a "dark bedroom."

Is man a toad that he should live in a hole excluded from light and air? Yet there are whole inns constructed on the assumption that he is. All of us probably, in the days of our infancy, have been inspired with vague awe by the dark bedroom in some schoolmate's house. As we reached years of discretion, we learned that it was but the innocent device of some ignorant carpenter and architect in one, who imagined himself to be economizing space. The clumsy contriver, finding that his rooms did not meet, that a gap yawned in some unexpected place, nailed on a lath or two, patted on a trowelful of plastering, hung a door, and called the Black Hole a bedroom. And his victims, our dear and stupid ancestors, had no more sense and spirit than obediently to walk into it and go to sleep! Now, on that dreadful Darwinian principle of selection, this accident of the fathers has become the trait of the children, and what those did by force of circumstances, these do in cold blood, of their own free will.

I name no names. Let the guilty quake! But I mind me of a hotel in which not a single bedroom has an honest inlet for the free, fresh air. It is built in the guise of a hollow square. One series of bedrooms opens upon the inner court. The inner court of a hotel, as we all know, is no garden of the gods. It is not the scent of nectar or ambrosia which freights the heavy atmosphere; nor is it Apollo's lute, or the lyre of Orpheus, or the oaten pipe of Arcadian shepherds, that clatters far into the night. If fate assign you to a suite of rooms on the outer verge of the square, you enter

your parlor through a long, dark, narrow passage-way cut off from your bedroom. That is, the outer rooms are too deep. The parlor looks out upon the street. The bedroom has one opaque window that does not look upon the hotel corridor because it is blind; but if it could look anywhere, that is what it would see. Could benevolent diabolism go farther? A sleeping-room always in twilight, never open to the direct pure outside air! One gasps at the thought. The imagination is suffocated to begin with, and all the rest follows.

"Shall I not take mine ease in mine inn, but I shall have my pocket picked?" asked testy Sir John. Shall I take mine ease in mine inn, even if I consent to have my pocket picked? Not if I am stifled in apprehension at the outset, and stifled in fact continually. I say nothing of the trifling matter, that, as your head is on the corridor, you are aware of all that is enacting in the hotel through the night. That should rather be mentioned on the sunny side. It is a wholesome distraction. As you lie awake, exasperated and disgusted in the dusty, musty, antiquated air, the creaking of a pair of stout boots, the shrill tones of a female voice, the gruff accents of the male in search of a lost key, the modulations of lovers, the perplexities of new-comers, the monotones of waiters, serve to divert you from the horrors of your tomb, and give a healthy, if momentary, interest to your meditations.

Be sure of this: the hotel of the future will never immure its guests in dungeons, but will give to every room an out-door exposure or perish in the attempt.

What avails the gorgeousness of our civic inns? One drop of comfort outweighs it all. I know a tavern, new, and high, and mighty, whose sins of omission and commission against art are many and grievous, but I forgive all its majestic colonnades, its Grecian pillars, its inlaid slabs of painted wooden marble, in grateful memory of its rooms, each of which, however small and single, has its clean bright bath-room, bearer of more bliss to the tired traveler than all the bowers of roses by Bendemeer's stream. Yet one can but ask what is the object of Greek style and peristyle, of silken splendor, the glory of gilding, velvet and purple, and scarlet, and fine-twined linen? Most of us have nothing so fine at home. If we have, why deny us the refreshment of change? If we have not, why make us discontented with our simplicity? I fancy—I infer, indeed—that there must be some

solid reason for it. Hotel proprietors do not expend thousands where hundreds would answer equally well. They do not lavish money from pure prodigality, nor is it to be for a moment assumed that they spread out their magnificence from a benevolent desire to gratify the eyes of their poorer fellow-countrymen with the vision of a grandeur and beauty which themselves could not compass. Somehow, I suppose they must find their account in it. Somehow, I suppose, after many days, the money they have cast upon acres of velvet pile, and silken brocade, and carved and curious wood, returns to them; but when you, a tired traveler, tarrying on the Sabbath day in a strange and stifling city, can tread on nothing but hot and heavy carpets; can sit on nothing but stuffed and sweltering chairs; can look on nothing but crimson velvet everywhere, how gladly would you exchange nine-tenths of all this imperial magnificence for one little light cane sofa on which to recline in comparative comfort! Is it true that all the world prefers crimson velvet and will not pay for cool cane-work; that it loves heaviness and massiveness and deep colors, and sees no charm in lightness and grace? Is it true that if a landlord should diversify his acres of wool with an occasional straw matting, he would have the chagrin of seeing all his customers mount the steps of his neighbor's hotel across the way to sink into velvet luxury and wade in fleecy carpets, no matter how hot the weather? Then, of course, the thing which has been is that which shall be, for no man is called upon to crucify the flesh by furnishing his kind with what they ought to want, and not with what they want. It is only we reformers who do that, and the business is so little profitable, that unhappily few reformers arrive at the dignity of landlords, or learn by experience "how to keep a hotel."

But, in the hotel of the future, if we cannot change all our carpets at the "spring cleaning," and change them back again at the "fall cleaning;" if we cannot afford double suits of furniture for every room—which may well be the case until the latter part of the millennium—we shall yet look to it that each room is furnished with some light, agreeable, easily movable and wholly restful furniture, which shall seem to be cool even when the heavens are brass above our heads and the earth is dust beneath our feet. In the hotel of the future, each room shall have one graceful and simple chair which may be lightly lifted, and which shall

not be too fine to give rest for tired feet without fear of perpetrating vandalism. Why should one dissemble? That is what you go to a hotel for—to put your feet in a chair when you come in tired. Foreigners and our own home-folk also are never weary of caricaturing the American habit of holding the feet higher than the head. It is very bad manners, but it is very good physiology. The highest medical authority declares that a horizontal position of the body is most conducive to a restoration of disturbed equilibrium and to a healthful circulation. But there are some enterprising spirits among us who do not need science to tell them what rests them when they are tired, and, carrying the principle of self-preservation too far, they have postured themselves too recklessly, and thrust their uplifted feet through all the laws of deference and courtesy. Let them be Anathema. But shall I not take mine ease in mine inn?

And, oh! what madness of mockery, what satanic satire rages in the breast of the hotel proprietor, and forces him to hang the walls of his dining-rooms with mirrors? It is bad enough to come in from your day's journey or day's shopping or day's calling, tired, probably haggard, possibly frowsy, to enter a great, brilliantly lighted room, full of guests, full of waiters; to walk, frightened to death, between long rows of tables, over slippery floors, your boots clicking at every step; but it is agony, it is frenzy to see yourself reproduced in every direction, at every turn. Glance at whatever angle you may, you are dismayed by a flying cloud of hair, a ribbon fluttering awry, a ruffle rippling wrong. Mirrors to right of you, mirrors to left of you, mirrors in front of you—wherever you flee, there you are again as large as life, and, you would fain believe, ten times as ugly. But what you want is to get away from yourself; to forget yourself; to be refreshed and renewed by thinking of something novel, pleasant, entertaining. Suppose now that the money spent in filling all the space between windows with looking-glass to multiply your cross, tired, worst self a thousand times, were spent instead upon pictures. Looking-glass is not a cheap material to begin with, and it does not diminish in cost by increasing in size. The money that buys these monstrous mirrors would buy, not so many pictures, perhaps, but enough to hang four sides of a room with lovely landscapes, with beautiful faces, with tranquil and tranquilizing interiors, with stirring sea-scenes, with wild mountain

views, with historic idealism. Then, while you are waiting at table for the ox to grow which is to furnish your beefsteak, you dare lift your eyes without fear of encountering the savage glance of your double—your double, do I say? Your quadruple, your octuple, your vigintivrate! You are not reduced to twirling the spoons with a sham indifference that the very waiters see through. You are not forced into an exasperated contemplation of the perfect "back hair" of your neighbors in front, with the dread certainty that your own is subject to the same prolonged survey of the army in the rear, and with a still more dread certainty that it is open to all sorts of objections. Some wide sweep of desert, some palm-tree of the South, some mountain peak white with perpetual snow, some peasant girl with the sun of Italy in her rich brown cheek and the dark splendor of her hair, fixes your roving eye, enchains your listless soul, makes you forget shops and gazers and back hair, and sends you dreaming through the delights of another world, till savory smells and the pleasing clatter of dishes recall you, refreshed and restored, to the not despicable delights of this.

And how will the morning stars sing together on that millennial day when the landlords of the earth shall pull down their curtains if need be, seeing they are usually gray as to the lace, and dingy as to the damask, and sure to gather dust and defilement, be they never so royal at the outset; shall pull up their carpets if purses be shallow, seeing the carpets are trodden by such ungenial feet as fate may send, and that the deeper the pile, the more surely it hoards its uncanny deposits for sensitive lungs, and delicate nerves, and vivid imaginations; shall give up even its frescoed finery, its breadth of gilded frame and plate-glass, if danger of bankruptcy require it; but shall hold the one indispensable luxury of a hotel to be a library! With lavish generosity, from apparently boundless resources, the proprietors of hotels have furnished their guests with numberless comforts and conveniences. They have made a marvelous outlay to fascinate the eye and to gratify the palate; but it seems never to have entered into the heart of man that this American people knows how to read. An occasional Bible in a bedroom, a gorgeously gilded book of advertisements on the center-table of the gilded and gorgeous drawing-room, a faint, vague rumor of newspapers in the outer darkness where female foot never penetrates,—

this is all that indicates any consciousness in the hotel proprietor that the travelers of the world ever care to while away a waiting hour by the innocent diversion of reading. What doth hinder the devotion of a few hundred dollars to works of popular science, popular theology, art and literature, and history? In what quarter of the heavens shall rise that landlord of the future—is he even now disporting with his innocent infantine toes in the sunshine?—who shall send one looking-glass, one hot, heavy, horrid arm-chair, one dusty, tasseled curtain, to the auction-room, and bear into his inn from the proceeds a set of Dickens, and of Thackeray, and Scott, and Cooper, and George Eliot, and John Halifax, Gentleman, and an occasional volume of Tyndall, and Huxley, and Agassiz, and Browning, and Tennyson, and Matthew Arnold, and Macaulay? The chair and the curtain and the looking-glass would do it. I can but think that the room from which it was known that a chair, a table, and a looking-glass had been removed to make room for a choice and sensible little library, would be the most popular room in the most popular hotel in the city. Imagine the wife waiting the slow minutes of her absent-minded husband as they lapse into hours, or coming home wearied after a day's perambulation, or sitting vapid and vacuous in the great, strange parlor, watching the constantly shifting panorama till its very changing becomes monotonous—imagine that she can ring a bell and bid the swift-flying servant bring her such of several specified books as may be at the moment disengaged. How speedily does her wilderness bud and blossom as the rose! Homesickness itself vanishes before the spell of these enchanters' wands. If landlords knew how many a guest's sojourn, otherwise convenient and even desirable, is cut off, from the pure dreariness of it, the intolerable ennui and tedium which no finery diminishes, but which an interesting book would dissipate, they would bestir themselves to take advantage of the art of printing—an art invented and perfected hundreds of years ago, but as yet little patronized, if really recognized, by that class of public men who keep our public houses.

The hotel of the future, having removed every mirror from the dining-room, and having given all but one or two or a half-dozen in exchange for good and entertaining books, will remove the one glass, or the half-dozen glasses, to a dressing-room which shall be on the same floor with the dining-

room, and on the direct route to it from the entrance-hall; then shall female travelers, coming in from their sight-seeing to breakfast, lunch, or dinner, not be constrained to mount one or a dozen flights of stairs and to descend the same, or else go unreconstructed to dinner; but shall find ready to hand all the appointments of a sufficient toilet. Men—well, if men are content with a seven-by-nine-inch glass in a twilight hat-rack, in a dim corridor—why, contentment with godliness is great gain. But, as for women, give them a decent dressing-room on the same floor with the dining-room, or give them death. Confess, O Sinner, when you see a woman toilsomely climbing a marble Himalaya to smooth her hair and pin her collar, that it is not a hotel you are keeping, but a slaughter-house.

What are the necessities and what are the luxuries of hotel life? Judging by an experience that ranges from the Atlantic to the Pacific shore, and from Northern Canada to Georgia, I should say that the recognized necessities of hotel life are feed, finery, and bills of fare. The luxuries of hotel life are food and cleanliness. It is comical, it is melancholy, it is annoying to see the real richness of the great hotels travestied in the coarse tinsel of some small hotels. Brocade is out of the question, but the eternal lambréquin mounts guard like the veteran it is, and roars in your deafened ears its fighting colors, which owe their sole merit to the subduing touch of time. The table-cloth is spotted and the coffee is mud, and the chocolate is cold, and the rest of the brute still lives from whom your beefsteak was cut, but the bill of fare lies by your plate with all its French and fearful viands as mysteriously formulated as if you were at the Fifth Avenue or the Sherman. And all its style and stiffness, its courses and *entrées*, you would gladly give for one simple, honest, hearty meal, named with old-fashioned names perhaps, but, hot or cold, toothsome, tender, rare, and delicious, according to the statute for such case made and provided. Can you not believe, well-meaning Boniface of limited purse, that we are quite content with chintz if you cannot afford silk, and that we would even find no fault with a simple window-shade and no curtain at all; that we would far rather have a wholesome matting or an ingrain, clean and quiet, than a dirty Brussels defaced and enfeebled by years of hard labor and unrecruited energy; that a dab of mutton, and a dab of veal, and a dab of fowl, and a dozen grease spots of

vegetables, old and cold, warm and watery, would be well lost for one or two delicate and attractive dishes? Man lives on fare, not on bills of fare. One excellence is better than twenty insipidities.

When, to the comforts, conveniences, and refinements of the hotels of this present life, shall be added these few characteristics of

the Hotel of the Future, with what alacrity and good cheer shall we travel life's dull round! Are my requests exorbitant? Nay, rather like Clive, reviewing the riches of Bengal, "I stand astonished at my own moderation!"

Who will be the first to display in this practical form the enthusiasm of humanity?

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### AWAKE!

WAKE, my beloved, the young day is treading,  
Blushing and fair, over forest and lake,  
Flowering life in its footsteps outspreading—  
Wake, my beloved, awake!

Break the dull sleep; while love's spring-time is dawning,  
Let us drink deep of its fleeting delight!  
Under our feet at this moment is yawning  
Dark, the compassionless night.

Love, with its turbulent, mighty pulsation,  
Thrills through my veins like a quickening heat;  
All my young life with its strong aspiration,  
All have I thrown at thy feet.

If the wild visions of glory should blind me,  
Reach me thy hand, lest I stumble and fall;  
Darkness before me, and darkness behind me,  
Thou art my life and my all.

Sweet 'tis to breathe in the balm of thy presence,  
Sweeter to feel the warm gaze of thine eye,  
While the fleet moments with bright effervescence  
Whisper their gladness and die.

Then in the depths of my soul as in slumber,  
Hear I great voices of world-shaking deeds,  
And the pale day, with its cares without number,  
Far from my vision recedes.

Ere I had seen thee, how tardily flowing  
Stole from my breast the faint notes of my song;  
Now, like spring freshets, their gates overthrowing,  
Roll the strong torrents along.

Pale was my life, and the white mists above me  
Dimmed to my sight the soft splendor of May;  
Now, but a glimpse of the hope that you love me  
Lights and illumines my way.

Darkling I stood; and tumultuous fancies  
Surged through my soul like black billows of night;  
Now, the wide future, in sun-lit expanses,  
Radiant bursts on my sight.

Dost thou not see the dawn's beckoning finger,  
How the young light, like a full-swelling tide,  
Breaks through its flood-gates? Oh, why dost thou linger?  
Wake, my beloved, my bride!



## THE GOETHE HOUSE AT FRANKFORT.



THE GOETHE HOUSE AT FRANKFORT.

THE Goethe house in the Hirschgraben at Frankfort-on-the-Main came into the possession of the Goethe family, and first began to have a history in the year 1733. In that year it was bought by Frederick George Goethe's widow, the poet's grandmother. The widow Goethe had inherited a handsome property from her first husband, the proprietor of the hotel "Zum Weidenhof." For her second husband she had married Frederick George Goethe, a tailor, who for hersake dropped the shears, and carried on the business of the hotel until he died in 1730, leaving his widow with two sons. In 1733 the eldest son died, and in the same year the widow sold the hotel and bought this house in the Hirschgraben, to which she retired with her only remaining son, John Caspar, the poet's father. The house at that time consisted of two buildings, a large and a small one, the partition walls of which had been broken through, and the different levels of the floors overcome by steps. As long as the grandmother lived the house remained in this condition, but the poet's father was for many years busied with plans for its reconstruction. In 1754 the grandmother died, and in the following year the rebuilding was begun, the future poet, at the age of six, dressed as a bricklayer, laying the corner-stone. In 1795 John Caspar Goethe's widow, the poet's mother, sold the house to Herr Blum, a wine merchant. Herr Blum sold it the same year to the widow of the Procurator Roessing. In the possession of the Roessing family the house

remained until 1863, when it was bought by public subscription, and placed in the hands of an association called the Free German Foundation (*Freies Deutsches Hochstift*), to be held by them in trust for the German people.

Such is the simple chronology of a house whose associations render it one of the most interesting in Germany. It has been restored as nearly as possible to its original condition, and its rooms are now used for society meetings and for the purposes of reading and study. Some few articles of the original furniture have with difficulty been secured, but the chief interest to the visitor is in recalling on the spot the story of Goethe's home life. Therefore, before describing these bare though speaking walls, we pause to consider the *dramatis persona* of the family circle in which grew up the wise poet, the reflection of whose genius has made them all illustrious.

The widow of Frederick George Goethe had spared no pains upon the education of her only remaining son, John Caspar. He had been sent to the gymnasium at Coburg, reputed one of the first schools of that day; went thence to the University at Leipsic, where he studied law, and, later, took the degree of Doctor-at-Law at the University of Giessen. A few years after he came with his mother to live in the house in the Hirschgraben, Dr. Goethe, then in his thirtieth year, made a journey to Italy. In the year 1740 a journey to Italy was an event, and it left upon the poet's father an ineffaceable impression. Twenty-six years after, when the poet in his turn was in Italy, he wrote from Naples: "I can forgive all those who go out of their wits in Naples, and remember with emotion my father, who received an indelible impression from these very objects which to-day I have seen for the first time; and as it is said that he to whom a ghost has appeared will never be joyous again, so in an opposite sense it might be said of him that he never could be unhappy, because he always in thought turned back to Naples." The father brought home engravings, curiosities, collections, and bric-à-brac of many kinds. Views of St. Peter's, the Castle of San Angelo, the Colosseum, etc., were hung about the house, and became associated with the poet's earliest recollections. The father's time and thoughts were

occupied for many years in arranging his collections, and in writing out his diary in the Italian language with the greatest care and minuteness. He read, wrote, spoke, and sang Italian—in short, Italy became a very hobby with him for the rest of his life.

Dr. Goethe now anticipated taking a part in the world, but found his hopes quickly frustrated.

"My father," writes the poet, "as soon as he had returned from his travels, had, in accordance with his own peculiar character, formed the project—in order to prepare himself for the service of the city—of undertaking one of the subordinate offices and filling it without emolument, provided it were given him without his being subjected to the ballot. According to his way of thinking, and the conception he had of himself, and in the consciousness of his good intentions, he believed himself worthy of such a distinction, although, in fact, it was in accordance with neither law nor precedent. Consequently, when his request was refused, he fell into ill-humor and vexation—swore that he would never take any position whatever; and in order to render it impossible, procured for himself the title of Imperial Councilor (Kaiserlicher Rath), which the Chief Magistrate (Schultheiss) and the eldest judges bore as a special mark of distinction. In this way he made himself the equal of those in the highest positions, and could no longer begin at the bottom of the ladder."

The Imperial Councilor next turned his attention to matrimony, and sued for and obtained the hand of Catherine Elizabeth Textor, the daughter of the Schultheiss. The bride was not yet eighteen years old, twenty years younger than her husband, nor was this difference ever compensated for by sympathy in thought or feeling. The wife felt herself to be, as was the fact, not so far separated by years from her children as from her husband. She had married because her parents thought the offer an eligible one, and she found herself in the hands of a grim, pedantic, solemn schoolmaster; for Rath Goethe's marriage brought out in him a second hobby, namely, the most rigid pedagogy. He was a man with absolutely nothing to do, who had been carefully crammed with all the book-learning of his day, and it became with him a sort of monomania to impart his knowledge to others. The young wife was, accordingly, at once set to work at writing from dictation, playing on the

harpsichord, singing, studying Italian, etc. The birth of the poet brought her her first vacation, but gradually, the children offering a fresh field for the pedagogue's labors, the wife's education came to be looked upon as completed. Goethe thus sketches the situation:

"A father, certainly affectionate and well meaning, but grave, who, because he cherished within a very tender heart, manifested outwardly, with incredible persistency, a brazen sternness, that he might attain the end of giving his children the best education, and of building up, regulating and preserving his well-founded house. A mother, on the other hand, still almost a child, who first grew into consciousness with and in her two eldest children. These three, as they looked out on the world with healthy glances, felt a capacity for life and a longing for present enjoyment. This contradiction floating in the family increased with years. My father followed out his views unshaken and uninterrupted; the mother and children could not give up their feelings, their claims, their desires."

The poet, in recurring to his boyhood, naturally dwells upon his father's severity, which was the paramount impression of that period of his life. But we should not be unjust to Rath Goethe; he was a man to be respected, though not beloved; if formality and sternness be faults, at least they lean toward virtue's side, and as far as instruction goes, he had not simply a passion for it, but great talent. The education that he gave his son was, it is true, very different from that the son would have obtained in any school of that day or this, and seems very desultory and imperfect to those accustomed to the rigid uniformity of schools. Music, drawing, reading, writing, dancing, history, geography, fencing, languages, ancient, modern, and Oriental—everything seemed to be going on at once. Yet this want of method in so methodical a man suited the universality of the son's genius, which it might have been difficult to bind down to the routine of a school. Rath Goethe did not pay much attention to the order in which the studies were pursued, so that the children were always busied with something which he thought important. It was one of the characteristics of Goethe's activity of mind that he could all his life spring from one subject to another, even the most diverse; but it was also a part of his nature to busy himself about half a dozen different things almost at the same time, and

leave them all incomplete. This trait must have been a severe trial to the father, for his rule was, that everything begun should be completed, and if a book which he had chosen to be read aloud in the family circle proved never so tedious, it must be read through, even if he were himself the first to set the example of yawning. In spite of the many-sidedness of Goethe's mind, there was little place there for mathematics,—a line of thought which was not very far pursued in his education, and which he never could appreciate. Later in life, when mathematicians offered to prove by geometric formulæ that his theory of colors was false, he could not comprehend them, and believed that they were trifling with him. He approached the problems of nature, not as an unimpassioned investigator, but as a poet, and the wonderful generalizations which he made in botany and anatomy,—theories which are now accepted and acknowledged,—sprang from his intense poetic conception of the necessary unity of nature.

Not a ray of the poet's genius can be traced to his father; in the son's youth and young manhood the joyous disposition and lively imagination which he received from his mother were his most conspicuous qualities; but as he grew old, he came more and more to resemble his father, and in the dignified formality of what was called Goethe's "official manner," the old Frankfort Councilor seems to appear again before us.

The rebuilding of the house was one of the great events of Goethe's childhood. The family remained in it through nearly the whole period of the work. The upper stories were supported, and the house rebuilt from below upward. Goethe writes:

"This new epoch was a very surprising and remarkable one for the children. To see falling before the mason's pick and the carpenter's axe the rooms in which they had been so often cooped up and pestered with wearisome lessons and tasks, the passages in which they had played, the walls for whose cleanliness and preservation so much care had been taken, to see this work going on from below upward while they were suspended, as it were, in the air, propped up on beams, and yet all the time to be held to an appointed lesson, to a definite task—all this brought a confusion into our young heads which it was not so easy to clear away again. But the inconveniences were felt less by the young people because they had more space for play than before, and had many oppor-

tunities of balancing on rafters and playing at see-saw with the boards."

The rebuilding was begun in the spring of 1755, and was at least so far completed before the winter that the family could resume their usual course of life. Much remained to be done for the adornment and completion of the interior. The father's books were re-arranged, and the pictures, which had been scattered through the house, were collected together, set in black and gilt frames, and hung in one room in symmetrical order. With the Herr Rath's intense love of order and minute attention to details, all these arrangements, together with the decorating and furnishing of the rooms, were extended over a long period of time. In the course of this work so much that was superfluous was found, that the Herr Rath (who never allowed anything to be lost) determined to have a sale by auction, at which, among other things, he sold his mother's clothes and house-linen. The following advertisement appeared in the "Frankfort Advertiser," April 25th, 1758:

"By superior authority, on the coming Monday, May 1st, and the following days, at the house of Rath Goethe, in the Grosse Hirschgraben, will be sold, by the sworn auctioneer, to the highest bidder, various movables in the following order: First, several fire-arms, among them a new *mousqueton*; next, various articles of wood-work, together with a still serviceable lattice\* for a house-door, three large house-clocks; then, tin and brass articles, etc. Further, several empty casks; next, a violin and an ebony flute traversière; further, a number of law, practical and historical books, and among these a set of the well-known 'Elzevir Republics,' together with about one hundred and eighty-two unbound complete copies of D. Wahl's 'Dissert. de usufr. conjugum pacitio;' further, several silk and cotton dresses; and lastly, a moderate assortment of good linen articles, mostly for women, as well as various articles not included under the above heads."

Turning to the year 1794, in Goethe's diary we find a pleasant retrospect of the reconstructed, refurnished home. Nearly forty years have passed away since all were so busy with its refurnishing. The Herr Rath is long since dead; the French Revo-

\*The *Geräths* through which the mischievous Wolfgang threw all the kitchen dishes for the amusement of his playmates, the Ochsensteins, across the way. See the Autobiography.

lution has come, with the troublous times which followed it, and Goethe's mother begins to find the large house a source of anxiety and care.

"The handsome citizen's house which my mother had enjoyed since my father's death had been a burden to her ever since the beginning of hostilities, although she had not ventured to acknowledge it; yet during my last year's visit I had explained her situation to her, and urged her to free herself from such a burden. But just at that time it was unadvisable to do what one felt to be necessary. A house newly built within our life-time, a convenient and becoming citizen's residence, a well-cared for wine cellar, household articles of all kinds and in good taste for their time; collections of books, pictures, copper plates, maps, antiquities, small objects of art and curiosities; very many remarkable things which my father out of inclination and knowledge had collected about him as opportunity offered,—all was still there together; it all, by place and position, was conveniently and usefully united, and only as a whole had it really its acquired worth. Thinking of it as divided and scattered, one must necessarily fear to see it wasted or lost."

This dispersion, which Goethe looked forward to with pain, took place in the next year, 1795.

One enters the Goethe mansion from the street by three steps, and comes into a large hall extending the whole depth of the house from front to rear. On the right are rooms which were used for store-rooms and for the servants; on the left are the kitchen, in the rear, and the family dining-room, toward the street. In the latter occurred the well-known tragi-comic barber scene. It was at the time when Klopstock's "Messiah" was in the height of its popularity. Rath Goethe had been educated in the opinion, very prevalent in his day, that poetry and rhyme were inseparable; and as the "Messiah" was not written in rhyme, it was very plain to him that it could not be poetry, and he would have none of it. A friend of the family, at the same time an enthusiast for Klopstock, smuggled the book into the house. The mother and children were delighted with it, and the latter learned large portions of it by heart. Goethe relates:

"We divided between us the wild, despairing dialogue between Satan and Adramelech, who have been cast into the Red Sea. The first part, as the most violent, fell to my share; the second, a little more pa-

thetic, my sister undertook. The alternate curses, horrible indeed yet well sounding, thus flowed from our lips, and we seized every opportunity to greet each other with these infernal phrases.

"It was a Saturday evening in winter. My father always had himself shaved by candle-light, in order to be able on Sunday morning to dress for church at his leisure. We sat on a footstool behind the stove, and while the barber put on the lather, murmured in moderately low tones our customary imprecations. But now Adramelech had to lay iron hands on Satan. My sister seized me violently, and recited softly enough, but with increasing passion:

"Give me thine aid, I entreat thee; will worship thee if thou requirest—  
Thee, thou monster abandoned; yes, thee, of all criminals blackest.  
Aid me; I suffer the tortures of death, which is vengeful, eternal.  
Once, in the time gone by, with a hot, fierce hate I could hate thee,  
Now I can hate thee no more. E'en this is the sharpest of tortures."

"Thus far everything had gone tolerably well; but loudly, with a terrible voice, she shouted out the following words:

"O, wie bin ich zermalmt!  
Oh, how am I crushed!"

"The good barber was startled and upset the lather basin over my father's breast. There was a great uproar, and a severe investigation was held, especially in view of the mischief that might have resulted had the shaving been actually going forward. In order to remove from ourselves all suspicion of wantonness, we confessed to our satanic characters, and the misfortune occasioned by the hexameters was too apparent for them not to be anew condemned and banished."

The wide staircase begins in the large hall on the ground floor, and leads on each story to a spacious antechamber or hall, out of which all the rooms open. These antechambers on each floor, with large windows toward the garden or court, are frequently referred to by Goethe as having been the delight of his childhood. In them the family passed much of their time during the warm season of the year, and the children found there ample space for play. On the second floor were the "best rooms." We learn in an early chapter of "Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship" that they had what was called English furniture, and wall-paper

of a Chinese pattern. Hardly had the old Rath got them furnished to his mind when the Seven Years' War broke out; Frankfort was occupied by the French, and the Count Thorane from Provence was billeted upon him. The Count, a well-bred and highly cultivated nobleman, did everything in his power to make his presence as little burdensome as possible, and even refrained from hanging up his maps on the Chinese wall-paper. The friends of the family were never wearied in dwelling on the Herr Rath's good fortune that so gentlemanly an occupant had fallen to his lot. But the Herr Rath would listen to no palliative suggestions; he was almost beside himself with rage at seeing his best rooms, the apple of his eye, seized upon by strangers and enemies; and, added to this, he was so fierce a partisan for "Old Fritz," that during the whole time of the Count's stay, which extended to about three years, Rath Goethe went about with a thorn in his flesh, and on one occasion gave vent to his long pent-up wrath in such terms that only the urgent intercessions of his wife and friends saved him from immediate arrest. The mother and children were at once on the best of terms with the Count, who often sent the children cake and ices from his table; but the ices, to the children's great distress, the mother always threw out of the window, declaring, in her honest simplicity, that she did not believe the human stomach could digest ice, be it ever so much sweetened. Goethe dwells at some length on this very important period of his boyhood, and the influences upon his own growth and development which arose from Count Thorane's residence in his father's house.

The rooms which the Count occupied consist of one large central drawing-room having four windows to the street, with rooms opening out of it on each side; that on the left having two windows, and the smaller one on the right but one. The Count was subject to fits of dejection or hypochondria, at which times he would retire for days and see no one but his servant. He filled the post of Lieutenant du Roi, a sort of Judge-Advocate, whose business it was to decide upon all cases of strife arising between soldiers or between soldiers and citizens; but when his hypochondria seized him, not the most urgent cases could draw him from the little one-windowed nest to the right of the drawing-room, which he had chosen for his "growlery." The family learned from the servant's gossip that the

Count once, when this fit was on him, had given what he afterward thought a very unrighteous decision, and hence his determination to retire entirely at such seasons from all participation in human affairs.

Passing up the stairs from the second to the third floor, we notice the monograms J. C. G., C. E. G., in the wrought-iron stair railing. We cross the cheerful antechamber and come to the apartments which the family occupied. The division of the rooms is slightly different from that on the floor below, the central room being smaller, with but three windows, the side rooms having each two. The central room was the family drawing-room; here, as has been mentioned, all the pictures were hung after the rebuilding, hence it was usually called the "picture-room." Count Thorane, a great lover of art, hearing the picture-room spoken of on the night of his arrival, insisted upon seeing it at once, and went over each picture with a candle in his hand. To the left of the picture-room was the Herr Rath's library, study, and special sanctum. Besides its two front windows it has a little window in the side wall, giving a good view up the street. A few lines in the Autobiography explain its use. "I slipped home," Goethe writes, "by a roundabout way, for on the side toward the kleiner Hirschgraben my father, not without the opposition of his neighbor, had had a small *guckfenster* (peep-hole) made in the wall; this side we avoided when we did not wish him to see us coming home." To the right of the picture-room was the Frau Rath's sitting-room, and behind and communicating with it, looking toward the court, the parents' bedroom,—the room in which the poet was born,—and in the wing, still further in the rear, the children's bedroom.

On the fourth floor we come to the Mansard rooms,—the poet's rooms,—which require a few words of preface. From the time of its sale in 1795 by Goethe's mother until the death of the poet in 1832, the Goethe house seems to have been little thought of. But the renewed interest in a great man's history which is always awakened by his death, brought again into notice the house in which Goethe was born. The Roessing family, in whose possession it was, were at first very much astonished at the frequent applications to see the house. The first one occurred in the year after Goethe's death, and, from that time, the number of visitors increased day by day. There is on the fourth floor a small attic



room to which some obscure tradition was attached as having been Goethe's room. The Roessings accepted this tradition without investigation, and, thus, for thirty-five years, it was the custom to conduct visitors at once to this little attic and point it out to them as Goethe's chamber where he had written his earlier works. Of course, it was not long before it got the name of the Werther-Zimmer, and Bettina von Arnim unconsciously added to the apocryphal character of her book ("Goethe's Correspondence with a Child"), by having a view of the Werther-Zimmer engraved as a frontispiece to it. So striking a confirmation of the supposed fondness of the Muses for garrets could not fail to be noted, and many a sage visitor doubtless dwelt upon the coincidence that the rich man's son must go to the garret to mount his Pegasus. But the whole romance of the Werther attic has been crumbled in the dust by Dr. G. H. Otto Volger, who, with true German patience and industry, has so thoroughly investigated every point in connection with the Goethe mansion. It is not necessary to follow Dr. Volger into all the details of his proof. The chief points are: 1st. That the so-called Werther room is not in the *gable*, and has no rooms communicating with it. 2d. That it never has a ray of morning sun. In regard to the first point, Goethe constantly speaks of his room as a *gable room* (*Giebelzimmer*), having other rooms communicating with it. In regard to the second point, the fact that Goethe's room had the morning sun is established by the poet's well-known account of his morning sacrifice to the Almighty, after the Old Testament fashion, when the rays of the morning sun, concentrated through a burning-glass, were made to light the pastilles on the boy's extemporized altar. Dr. Volger selects the long celebrated attic as the place where the silk-worms were kept, and where the engravings were bleached, as so circumstantially described in the Autobiography.

Passing by the Werther room, which is directly to the right on reaching the top of the staircase, and crossing the antechamber, similar to those on the other floors, one comes to the poet's rooms. The central one is a pleasant and spacious reception-room, where the son of the house could receive with dignity, and without apology, the friends and the visitors of distinction whom the success of "Goetz" and of "Werther" attracted to him from every quarter. It stands at pres-

ent bare and cheerless, but we can picture to ourselves the simple furniture, the books, the pictures, the casts from the antique—heads of the Laocoon group, and of Niobe and her children—and the minerals, and the natural curiosities which bore witness to the mental activity and versatility of its occupant. The house directly opposite is the only one in the Hirschgraben, except the Goethe mansion, which remains unchanged, so that, in looking from the poet's window, the outline and general effect of the opposite house are precisely what they were when the boy-worshiper stood in the early morning light waiting for the sun to peer over its roof and kindle his altar-fire. This house, in the Goethes' time, was occupied by the family Von Ochsenstein, whose sons were Wolfgang's playmates.

The last years of Goethe's residence at home, before he accepted the invitation of the Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar, were those of his early fame as the author of "Goetz" and "Werther," and his growing reputation brought many new elements into the family life. Everybody of distinction, especially of literary distinction, who came to Frankfort, sought the acquaintance of Goethe, and the stately house in the Hirschgraben was enlivened by visitors of many qualities, who were received with a formal but generous hospitality. The old Rath did his best to preserve a polite silence when sentiments were uttered which shocked all his preconceptions, while the mother won all hearts by her good-nature, jollity, and sound common sense. The departure of the poet for Weimar made no very great change in this respect; the admirers of the poet came to pay their respects to his parents, and a visit to Goethe's mother, especially, was looked forward to as an honor and a pleasure. The house came to be generally known among Goethe's friends as the *Casa Santa*, a name it probably first received from Wieland.

In 1779, the poet came himself, bringing with him his friend, the Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar. Nobles, trades-people, and hotel-keepers were open-mouthed with wonder at seeing a Grand Duke dwelling in a simple citizen's house. But the disappointment of the father that his son had not followed the path of a jurist, for which he had drilled him during his boyhood, was, perhaps, amply made up for when the son returned home a Privy-Councillor (*Geheim-Rath*), and brought a Grand Duke to Frankfort as his guest.

In 1782, the Herr Rath died in his seventy-second year. For thirteen years the Frau Rath lived alone in the *Casa Santa*—nominally, at least, alone, for the stream of visitors was almost constant. "I am much more fortunate than Frau von Reck," she writes; "that lady must travel about in order to see Germany's learned men, they all visit me in my house, which is by far more convenient—yes, yes, those to whom God is gracious, He blesses in their sleep."\*

Our visit to Goethe's early home terminates with the inspection of his own rooms on the fourth floor. We return to the consideration of what we have ventured to call the *dramatis personæ* of the home circle, and having already spoken of the father, we now come to the sister and the mother.

The relations between Goethe and his sister Cornelia were of the most intimate kind. There was but a year's difference in their ages, and they were often taken to be twins. They shared together the joys and sorrows of childhood, and no new experience was complete until communicated to the other. The brother's departure for the University of Leipzig was their first separation, and in Wolfgang's absence, Cornelia led a weary life. All the father's pedagogy was now exerted upon her. He left her no time for social pleasures or for associating with other young girls; an occasional concert was her only relaxation. Even the relation of mutual confidence between the brother and sister was entirely broken up, as all their letters passed through the father's hands. It was therefore not strange when Goethe returned home after an absence of nearly three years, that he found the father and daughter living in a state of almost open hostility, and was himself made the confidant of his sister's complaints, and of his mother's anxieties in her position of mediator and peacemaker. Of his sister Goethe writes:

"She had by turns to pursue and work at French, Italian, and English, besides which he (the father) compelled her to practice at the harpsichord a great part of the day. Writing also was not to be neglected, and I had already remarked that he had directed

her correspondence with me, and communicated to me his teachings through her pen. My sister was, and still continued to be, an indefinable being, the most singular mixture of strength and weakness, of obstinacy and compliance; which qualities acted, now united, and now separated, at her own will and inclination. Thus she, in a manner which seemed to me terrible, had turned the hardness of her character against her father, whom she did not forgive, because during these three years he had forbidden or embittered to her many an innocent pleasure, and she would acknowledge no single one of his good and excellent qualities. She did all that he commanded or directed, but in the most unamiable manner in the world; she did it in the established routine, but nothing more and nothing less; out of love or favor she accommodated herself to nothing, so that this was one of the first things about which my mother complained in a private conversation with me."

Cornelia seems to have inherited many of her father's traits of character, and the Herr Rath found his own inflexibility matched against the same quality, which had been transmitted to his child.

On Wolfgang's return from Leipzig the old confidential relations were resumed between the brother and the sister. All their thoughts and feelings were shared; Cornelia read his letters from his University friends, and went over with him his replies to them. These were the happiest days of Cornelia's life; they amount, deducting Wolfgang's absence for a year and a half at Strasburg, to about three years and a half. They are most interesting to us in connection with Cornelia's influence upon the production of "Goetz von Berlichingen," as Goethe thus relates it:

"I had, as I proceeded, conversed circumstantially about it with my sister, who took part in such matters with heart and soul. I so often renewed this conversation without taking any steps toward beginning work, that she at length, impatient and interested, begged me earnestly not to be ever talking into the air, but once for all to set down on paper that which was so present to my mind. Determined by this impulse, I began one morning to write, without having first sketched out any draft or plan. I wrote the first scenes, and in the evening they were read to Cornelia. She greatly applauded them, yet qualified her praise by the doubt whether I should so continue; indeed she expressed a decided unbelief in

\* "Ja, ja, wem's Gott gönnt giebt er's im Schlaf,"—an idiomatic phrase difficult to translate; a similar one, "Gott giebt es den Seinen im Schlaf" (God blesses his own in their sleep), is in frequent use in Germany. "Im Schlaf" is used to express anything that has been obtained without personal effort; for example, should any one become rich by inheritance or a sudden rise in values, the Germans would say, "Er ist reich geworden im Schlaf" (He has become rich in his sleep).

my perseverance. This stimulated me only the more. I went on the next day and the third; hope increased with the daily communications, and everything, step by step, gained more life as I became thoroughly master of the subject. Thus I kept myself uninterruptedly at the work, which I pursued straight onward, looking neither backward nor to the right or the left, and in about six weeks I had the pleasure of seeing the manuscript stitched."

Cornelia's memory is still further associated with her brother's first success by the discovery of her portrait sketched by Goethe in pencil on the margin of a proof-sheet of "Goetz." A copy of it is given by Professor Otto Jahn in his collection of "Goethe's Letters to his Leipzig Friends." The resemblance to Goethe is strongly marked in the prominent nose, and, above all, in the large eyes, of which he wrote: "Her eyes are not the finest I have ever seen, but the deepest, behind which you expected the most; and when they expressed any affection, any love, their brilliancy was unequalled." The face is interesting, but one that would be ordinarily classed among the very plain. Cornelia became early conscious of this, and tormented herself with the conviction that no woman without personal beauty could expect to inspire any man with love. It does not seem to have occurred to her that mental accomplishments might make up for the lack of beauty. Probably she had little idea of her own mental qualities, the state of isolation in which she was brought up having deprived her of the means of comparing herself with other girls of her own age, and kept her in ignorance of her superiority—a superiority due, first, to her own mental powers, and, secondly, to her father's unflagging instructions. In her diary, which is given in Professor Jahn's book, she indulges at great length in these self-tormenting reflections. Hapless Cornelia! the world reads this diary, which was her one secret from her brother, and which she wrote in French, perhaps with the idea that, should it be mislaid, the foreign tongue would keep it secret from her. It is addressed to one of her female friends. She has been reading "Sir Charles Grandison," and thus gives utterance to her feelings in school-girl French:

"Je donnerais tout au monde pour pouvoir parvenir dans plusieurs années à imiter tant soit peu l'excellente Miss Byron. L'imiter? Folle que je suis; le puis-je? Je m'estimerais assez heureuse d'avoir la vingtième partie de

l'esprit et de la beauté de cette admirable dame, car alors je serais une aimable fille; c'est ce souhait que me tient au cœur jour et nuit. Je serais à blâme si je désirais d'être une grande beauté; seulement un peu de finesse dans les traits, un teint uni, et puis cette grace douce qui enchante au premier coup de vue; voilà tout. Cependant ça n'est pas et ne sera jamais, quoique je puisse faire et souhaiter; ainsi il vaudra mieux de cultiver l'esprit et tâcher d'être supportable du moins de ce côté-là."

Further on:

"Vous aurez déjà entendue que je fais grand cas des charmes extérieures, mais peut-être que vous ne savez pas encore que je les tiens pour absolument nécessaires au bonheur de la vie et que je crois pour cela que je ne serai jamais heureuse. \* \* \* Epouserai-je un mari que je n'aime pas? Cette pensée me fait honte et cependant ce sera le seul parti qui me reste, car où trouver un homme aimable qui pensât à moi? Ne croyez pas, ma chère, que ce soit grimace: Vous connaissez les replis de mon cœur, je ne vous cache rien, et pourquoi le ferais-je?"

These words show by what sentiments she was actuated in accepting the hand of John George Schlosser. Her brother's absence at Strasburg had brought back again to her the wearisomeness of her home life. Goethe had now returned from Strasburg a Doctor-at-Law, but was soon to leave again for Wetzlar in continuation of his juridical studies, as marked out years before by his father. Cornelia saw the world opening to her brother, and felt that her only happiness was slipping from her grasp. Her life at home without Wolfgang was intolerable to her, and to escape from it she accepted the offer of marriage.

John George Schlosser was an early friend of her brother. He was ten years older than Goethe, and when he visited Leipzig during Goethe's stay there, the difference in age caused the latter to look up to Schlosser as in many respects his superior. Schlosser afterward edited a literary journal at Frankfort, to which Goethe contributed, and the intimate relations with the brother led to the acquaintance with the sister.

The bridegroom had been promised an appointment in the Grand Duchy of Baden, and expected to be placed at Carlsruhe, the capital. But hardly had the newly married pair reached Carlsruhe, when they learned that they were to reside in Emmendingen, a little village on the borders of the Black Forest, where Schlosser was to fill the

post of Chief Magistrate of the County of Hochberg. Goethe humorously hints that probably neither the Grand Duke nor his ministers cared to come too often in contact with Schlosser's blunt honesty, a view which is confirmed by Lavater's description of him, as a man made to tell princes truths which no one else would dare to communicate to them. With this very honest and not very lively companion, for whom she had no stronger feeling than esteem, Cornelia went to her exile in the Black Forest. Schlosser was very much occupied with his duties as magistrate, and devoted his leisure moments to writing moral and religious catechisms for the people. Rath Goethe said of his son-in-law that he seemed never to be done with having books printed, and all his friends exerted themselves to moderate this mania for rushing into print. But, in spite of them all, he became a very voluminous writer of books, all of which, with the exception of some translations from the Greek, have long since gone into oblivion. Fancy a woman whose intellectual powers had been aroused and developed in the most intimate relations with a mind such as the world has rarely known—fancy such a woman shut up in the Black Forest with a man who wrote catechisms and replies to Pope's "Essay on Man!" In a town, she would have gathered about her a circle of which her great gifts would have made her the center. Goethe says: "I must candidly confess that when I dwelt often in fancy upon her lot, I could not think of her as a wife, but rather as an abbess, as the head of some honored community. She possessed every qualification that so lofty a position requires, but lacked those which the world persistently demands." In the lonely house in the Black Forest there was nothing left for Cornelia but intellectual and social starvation, to which was added ill health. She writes: "We are here entirely alone; there is no soul\* to be found within three or four miles. My husband's occupations allow him to pass but little time with me, and so I drag slowly through the world with a body which is fit for nothing but the grave. Winter is always unpleasant and burdensome to me; the beauties of nature afford us here our single pleasure, and when nature sleeps, everything sleeps."

Cornelia died in childhood in the fourth year after her marriage, leaving two daughters, of whom the younger died in her sixteenth year, and the elder married Professor

Nicolorius. Schlosser survived his wife many years, married again, died, and was buried at Frankfort; but pitiless fate left to Cornelia not even her remote and lonely grave at Emmendingen. The grave was obliterated during an enlargement of the church-yard, and thus, while the oaken coffin containing the remains of Wolfgang Goethe lies in state by that of Schiller in the Grand Ducal Vault at Weimar, the last resting-place of Cornelia is not merely unmarked, but unknown.

The most widely known and loved member of Goethe's family was his mother. She possessed the qualities which win affection—a joyous temperament, a strong desire to please every one, a lively imagination, hearty good nature, and great common sense. Her youth and inexperience at the time of her marriage have already been alluded to. But she could not long remain a child in the difficult position in which she found herself between the children and the stern exacting father. All her energies were bent to securing tranquility in the household, and she was the pilot who, with ready skill and quick wit, carried them all safely through many a stormy passage. The Frau Rath survived her husband twenty-six years, and this was the happiest period of her life, when she saw realized all her fondest anticipations of her son's genius, and felt that there was no prouder title than that of Goethe's mother. She concealed her joy and exaltation behind no thin mask of shyness, but openly laid claim to the honor she thought her due. She was very fond of singing in the circle of her friends her son's songs, which had been set to music by Reichardt; the song in "Faust," "Es war einmal ein König," she was especially fond of; she would call upon the company to make a chorus, and at the conclusion would place her hand upon her heart and proudly exclaim, "Den hab' ich geboren."\*

The coronation of the Emperor Leopold in 1790 filled Frankfort to overflowing, and guests were billeted upon all the inhabitants. The Frau Rath writes to Friedrich von Stein: "The quartermasters have not yet been here. Consequently I do not venture outside the door, and in this magnificent weather sit as it were in the Bastille, for if they should find me absent, they might take the whole house; these gentlemen are confounded quick at

\* Literally, "Him I bore," or as an English-speaking mother would probably have expressed it, "He is my son."

\* That is, no one her equal in education or position.

taking, and when they have once marked rooms, I would not advise any one to dispose of them in any other manner."

Two Mecklenburg Princesses were assigned to her, one of whom became afterward Queen of Hanover, and the other the celebrated Queen Louisa of Prussia.

These princesses, young girls, glad enough of a little freedom and liberty from the restraint of a court, begged to be allowed, for a frolic, to pump water from the old pump in the court-yard. The Frau Rath was only too glad to afford them so simple a pleasure; but when their governess found it out she was struck with all the horror becoming to a right-minded governess in such an emergency. The Frau Rath, accustomed all her life to stand between youth and authority, used every argument she could think of to divert her from her purpose of putting a stop immediately to such unprincess-like behavior; and finding all argument unavailing, pushed the governess into her room, and locked her in. "For," said she, "I would have brought down on my head the greatest annoyance sooner than have disturbed them in their innocent amusement, which was permitted to them nowhere except in my house." The Frau Rath conceived a great affection for these princesses, always speaking of them as "*my princesses*." They were afterward taken on a visit to the Elector's Court at Mayence, where a lady of high position at the Court, Frau von Coudenhoven, reproved the Princess Louisa for appearing with long sleeves, which circumstance, coming to the knowledge of Frau Rath Goethe, filled her with indignation. Some years later, when the Princess Louisa had become Queen of Prussia, she came to Frankfort, and invited the Frau Rath to visit her at Wilhelmsbad, near Frankfort. The Queen took her to the spring, and had her sit by her side while the guests came to pay their respects. The Frau Rath asked the name of every one, and among them was Frau von Coudenhoven. "What! the one who was so cross? Please your Majesty, order her to cut off her sleeves!" exclaimed she in the greatest rage.

After she sold the house in the Hirschgraben, the Frau Rath lived in hired apartments in a house on the Rossmarkt, near the central guard-house. The windows looked down the whole length of the Zeil, the principal street of Frankfort, and the

lively old lady doubtless found much companionship in the busy scene. Before she died she had spent nearly all of her property. It was once suggested to Goethe that his mother should be placed under guardianship, a suggestion which he warmly resented, declaring that his mother had the right to spend everything, if she wished, after having borne close restraint so many years with the noblest patience.

She died on the 13th of September, 1808, having given, as Goethe relates in a letter to Zelter, the minutest directions in regard to her funeral, even to the kind of wine and the size of the cakes which were to be offered to the mourners. Others have added that she impressed it upon the servants not to put too few raisins in the cake, a thing she never could endure in her life-time, and which would vex her in her grave. Hearing in the house the voice of an undertaker who had come to offer his services, she sent him a sum of money, with her regret that the arrangements had been already made.

The church-yard where the members of the Goethe family were buried is now a public promenade; here and there a monument or head-stone protected by a paling remains to tell of its former use. The Goethe burial-place had long fallen into neglect, and been forgotten, when the centennial celebration of Goethe's birthday in 1849 awakened attention to it. The position of the Herr Rath's grave could not be definitely ascertained, but the grave of Goethe's mother was found, and a simple stone was placed over it, inscribed, "Das Grab der Frau Rath Goethe," with the dates of birth and death. The grave is near the outside wall of the enclosure, a few rods from one of the gates. Few visitors to Frankfort fail to step aside to read the brief inscription, and note the appropriateness of the spot. As the daughter of a Chief Magistrate of Frankfort, and sprung from a family for many years represented in its councils, no more fitting burial-place could be found for Goethe's mother than in the very heart of the city where all her life was passed, and with which she so thoroughly identified herself. The busy life of the city goes on all about her grave, roses bloom over it, children play about it, and the whole place seems thoroughly in unison with the memory of this genial, large-hearted woman, one of the flowers of the Frankfort civilization of the last century.

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## RED LILIES.

STRIKE fuller chords, or let the music rest !  
 Of tender songs the world has yet no dearth,  
 Which scarce survive the moment of their birth.  
 Be thine in passionate cadences expressed,  
 And banish morning-glories from thy breast !  
 A purple dream-flower of the woods is worth  
 So little in the gardens of the earth ;  
 If gift thou givest, give what we love best.  
 Since Life is wild with tears, and red with wrongs,  
 Let these red lilies typify thy songs,  
 If with full fame thou would'st be comforted.  
 Since Life is red with wrongs, and wild with tears,  
 Oh move us, haunt us, kill our souls with fears,  
 And we will praise thee,—after thou art dead !

## TOPICS OF THE TIME.

## The Magazine's New Year.

ELSEWHERE the publishers have displayed to our readers their tempting bill of fare for the new year. It is not necessary to rehearse it "from the top of the table;" but we wish to call attention to the fact that we are endeavoring to make an American magazine. It seems as if American readers must be tired by this time of the ordinary English-society-novel, procurable in any quantity at a cheap rate. It has to do with a form of social life more conventional than our own, with scenery less grand and attractive, with personalities more feebly individualized, and with events and incidents as much less interesting than those of American life as the conditions of English life are more artificial than ours. Men may talk as they choose, or as they believe, about age as being necessary to the creation of an atmosphere of romance. We do not agree with them. A child's age of romance is its own childhood. The life it lives, and the things it sees about it, form its romantic realm; and the childhood of a nation is peculiarly its romantic age, not only to the age which succeeds it, but to itself. There is nothing more interesting to an American than a good story, either of his own time or of the time which has hardly retired from his personal memory. As in the realm of fiction, so in the department of philosophical and speculative discussion, we propose to make the magazine specifically American, so that all the questions of the time, relating either to others or ourselves, shall be treated from the American stand-point. If anybody prefers to import either his fiction or his opinion, he can easily do so in English books and magazines, which furnish the appropriate vehicle for them.

The two leading novels of the year upon which the present issue of our magazine enters, could only

have been written in America by Americans. Both relate to social and political beginnings, and are full of incident and character only to be developed in exceptional conditions of society, and only to be found on the American continent. Both will be surcharged with interest, and they are sure to have a universal reading. The Revolutionary Letters which we are to publish, the articles on American Colleges, with their host of brilliant illustrations which are to be produced, with a hundred essays, poems, and sketches of travel, will all go to the making up of a magazine which we intend shall not only satisfy readers at home, but fitly represent American literature abroad.

So (changing our figure) all sails set, and colors flying, we float off into the new year, the cheers of a generous press ringing in our ears, and a great company on board, for whom we are to provide entertainment for a golden twelvemonth. May the skies be kind and the wind prosperous to passengers, officers, and crew !

## The Political Outlook.

WE have a number of men and several parties in training for the Presidency. It would be very easy to name the men who are shaping their course and manipulating the wires for their personal advancement to that post, and at least two parties that are wondering what principles it will be best, on the whole, to adopt, in order to secure the ascendancy. It is the old trick, which grows more and more disgusting every year; but it is to be played again. The people have nothing to say—the politicians everything. The man who wants to be President, and the cluster of politicians who wish to make him President, expect to wheedle the American people into their support. On one side or the other, they

will do this. No nomination, and no declaration of principles, will emanate from the people. Platforms will come forward at the proper time, all ready for the endorsement of the people, and a man will be nominated for their support. They are to be led, used, and despised by a set of political hacks, who hope to run the country for their own personal advantage. We shall be informed that there is "a crisis;" we shall be summoned to the support of "the principles of free government;" we shall be assured that Tubbs is our man, and that now is our time to rebuke corruption in high places, and "vindicate the majesty of the American people."

The position of the American voter is not a very dignified one. Theoretically, he has something to say and do in the selection of the man who is to rule over him. Practically, he has nothing to do but to endorse or condemn the man selected by a circle of politicians. Theoretically, a democratic government affords a fine opportunity for the selection of the best man for the highest office by the voice of a grateful, trusting, and admiring people. In fact, the best man never gets the highest office, and would never stoop to the low tricks and disgraceful compromises of personal dignity and political principle by which alone, under the present condition of things, the highest office can be secured. Instead of having a government of the people, we have a government of rings. The rings may not always be flagrantly corrupt; but they are rings nevertheless, and Tweed's ring, in its day, was no more real or vital than the rings which are now endeavoring to get the control of the country.

Still, the voters have the privilege of scolding, of warning, of protesting. It does not amount to much in practical results, but it helps to work off indignant feeling, and carries the semblance of independence. And now, "on behalf of many voters," and with no man and no party to serve, there is one word that we take the privilege of saying to the politicians, viz., that there is a single question which, in making up their platforms, and selecting their man, they will do well to consider very carefully, and handle very wisely. It relates to the currency of the country, and it has but one right side. "Much may be said on both sides," undoubtedly, by the office-seekers and politicians; but sound policy lies with the truth. No party in the next Presidential election can make itself responsible for the continuance of our present anomalous system of currency—much less for an exaggeration of it—without ruining itself, to say nothing of ruining the country. A nation, in the exceptional circumstances of a war, may live through its crisis on paper lies; but the moment the necessity retires, as peace comes in, it must take its lie along with it, for it can only remain as a curse. No nation can thrive permanently on irredeemable paper money. We can never have good times again until we do our business with truths, and not with falsehoods. We are living, not only in defiance of all sound financial policy, but in discord with the whole business world. Every dollar that we handle is practically a protested note, and has no value save as it rests upon another promise, not matured, and

sure to be indefinitely renewed. The system is rotten, root and branch, and, if the nation cares for its life, the quicker it gets "out from under" the better.

It is strange that at this very time, when there is more money than can be used—when men do not know what to do with the money they have—there can be anybody who seriously proposes to increase its volume, and preserve its basis. "Coined paper" is not money, and can never be used as anything but a representative of money. Our paper does not even represent money. We buy it and sell it for money, and it goes up and down in the market like paper rags. It is subject to just as many mutations as flour or potatoes. The paper a man takes to-day, at any given price, he may be obliged to sell to-morrow at a discount. The rise and fall of gold, as they relate to the price of paper, are constantly changing the values of everything, so that we have this element of uncertainty added to all the other elements. Wheat sells high or low, not simply through the operation of the law of demand and supply relating to itself, but through the operation of the law of demand and supply as it relates to gold.

No, this state of things cannot, must not, last, and the party that will give us release from it is the party of the immediate future. Any success achieved by adherence to the present policy must be temporary. Nothing but disaster has come of it; nothing but disaster can come of it; and the adoption of it into any national platform, by any party, will be sufficient reason, to any rational man, for leaving that party. We have arrived at the golden age of bolting, and voters, even though they have little to do with forming platforms and nominating men, can bolt. If they fail to exercise that privilege, they prove themselves to be the tools which politicians suppose them to be. Here is where the people can reach the politicians, and cause their opinions to be respected; and we really know of no other point where the politicians are so helplessly vulnerable. Let us all be ready to try it, if we have occasion.

#### Mr. Moody and his Work.

We suppose there is no question that Mr. Moody has done a marvelous work in Great Britain. There is a great deal of curiosity here to know exactly what it was, and how it was done. The remarkable thing about it seems to be that there was no remarkable thing about it, save in its results. Not a revivalist, but an evangelist; not a stirrer up of excitement, but a calm preacher of Jesus Christ, Mr. Moody went to the British people, and talked in his earnest, homely way upon those truths which he deemed essential to their spiritual welfare, in this world and the next. Men went to hear him not only by thousands, but by tens of thousands. Not only the common people "heard him gladly," but very uncommon people—prime ministers, earls, duchesses, members of Parliament, doctors of the law, doctors of divinity, and clergymen by the hundred. All testified to the power of his preaching. The doubters were convinced, the wicked were

converted, weary teachers of religion were filled with fresh courage and hopefulness, and there was a great turning of thoughts and hearts Godward. Mr. Tyndall and Mr. Huxley and Mr. Herbert Spencer were not very much in men's minds while Mr. Moody was around. One thing was very certain, viz.: the people wanted something that Mr. Moody had to bestow, and they "went for it."

Since the return of Mr. Moody to America, with his companion, Mr. Sankey, the interviewers have ascertained from both of those gentlemen that the work they have seemed to do has not been done by them at all, but by the Spirit of the Almighty. It looks like it, we confess. Either the truth which Mr. Moody preached was wonderfully needed, and wonderfully adapted to human want; either the multitudes were starving for the bread of their souls' life, or there was some force above Mr. Moody's modest means which must be held accountable for the stupendous results. This is a scientific age. England is a scientific country. The great lights of science now engaged in uprooting the popular faith in Christianity live there. Sir Henry Thompson and the prayer-gauge originated there. Here is a nut for them to crack. Was there enough in Mr. Moody's eloquence, or personal influence, to account for the effect produced? Would it not be very unscientific to regard these little means sufficient to account for these results? It is a fair question, and it deserves a candid answer. Until we get this answer, people who have nothing but common sense to guide them must repose upon the conviction that the power which Mr. Moody seemed to wield was in the truth he promulgated, or that it emanated from a source which he recognized as the Spirit of God.

But not alone have the scientists received a lesson from the wonderful results of Mr. Moody's simple preaching. The Christian ministry, all over the world, have found instruction in it which ought to last them during their life-time. As nearly as we can ascertain by reading the reports, Mr. Moody has not paid very much attention to the preaching of Judaism—involving a theism and a system of doctrine which Christ came to set aside and supersede. He has not paid very much attention to Old Testament theology, in short. Paul resolved that he wouldn't know anything but Jesus Christ, and we are inclined to think that Mr. Moody doesn't know anything but Jesus Christ. It is a fortunate ignorance for him, and for the world. Our preachers, as a rule, know so many things besides the Master; they have wrought up such a complicated scheme, based on a thousand other things besides Jesus Christ, that they confess they don't understand it themselves. The man who offered a pair of skates to the boy who would learn the catechism, and a four-story house, with a brown stone front, if he could understand it, risked nothing beyond the fancy hardware; and yet we are assured that the path of life is so plain, that a wayfaring man, though a fool, need not err therein. And, considering the fact that Christ is the veritable "Word of God"—that he is, in himself alone, "the Way, the Truth, and the

Life," and considering also the use that has been made of the Bible in complicating and loading down his simple religion with the theological inventions of men, it may legitimately be questioned whether the progress of Christianity has not been hindered by our possession of all the sacred books outside of the evangelical histories.

At any rate, we see what has come to Mr. Moody from preaching without much learning, without much theology, and without much complicated machinery, the truth as it is in Jesus Christ. A salvation and a cure he has somehow and somewhere found in the life, death, and teachings of this wonderful historical personage. For the simple story of this personage, he has found more listeners than could count his words—attentive, breathless, hungry, thirsty, believing. They have flocked to the refuge he has opened for them like doves to their windows. He has helped to start tens of thousands in the true way of life. He has done well not to be proud of his work. He has done well to refuse the wealth they were ready to bestow upon him. In this, he has exemplified the religion of his Master, and shown a just appreciation of the real sources of the power which he has been enabled to exert.

Against such demonstrations of the power of Christ and Christianity as are afforded by the London meetings, infidelity can make no headway. They prove that man wants religion, and that when he finds what he wants, in its purity and simplicity, he will get it. They prove that Christianity only needs to be preached in purity and simplicity to win the triumphs for which the Church has looked and prayed so long. The cure for the moral evils of the world is just as demonstrably in the Christian religion as the elements of vegetable life are in the soil. Penitence, forgiveness, reformation, the substitution of love for selfishness as the governing principle of life, piety toward God, and good-will to men—in short, the adoption of Christ as Savior, King, exemplar, teacher—this is Christianity—the whole of it. Christianity reveals the fatherhood of God, and men want a father. Christianity reforms society and governments by reforming their constituents, and there is not a moral evil from which the world suffers that is not demonstrably curable by it. If there is any man who cannot find its divinity and its authority in this fact, we pity his blindness.

We believe that Mr. Moody has done a great deal of good directly to those who have come to him for impulse and instruction; but the indirect results of his preaching, upon the Christian teachers of the world, ought to multiply his influence a hundred fold. The simple, vital truth as it is in Jesus Christ, and not as it is in Moses, or Daniel, or Jeremiah, or anybody else, for that matter, is what the world wants. And when the Christian world gets down to that, it will get so near together that it will be ashamed of, and laugh at, its own divisions. It is nonsense to suppose that the Divine Spirit is any more willing to bless Mr. Moody's work than that of any other man, provided the work done is the same. The fact that his work has prospered more

than that of others, proves simply that it is better,—that Christianity is preached more purely by him than by others. It becomes religious teachers, then, to find out what he does preach, and how he preaches it. The work they are now doing is not sufficiently encouraging in its results to warrant them in refusing to learn of one who has learned what he knows, as directly as possible, from the Great Teacher himself.

#### American Honesty.

ANY man who has traveled in Europe knows what the temptation is to buy and bring home articles that can be procured more cheaply there than in America, under the expectation that the customs officers will let them in free of duty; and every observer knows that millions of dollars' worth of goods are imported annually in this way that pay no revenue to the Government. It is notorious, too, that many of our citizens go to Canada to buy clothing, and wear it home for the purpose of cheating the Government. Men of wealth and luxuriously living women, who would scorn to deal dishonorably by their neighbors, rejoice in the privilege of cheating their own Government, and boast of their success in doing so. They do not even suspect that they are doing wrong in this thing. They have no idea that they are acting meanly or dishonestly. They look upon this genteel kind of smuggling as a smart and harmless trick, and display to their friends the results of their shrewdness with pride and self-gratulation. We may find among these smugglers thousands who look upon the corruptions of politicians with indignation, yet not one of them could succeed in his smuggling enterprises save through the unfaithfulness of public officers, whom they reward for their treachery with a gift.

Would it not be well for us to remember, before we condemn the dishonesty which is so prevalent in the public service, that the politicians and office-holders are, on the whole, as honest as the people are? All that either of them seem to need is a temptation to dishonesty to make them dishonest. The office-holder takes advantage of his position to cheat his Government, and every genteel smuggler who lands from a European vessel, or crosses the Canada line, does the same thing from the same motive. The radical trouble, with people and politicians alike, is the entertainment of the idea that stealing from the Government is not stealing at all—that a man has a right to get out of his Government all that he can without detection. They have not only brought their consciences into harmony with this idea, but they willfully break the law of the land. In short, for the sake of a trifling advantage in the purchase of goods, they are willing to deceive, to tempt public officers to forswear themselves, to break the laws of their country, and to deprive the Government that protects them of a portion of the means by which it sustains itself in that service.

It is a startling fact that there is never a train wrecked without pickpockets on board, who immediately proceed to plunder the helpless passengers.

These may not be professionals. They may never have picked a pocket in their lives before, but the temptation develops the thief. There is never a battle fought in any place where there are not men ready to plunder the slain. The devil, or the wild beast, has been there all the time, only waiting for an invitation to come out. Men look on and see a great city badly managed—see mayors and aldermen and politicians engaged in stealing and growing rich on corruption; but these men find thousands ready on all sides to engage in corrupt contracts, to render false bills of service, and to aid them in all rascally ways to fill their pockets with spoil. The men whom we send to our Legislatures to represent us seem quite willing to become the tools of corrupt men, and it is marvelous to see with what joy the residents of any locality receive the patronage of the Government, whether needed or not. That member of Congress who secures to his district the expenditure of Government money for the building of any "improvement," no matter how absurdly unnecessary, does much to secure his re-election. There is no denying the fact that the people are just as fond of spoil as the politicians are.

We find fault with the management of corporations, but all our corporations have virtuous stockholders. Did anybody ever hear of these stockholders relinquishing any advantage derived from dishonest management? Do they protest against receiving dividends of scrip coming from watered stock? Do they not shut their eyes to "irregularities," so long as they are profitable, and do not compromise their interests before the law? There is not a corporation of any importance in America which is not regarded as a fair subject for plunder by a large portion of the community. If a piece of land is wanted by a corporation, it is placed at once at the highest price. Any price that can be got out of a corporation for anything is considered a fair price. Corporations are the subjects of the pettiest and absurdest claims from all sorts of men. Men hang upon some of them like leeches, sucking their very life blood out of them.

And now, what do all these facts lead to? Simply to the conclusion that dishonesty in our Government and dishonesty in all our corporate concerns is based on the loose ideas of honesty entertained by our people. We have somehow learned to make a difference between those obligations which we owe to one another as men, and those which we owe to the Government and to corporations. These ideas are not a whit more prevalent among office-holders and directors than they are among voters and stockholders. Men are not materially changed by being clothed with office and power. The radically honest man is just as honest in office as he is out of it. Corrupt men are the offspring of a corrupt society. We all need straightening up. The lines of our morality all need to be drawn tighter. There is not a man who is willing to smuggle, and to see customs officers betray their trust while he does it; willing to receive the results of the sharp practice of directors of corporations in which he has an interest; willing to receive the patronage of the Govern-

ment in the execution of schemes not based in absolute necessity; willing to take an exorbitant price for a piece of property sold to the Government or to a corporation, who is fit to be trusted with office. When we have said this, we have given the explanation of all our public and corporate corruption, and shown why it is so difficult to get any great trust

managed honestly. All this official corruption is based on popular corruption—loose ideas of honesty as they are held by the popular mind; and we can hope for no reform until we are better based as a people in the everlasting principles of equity and right-doing. If we would have the stream clear, we must cleanse the fountain.

## THE OLD CABINET.

ANY one who has had the opportunity of seeing the manuscripts which have been offered to a periodical, or a publishing-house of any kind, will remember that a large number of these manuscripts were chiefly "declined" because of their sentimentality. The curious thing about it is, that the sentimentality is not confined to the writings of sick persons and young children, but is found in the sketches, stories, or essays of adults in good bodily health, of people who are not without practice in "composition," of persons whose business it is to teach others, and especially the young, how to write. We should be pleased to base these desultory observations upon a collection of papers contributed by the Professors of Rhetoric, of English Literature, and the like, in our seminaries and colleges. Such a collection, if we mistake not, would have a vast deal of sentimentality sugared through it. It would have a great deal of that kind of gush, more or less stately and grammatical, which it is of some consequence that young people should be taught to avoid, both in their private and printed communications. After reading what Charles Francis Adams so forcibly said in his Amherst address, on what should be taught in the higher institutions of learning, we wished that some one would make an equally impressive harangue on this precise point of teaching teachers not to teach sentimental writing.

If it is true that everybody is born with a tendency toward sentimentality, which requires a great deal of drill to overcome, then, of course, it is important to begin this drill in youth. Here, it will be seen, is work for teachers, and for writers of children's books.

The other day we came upon a French book for children, which is a case in point. Behold the early history of Mademoiselle Mouvette, by P. J. Stahl, with designs by Lorentz Froelich! Now be it known that Mlle. Mouvette was not six weeks old before she had already given anxiety to her family by the turbulence of her character. In fact she was not a little girl; she was an eel. Her nurse declared that her veins were full—not of blood but of quicksilver. It was impossible to hold her. Try it, said the nurse to her mother. Her mother did try it, and in a moment Mlle. Mouvette was on the floor. In the picture you may see this young lady as she appeared upon touching the carpet. Her small, but active legs are boused up, chrysalis fashion; her

cap is pulled down on one side of her head; her arms are lifted in the air in the most spirited manner, and her face wears a very intelligent and mischievous expression.

One day Mlle. Mouvette was found on the floor at the foot of the bed, her extremely small nose giving sign of what is known in the ring as "punishment." Ah! even sleep cannot repress her extraordinary vivacity—even in her sleep she leaped like a fish. It is necessary to see the portraiture of Mouvette when discovered lying there on the floor at the foot of the bed, which she has left in so sudden and singular a manner: *le nez tout en sang*—but the face bright and contented notwithstanding. For Mouvette is a shining example to every person in misfortune. All the world can hear her laugh—not one can say that he has ever heard her weep!

We cannot follow all her fascinating story. But we must not fail to note her affection for the fire, from which no jumping-jack, no pasteboard dog that goes *ouah! ouah!* could distract her. "The fire, the fire! nothing pleased her but the fire!"—into which she at last tumbled, only to emerge cheerful and chipper as ever. We can only allude to her wonderful ladder-feat, when she climbed into the gutter among the swallows and pigeons, who, of course, thought her some new kind of bird; to her fall into the thorny rose-bush; her escape from her *bonne* in the garden of the Tuileries; the robbery there of her necklace, ear-rings, and muff, by an old rogue of a woman who pretends that it is in order to keep them from tempting some passing thief; her rescue by a sergeant de ville; her appearance before the commissary of police, who takes her to her house, and dramatically restores her to her weeping parents. But how fresh and natural and sprightly the whole delightful story; how graphic every touch of pen and pencil; how admirable the delicate suggestion of naiveté in the description of the chattering *bonnes* in the garden of the Tuileries. Even the old thief—there is a vein of satire, a veritable dramatic quality in her little speech to the lost Mouvette. And then the moral purpose is so well sustained—without cant or sentimentalism, or over-solemnity, or stupidity of any kind; the anguish of the unhappy Rosalie, through whose inattention the child is lost; the distress of her parents; her own fright and misery and shame; the tear that steals down her cheeks, and seems to be about to drop into her spoon as she



eats her hurried dinner far up under the Mansard roof of the commissary; her evening prayer, unaided by the kisses of her mother; her final reformation, when she turns all the remarkable energy of her character into the exercise of sewing—as so well illustrated by M. Frœlich in the last engraving; none of these points are omitted, and there are many others—gentle, touching, and admonitory. It was interesting for us to remark the gravity with which this story of Mouvette was read by our bright little French friend, whose father had brought her the book. It was interesting, also, to see the tears that her good grand'maman shed when she read of the happy return of Mouvette to her father and mother.

If we take an instance from the French, it is not because there is a lack of like instances in American books and periodicals.

Is it necessary to draw a comparison between such literature for the young and the sentimental stuff that publishers find it profitable to supply to the family and Sunday-school library? In this same farm-house where we met this summer with the delicious chronicle of Mlle. Mouvette, we found upon the parlor table a Sunday-school hymn and tune book, published by a firm whose works of this kind sell, according to their own proud boast, by the hundred thousand. This little book was declared, both by its title and preface, to be a select and especial collection. That very many of these select verses were brainless and unbeautiful was not so much a matter of regret as that so many of them should be tinctured with a mawkish sentimentality. It was appalling to contemplate the mass of sweetish, sickening nonsense thus forced into the mouths of we know not how many hundreds of thousands of innocent little children all over this Christian land; forced into their mouths by their *teachers*, mind you; by those who should be busy in protecting them from such an outrage.

When one comes to criticise sentimentality in connection with religious exercises, one comes upon delicate ground. But we suppose there is little doubt that just in so much as the element of sentimentality enters into these exercises, whether they are carried on in the regular course of church services, or in unusual ways, just in so far are these exercises unhealthy; for sentimentality is not a mere point of dilettanteism. There is an acknowledged distinction between sentiment and sentimentality. The dictionaries only partially acknowledge the distinction; but to say that a piece of writing has senti-

ment is understood to be very different from saying that it is sentimental. The difference is, that sentiment is a genuine thing, and sentimentality is a false thing. There can be no question that whatever is false is bad—in religion as in everything else.

SENTIMENTALITY is false in two ways. It is false because it has a taint of insincerity and affectation, even though the writer may not himself at first be aware of it. It is false, also, because to those whose eyes have been opened to the severe truth of things it seems trifling and superficial.

SENTIMENTALITY is an element of disintegration in every work of art into which it is permitted to enter. If the books of the Bible had not been free from it, they would not have lasted till this day. No piece of sentimental writing has come down to us from the far past; and no work of literary or other art of our own day, no matter how wide its present vogue, can exist long if it has this poison in its blood. It is truth that lives, not falsehood. We may look with keen regret upon the fading away of reputations dear to us; we may deprecate the lessening acceptance, both with ourselves and others, of some contemporaneous book which had a lesson for us—that once held us by a charm not altogether sentimental; but the law is inexorable. The instances which will occur to the reader of works in which there is the sentimental quality, but which still have held their own quite well, and promise a longer life than is consistent with the foregoing remarks—these apparent exceptions may possibly prove the rule, for it may be in spite of their sentimentality, and by reason of other vital and overpowering qualities, that they retain the consideration of mankind. The 'poison, then, is a mere surface matter—it has not entered the blood.

It will be at once perceived that here is an excellent opportunity for a Professor of Rhetoric to write a vigorous essay on the sentimentality of the press, and especially of the popular magazines. He or she will, we trust, not neglect to make this point, namely, that there are things as bad as, if not worse than, sentimentality, and one of these things is an assumption of superior taste, and of a more robust intellectual habit. And furthermore, that perhaps the most virulent sort of sentimentality is the affectation of being unsentimental.

## HOME AND SOCIETY.

### The Boys' Room.

Too little attention is paid by young people, when buying or building a house, to the future requirements of the babies still in their cribs. The time passes more quickly than they thought. Bob and Joe and Tom are soon big burly lads, apt to

shoulder and kick each other if brought into too close contact; and Nelly and Bess, young ladies, each with her array of bosom friends, books, love-letters and crimping-irons; and for them all there are but the two small chambers, one of which has often to be vacated when a guest arrives. The boys

in most cases fare worse than any other members of the family. Their sisters' chamber is dainty and prettily furnished, while they are huddled into the garret or whatever other uncomfortable cubby-hole offers itself in which they can "rough it," in the case of farmer's sons this apartment often is the loft of the carriage-house. Now, if a boy's tendency is stronger than a girl's to be disorderly, untidy in his habits, and lacking in personal reserve or a love for the beautiful, it is the more necessary that he should be taught these things from his earliest childhood. Much of the want of refinement, the nervous debility and other evils of both body and mind which inhere to Americans, are caused by the habit of crowding boys together into ill-ventilated, ugly, meagerly furnished chambers. No weak, nervous child can sleep with one of stronger physique without suffering a loss of nervous vitality and power. Each child in a family should have its own bed, and at the proper age its own chamber; beds and chambers to be clean, orderly, and as prettily furnished as the parents' means will allow. Especially is this a necessity with the daughters of a house. Every mother will remember how dear to herself, in her girlish days, was the chance of seclusion—the chest of drawers where she could store away her laces, ribbons and other dearer trifles; the locked desk with the diary inside; the white chamber, with its snowy curtains, where she could hang her dried ferns and photographs, and sit alone to ponder over her compositions, or read her Bible. A boy has his fancies, tastes, hobbies, as well as a girl. He may not want seclusion, but he does want elbow-room, and he ought to have it. Bob is a mighty fisherman, and clutters up the one closet with poles and lines, hooks, and books of flies. Jim has reached the autograph stage, and must have a desk and quires of paper with which to assault everybody mentioned in the newspapers, from Longfellow to Buffalo Bill. Tom has a mass of old rubbish collected at junk-shops, having caught the curiophobia from his mother; and Bill heaps on top of all, his balls, bats, old shoes, and half-eaten apples.

Of course it is expensive to give to each boy room for his hobbies and belongings, but, after all, it will not cost half as much as to refurnish the drawing-room with Turkish rugs and furniture from Sypher's. And do we owe most to our neighbors, or our boys? Whose tastes, habits of order, cleanliness, delicacy, ought we to cultivate?

We wish, however, especially to urge upon mothers the propriety of giving up to the boys, as soon as they reach the age of twelve or fourteen, one room (not a bedchamber), for whose (reasonably) good order they shall be responsible, and which they shall consider wholly their own. The floor should be uncarpeted, of oiled wood; the furniture of the same material. Let it be papered, curtained, decorated according to the boys' own fancy; if the taste is bad, they will be interested after a while in correcting it. There should be plain book-cases, a big solid table in the center, by all means an open fire, and room after that for Joe's printing-press, or Charley's box of tools, or Sam's

cabinet of minerals; for chess and checker boards, or any other game which is deemed proper. To this room the boys should be allowed to invite their friends, and learn how to be hospitable hosts even to the extent of an innocent little feast now and then. Father, mother, and sisters should refrain from entering it except as guests; and our word for it, they will be doubly honored and welcomed when they do come.

Somebody will ask, no doubt, what is the use of pampering boys in this way, or of catering to them with games and company? Simply because they will have the amusement, the games and company somehow and somewhere; and if not under their father's roof with such quiet surroundings as befit those who are to be bred as gentlemen, the games may be gambling, and the company and suppers those which the nearest tavern affords. As for the cost, no money is ill spent which develops in a right direction a boy's healthy character or idiosyncrasies at the most perilous period of his life, or which helps to soften and humanize him, and to make more dear and attractive his home and family. If it can be ill spared, let it be withdrawn for this purpose from dress, household luxury, the sum laid by for a rainy day—even from other charities and duties. We do not wish to help the lad sow his wild oats, but to take care that the oats are not wild, and are thoroughly well sown.

#### Daily Charities.

THERE is a queer, one-sided notion of charity which a very large number of people, especially religious, conscientious women of small means, are apt to adopt, and to carry out rigidly in their daily domestic lives. It is, that duty requires them to save money in every legitimate way, and then give a certain amount to the church or to the poor. A certain little woman that we know inexorably sets aside a tenth of her small income for charity,—a most admirable resolve, as everybody will acknowledge. But, in order to increase this tithe, she lays burdens on herself, her husband and her servants, hard to bear. Diet in her system is reduced to its plainest and least tempting conditions; economy is brought to bear on the quality of the meat, its seasoning—the very coal, and the time required for its preparation. The boys sit down day after day the year round to the bare, uninviting table with its coarse cloth and meager dishes of oatmeal porridge, and stewed apples, or chops and potatoes, which they know have been counted before they were boiled. Their mother wonders why their appetites flag, and why her dinner-table is never the pleasant, jolly place of meeting which the boys declare their Aunt Rousby's to be. She "will not think so ill of her sons," she declares, "as to believe that their tempers would be improved, or their love for their mother quickened, by occasional gratification of their stomachs," or, as she puts it, "their carnal appetites." But the fact remains that the Rousby boys are rosy and happy, and as long as they live will remember mother's custards or chicken pie as a way in which she showed her love for them, while

their cousins know and care nothing about their mother's hours of prayer and wakefulness on their behalf. This charitable woman, too, wears the coarsest and ugliest costumes for the sake of economy and self-mortification, and yet is miserable because her husband has long ago ceased to pay her lover-like compliments, and so often notices Jane Rousby's rosy cheeks and pretty breakfast-caps. In a word, she makes her home bare, niggardly, uninviting to her husband and sons, and drives them elsewhere for amusement and comfort. She is mean to the very outer edge of honesty in her dealings with butcher, milkman, and baker. She hires her servants at the lowest wages, and takes advantage of the hard times to bring down the washer-woman's pay per dozen to starvation rates. She has traffic in a small way with twenty poor people—hucksters, cobblers, sewing-women, all struggling honestly to keep soul and body together through this hard year. Liberal pay for their labor, a few pennies here, a dollar there, given as wages, not alms, with hearty praise for work well done, would have helped many a sore heart and warmed many a cold hearth; but she will tell you that duty requires her to give, not pay, her tithe of charity. It goes, therefore, to applicants of whom she knows nothing, or to organized associations; is sometimes well and as often ill bestowed.

The quality of mercy and its substance, whether that be money, old clothes or cold victuals, is much more apt to bless those who give than those who take, unless there be personal sympathy given with it. The poorest beggar takes mere alms with a sullen sense of injustice. If our conscientious friend, and our readers who are of her persuasion, would contrive to turn the alms given from their household into wages, and their homilies into sympathy, the coming winter would not prove so prolific in well-fed tramps and starving tradesmen.

There are other kinds of charity which are much more helpful than money-giving, and are frequently practicable by those who have least money to give. There is influence; the personal trouble required to write a letter or to make a call, in order to find pupils for the poor visiting governess, or more work for the cobbler, or a better position on the railroad for the young fellow across the way who supports his mother and sisters. There is the magazine carefully saved and forwarded to the poor teacher among the hills who cannot afford a subscription; there is the glimpse of town given to the country cousins, the fortnight at the sea-shore for the seamstress and her pale little baby. There is the invitation now and then, and the hearty welcome always, to the lads alone in the great city who know only our own family; in short, the giving of trouble and sympathy, not money, to those who need help. Some few women have that witch-hazel power which enables them to find out the human nature in their cook or washerwoman, as well as in the people they receive in their drawing-rooms. Such women are benefactors, though they should never be worth a dollar of ready money; and however cheap their house or poor their table, nobody can cross their

threshold without feeling that he has drawn nearer to the sun, and has been there royally warmed and fed.

#### Don't Give up the Garden!

If, as the illustrious Verulam asserts, a garden be "the greatest refreshment to the spirits of man," one would naturally conclude that the refreshment ought to be available when most needed; namely, in the fierce midsummer heats. But how few gardens do we find in full beauty in July and August? Most people give up their gardens about this time; others hold on pretty well until the first light frosts, when they seem to think that all is over, and retire from the field. I have a garden in my mind's eye that belongs to one of these Fainthearts; it was trim and gay in April, gorgeous in June; but toward the middle of July there was a perceptible falling-off. Flowers were allowed to go to seed, the grass was not cut often enough, and weeds began to show their heads; and in October, if I had not watched the rise and fall of this floral empire, I should not have suspected that there had been even an attempt at floriculture in the vicinity. Less than a mile from this ruined Eden lies a garden that is attractive for nine months in the year. This is the beloved domain of a born gardener—an Eve, who smilingly says, pointing to her floral treasures, "I have got back to Paradise." When asked the secret of her success she replied: "I work a little in my garden every day. Flowers are like children—to thrive they must have constant and loving care." I went to see my Eve one day last fall after the frost had set in. I found her in the garden, shears in hand, clipping off frosted flowers; here and there a tender plant had been killed, but most of the flowers looked as bright as in June. Many flowers will bear a good deal of frost, and if the injured ones are removed the garden may be kept presentable quite into the edge of winter; especially if there be a goodly collection of chrysanthemums, and a reserve of pansies in the cold-frame or seed-bed. Pansies for late-blooming should be sown in June, and the flowering retarded by removing the buds; then they will burst forth with wonderful beauty in the cool autumn weather, and will endure considerable frost; though it is best to protect them at night. After even these hardy blooms have succumbed, much may be done to facilitate spring work. New beds should always be laid out in the fall; especially where sod is to be moved, for, if it is turned under, it will rot during the winter, and so make the best of flower-food. Then the hardy bulbs must not be forgotten. Tulips should be more generally planted than they are; the price (fifty cents per dozen for mixed varieties) brings them within the reach of all. A neighbor last fall was induced by my representations to invest a small sum in Parrot tulips, and this spring her little garden-plot was the show-place of the country-side. A fine Parrot tulip, to him who sees it for the first time, must indeed be a revelation. Many kinds of annuals do best when sown in the fall. Lists of seeds for fall sowing may be found in the floral catalogues, but I have never seen either petunias or verbenas in

these lists; yet both will seed themselves, and all flowers that do this may be safely planted in the fall. My verbenas last year were all from self-sown seed, and they were never more varied and beautiful. There was a good assortment of the verbenas colors, with fine, large trusses of bloom, and they were delightfully fragrant besides. They are not constant, however, and new seed should be procured frequently from some reliable florist, and this should be started in the hot-bed, for florists' seed is often several years old, and will not always germinate readily. It is a good plan to have verbenas succeed hardy bulbs; treated in this way they are very little trouble, and there is no hurry about getting them into bloom, if one has even a small collection of good perennials. They come along in time to take the place of the Sweet Williams, columbines, pinks, lilies, and June roses. Yonder in the grass-plot are three circular beds that have sown themselves for several years in succession. One is a bed of Drummond phlox; one contains petunias, and the other verbenas. They are always covered in the fall with their own growths, and sometimes leaves are added. Early in the spring the covering is removed, and a dressing of leaf-mold from the woods is applied; then they are protected by light brush and left to sun and shower.

When the seedlings come up they will generally require thinning and a little arrangement, as they will not be always evenly distributed over the beds. Borders of white candytuft are very pretty for beds set in the green grass; but it must not be sown too soon, as it blooms early and does not last long. These beds require renovating once in three or four years. I dug up one of mine this spring, and the excavation we made was so considerable, that it attracted general observation. Opinions were divided on the subject. One neighbor feelingly inquired if we were digging a grave. Some thought we must be going to build a cave or an ice-house; another suggested a grasshopper-trap; but that it was nothing but a posy-bed nobody would believe.

#### To Polish Wood.

GIVE it to a regular furniture polisher. This is the best way, and the one most likely to give entire satisfaction.

If you wish to undertake the polishing yourself, you will need the following articles: a great deal of patience; a steady hand; some sweet oil; some old linen; a little cotton wool; alcohol; sand-paper; and a little shellac (dark or light, according to your wood) dissolved in alcohol.

I am aware that this last item is rather vaguely defined, but how can I help it? It is impossible to tell the exact proportions of the ingredients in some mixtures. There are "gems" for instance—not precious stones, but the bread known under that name.

My cook asks me how to make them, and I tell her to stir into a pint of milk, flour enough to make a thin batter, such as would be suitable for griddle cakes; and to have her molds hot when she pours it in. Away she goes and does it, and such blotchy, flabby, heavy things as come out of those molds! She says she did not know when the batter was right. Why, it is the simplest thing! I never have the least trouble with them. I stir the flour into the milk *until it is thick enough*; I know the exact moment. I pour that batter into the molds, and the lightest and most delicate cakes are turned out of them. You can almost blow them away with a puff of your breath. My cook looks on with astonished eyes, and declares she did just as I told her, and just as I did. But, of course, she did not.

The best plan is to make the shellac tolerably thick, and try it on some refuse wood. If too thick, thin it until it is right.

Happily, the other directions are quite plain, and not to be misunderstood. Make a dabber of the cotton wool, cover it with linen, and tie this firmly. Wet it with the shellac, drop on it a drop of sweet oil, and rub it on the wood with a quick, even pressure, *in circles*, all over the surface. Be sure to distribute the polish evenly and quickly, and to give the same amount of rubbing to every part. Continue this wetting and rubbing until the wood begins to reflect. Then you had better stop, to give time for the wood to absorb the polish. The next day you must repeat the process, and the next, and the next, and so on until you are satisfied.

When the polish is sufficiently bright for your fancy, or your back aches too much to continue your work, you must make a fresh dabber, dampen it slightly with alcohol, and rub it softly and evenly over the wood. This will bring out the polish, and "fix" it. But you cannot put on any more polish after using the alcohol.

#### Magazine Burning.

NASHVILLE, TENN., August 21, 1875.

*Editor Scribner's Monthly:* I have thought somewhat of the uses to which your magazine might be put as the numbers accumulated and remained, good as new, about the house. They had proved such a source of satisfaction, pleasure and instruction to father, mother, two daughters, and four sons, including the writer, the oldest child, to say nothing of our guests, that it was suggested to my mind that something ought to be done with the copies we had. So your advice to "burn" the old numbers was only needed to set me to work. I gathered together twelve consecutive issues, taking pains to mark what you said under "Burn your Magazines" in one of them, and then set them afire; that is, I gave them to a young laboring man to show his wife and children, all of whom, he assures me, enjoyed the reading and illustrations hugely. After they had consumed the magazines they turned them over to a neighbor, who followed suit. These copies have now passed through ten families, and been read by about seventy people, and are amazingly well preserved, considering the burning they have had.

Very truly yours, J. L.

## CULTURE AND PROGRESS.

## Caton's "Summer in Norway."\*

MR. CATON is not our ideal traveler, but he possesses some of those qualities which an ideal traveler could least of all afford to dispense with. He is an excellent observer, and his interest in the scenes he describes is singularly sincere and unaffected. His practical intelligence, unobscured by learned prejudice, acts as an excellent reflector, representing the objects as they are, with the faintest imaginable tinge of individual coloring. A book of travel of this description is, naturally enough, not quite so entertaining as it would have been if the author had dispensed his colors with a more lavish brush; but where the Horatian *utile dulci* is beyond realization, we would far rather renounce the superficial æsthetic pleasures of reading, if, as in the present case, we are to gain in exchange this supreme confidence in the author's strict adherence to fact. And we appreciate this feature the more, because Norway has actually suffered so much in the past from the exaggerations and misstatements of hasty travelers, that it is well if we may now at last acquire some reliable knowledge concerning the national character, and the industries and institutions of the country.

Some thirty or forty years ago Harriet Martineau, probably with the very best intention, wrote her "Feats on the Fjord," in which she handled the legends and traditions of the Norwegians with a poetic nonchalance which did more honor to her imagination than to her truthfulness; for even legends have their laws, which cannot be violated with impunity. The Norwegian peasants were by her represented as a chatty, nimble, and sentimental race, demonstrative in their emotions, and with choicely polished phrases always on their tongues' ends. Since then English sportsmen have annually made their *début* in literature by fantastically inaccurate extracts from the Norse Sagas, intermingled with strange popular legends and personal adventures, until at length it has become well-nigh a tradition that every aspirant for literary laurels who is too shallow-brained to produce anything of independent merit, may, by indulging his unbridled fancy during a summer's sojourn in Norway, gain an enviable distinction at his club, and moreover add to his name a faint aroma of authorship. The result of all this extravagant scribbling is, that Norway is to-day far less known, and more unfavorably known, than it deserves to be, and that regarding the national habits and characteristics, the most contradictory opinions find their way into our political

papers, magazines, and even into the text-books used in our schools.

Mr. Caton has evidently no theory to support about the peculiarities of Goth and Gaul, and, judging from the straightforward and unphilosophical way in which he relates what he saw and heard, we should say that he has never read Taine. He saw no drunkenness in Norway, he says, although he traveled from one end of the country to the other. He is clearly not aware that the Goth, from immemorial times, has got drunk, and that it must have been a deficiency in his eyesight if he did not discover that the Norwegians were drunk when he saw them. Again, at the country inns, where he and his party spent the nights, they had clean bed-linen, and the inhabitants whom they visited, with the exception of the Lapps, did not show any constitutional aversion to soap and water. Another *lapsus lingue*; the uncivilized Goth has never been remarkable for cleanliness.

These statements, however, are very easily reconcilable with the accounts of Bayard Taylor and other travelers, whose observations seem to point in the opposite direction. It is a world-old tradition among the Norwegian peasantry that at weddings, funerals, and family festivals, it is quite respectable to be drunk; and at the fishing seasons, when great numbers of peasants are huddled together in miserable little sheds, and suffer from cold and wet, vast quantities of brandy are consumed; but, nevertheless, drunkenness is even then rare. The same observation was made some twenty years ago by Mr. Charles Loring Brace, whose book, "The Norse-Folk," is one of the best descriptions of Norway which we have ever read.

We have praised Mr. Caton's conscientious avoidance of hasty generalizations; but, in spite of his good intentions, his book is not altogether free from blemishes. On page 289, for instance, he speaks of *fast* and slow stations, translating the Norwegian adjective *fast* by its English cognate; the Norse word, however, is only equivalent to the English in the sense of *fixed*, and can never mean *rapid*. Again, he interprets the Norwegian adverb *saa* as meaning assent or approval, while, like the German *so*, it is merely expressive of attention, and indicates that the person addressed is listening. Once, during a ramble along the Alten River, the author comes across a monument of that class which the natives call a *Bautasten*, and here indulges in a vague historical reverie which shows his ignorance of the actual historical facts. We should, on the whole, wish that Mr. Caton had contented himself with Norway to-day, which he saw and knew, without essaying an ambitious flight into the remote Saga world. His historical notes are full of errors, and their inaccuracy mars an otherwise valuable record of travel.

\* A Summer in Norway. With Notes on the Industries, Habits, Customs, and Peculiarities of the People; the History and Institutions of the Country, its Climate, Topography, and Productions. Also an Account of the Red Deer, Reindeer, and Elk. By John Dean Caton, LL.D., Ex-Chief-Justice of the Supreme Court of the State of Illinois. Chicago: Jansen, McClurg & Co.



"Mohammed and Mohammedanism."

AMONG the traditions of a New England college is one which may serve as a text wherewith to introduce our notice of this interesting volume. The story is to this effect. It was the custom of the college to require attendance at the religious services in its chapel, except in the case of students who had conscientious preferences for some other denomination than that to which the college church belonged. Such students were permitted to select some church of their own denomination, where they were expected regularly to attend. But, to the great perplexity of the college authorities, upon the entrance of a certain new class, one of its members avowed himself a Moslem; and, as the quiet college town, though abundantly supplied with churches of almost every Christian name, contained no mosque, the young man's religious privileges were seriously curtailed.

But, if Mr. Bosworth Smith had been a resident rector near the college, it would seem that the disciple of Mohammed might have attended on his ministry without just ground of complaint or fear of offended prejudices. For the estimate in which Mr. Smith holds the Arab prophet is so lofty, and his apology comes so near to being a eulogy, that it is at times a little difficult to see what more he would claim for Mohammedanism if he were writing as one of "the faithful," instead of as an unbeliever; and the noteworthy fact about it is that his enthusiasm seems spontaneous and disinterested. Apparently, it is not because he is a student of the Arabic literature in its original, nor because he has been an observer of practical Mohammedanism in lands where it has become a prevalent religious faith, that his estimate of it is so high; but rather, having taken up his subject as one likely to be interesting, and one to which there is a side which has been insufficiently heard by Christian audiences, he glows with the fervor of his advocacy, and his enthusiasm "grows by going." We are forced to the conviction that it has grown unduly. And, indeed (if it be not too severe a criticism), Mr. Smith's enthusiasm for Mohammedanism seems to have grown at the cost of his admiration for Christianity. We may admit the study of "comparative theology," and of "the science of religion" to be a legitimate scientific study; but when we are asked to concede the improbability "that Islam will ever give way to Christianity in the East, however much we may desire it, and whatever good would result to the world," or that Mohammedanism is "perhaps the nearest approach to Christianity which the unprogressive part of humanity can ever attain in masses,"—we are asked to leave out of sight, in our scientific study, an essential characteristic of Christianity. For, while it is, in its spirit, tolerant of other religions, and while its master claims to have "other sheep that are not of this fold,"—yet it promises to be the universal religion, and claims more, a great deal, for itself, than a primacy *inter pares*, or a restriction of itself to the "progressive part of humanity." Its

divinity is largely proved by its fitness to succeed, and by its actual successes, among all nations and kindreds and tongues. And it is a strange misconception of its genius and spirit to suppose that such a compromise or such a partnership as Mr. Smith suggests is for a moment possible to it.

Moreover, Mr. Smith is not fortunate in his assertions concerning the excellencies of Mohammedanism in practice. He has to resort, for example, to some special pleading, in an appendix, to defend Mohammedanism in Africa against the damaging testimony of Dr. Livingstone. Since then we have had Livingstone's "Last Journals," in which is additional testimony more serious and damaging than ever. It is hard to put confidence in his assertions of fact which have no personal observation to justify them, and which, in some instances, require special explanation, and some fervor of advocacy, to make them seem to stand.

And yet there is something to be said on Mr. Smith's side. It happened years ago to the writer of this criticism to come upon a Mohammedan mosque in the remote Chinese city of Foo-chow. After a day spent among Buddhist temples, with their innumerable images, and in dirty streets and noisome alleys of the crowded city, it was an immense relief to come suddenly into the quiet and cleanliness of this mosque. There were no images; there was (comparatively) no dirt. The legends written on the walls spoke of the Unity of God. The calm and dignified old Tartar in charge of the place, recognizing us as Christians, claimed fellowship with us, as, in a sense, co-religionists. Nor were we any way unwilling to admit the claim and to reciprocate the fellowship. It was a purer spiritual atmosphere to breathe than that of polytheism.

Mr. Smith's book is very readable; and the Messrs. Harper have greatly added to the value of it by giving in an appendix Mr. Emanuel Deutsch's famous "Quarterly Review" article on Islam.

Gautier's Travels.\*

GAUTIER had a captivating way of throwing himself into harmony with a new landscape, of getting from an old view new lights and tints. He was both poet and painter, and these two books on lands that lie at the two extremities of Europe, are models in the line of rapid, sketchy travel. They belong strictly to these modern times when the Correspondent flourishes, but their want of depth is made up by Gautier's sympathetic nature, his marvelous sensitiveness to color, and unequalled ability to flash picture after picture before the reader's eyes, all at their most favorable point of vantage. He never nods; all is brisk life, hurry, and joyousness. In the Russian book we get, in the midst of a long-sweeping sleigh journey over snowy steppes, a sudden photograph. It is only a beautiful young Jewess in rags in some squalid Polish town, but the hand that drew her was masterly in its own way, and the picture remains.

\* Mohammed and Mohammedanism: By R. Bosworth Smith. New York: Harper & Brother.

\* A Winter in Russia. Translated by M. M. Ripley.—Constantinople. Translated by R. H. Gould from the French of Théophile Gautier. New York: H. Holt & Co.

## Nadal's "Impressions of London Social Life." \*

THE leading sketches in this volume won recognition upon their first appearance in the magazines, not only for the correctness of their descriptions, but because they showed the touch of a new hand in our literature. In their present form, the reader will, we think, be more than ever impressed by the qualities which first attracted him.

If we should say that Mr. Nadal's book bore the same relation to Emerson's "English Traits" that the study of the landscape gardening of England bears to the study of its geology, we should give, doubtless, a false idea of Mr. Nadal's book, which, while dealing in a discursive and very amusing manner with the surface of things, does not fail also to go occasionally to the very foundations. If in one chapter we are treated to a most graphic and entertaining account of the Dancing School in Tavistock Square, in others we find some of the most profound observations upon English life and character which have been made by any American.

In Hawthorne's "Our Old Home" we are aware of a subtle (and not unnatural) assumption of spiritual superiority—a tone which was doubtless aggravated by the peculiar state of the author's mind—the bitter melancholy of a high and tender nature—at the time (during the war) when the book was in the making. The present author does not betray a tone like this, but certainly he does not seem to be troubled by any painful sense of inferiority in the presence of the mighty and the immemorial. There is no assurance; but, also, there is nothing that can disturb the writer's critical temper. On the other hand, whatever faults of style or treatment one might detect, it would be easy to refer to a literary modesty which prevents a proper self-appreciation. We sometimes feel that our author has not made the most of his sentence; sometimes that he has not done justice to himself in the treatment of his subject.

We speak of the new touch that is recognizable in Mr. Nadal's writings. If we say that he reminds us of Charles Lamb, or of Thackeray, we only mean that here is a writer, altogether original, who has a charm of style, not borrowed from those masters, but legitimately inherited. He has, too, an *esprit* which will suggest the French, and is fortunate in having escaped influences which have given to some of our younger writers a self-conscious, microscopic habit, of whose hinderance they must themselves be sometimes keenly aware. And yet the self-consciousness of the book is one of its charms. There is a *naïveté* which is not the original, genuine article; nor is it, on the other hand, a matter of affectation. It is this literary *naïveté* which our author so skillfully makes use of. Take, for instance, this from the chapter on "Childhood and English Tradition:" "How ready is an American to greet in England any realization of these dreams of his childhood! With what pleased recognition does he exclaim:

'Oh, this is you!' and 'I have heard of you before.' I once went upon a visit to a friend of mine, who was an officer in a yeomanry regiment, at that time mustering in a town in one of the western shires of England. The colonel, to whom I was introduced, had been a younger son, had gone into the army, and been to India. But he had come into his property, and was now a country squire, with a large family and handsome fortune. I at once recognized the kind of man. They said he had eleven daughters. (What a fine old English sound they have!) During the mess dinner the regimental band played from a hall adjoining. The colonel, who had put me next him, said, 'I wanted to see if the band could play "Yankee Doodle," but I find they don't know it.' 'How good of you!' I exclaimed, deprecating the mention of such a distinction. 'Yes, yes,' he answered, with the determined manner of one who, though now an old rustic, perhaps, had yet, in his youth, seen something of the world, and knew how things should be done, 'I believe in every honor for the diplomatists.' As I sat there listening to his honest talk, my mood grew strangely friendly. 'Should war's dread blast against them blow,' I felt that I wished to be ranged on the side of the kind colonel and his eleven daughters."

The British swell is analyzed in these pages with great cleverness. "When in England," the author writes, "I saw that a swell, so soon as he perceives that his distinctions do not pay, relinquishes them. It will be seen that these distinctions appeal for admiration to persons in a certain middle condition of education. Those who appreciate such graces to the full must be somewhat civilized, and yet somewhat immature. A degree of impressibility in the men who look on is the condition of the exercise of the swell's talent. What sort of impression would *insouciance* make upon a hungry tiger? Nor would it impress an educated and acute man who insists upon submitting reverie to the test of definition and criticism. It is to the shop-boy, and the writer for the spring annual, that such graces appeal."

Americans who suffer severely from the effect of these graces when brought to bear upon themselves, and who find a sweet solace in the critical pages of Emerson, Hawthorne, and Lowell, will delight in many such wittily philosophical passages as the above; but they will, too, find some bitter in their cup of rejoicing, for the author does not spare American any more than English character. The word bitter is, however, not well chosen, for we fail to find bitterness here. The criticism throughout is good-natured, though penetrating, and the author purposely refrains from writing about the disagreeable people whom he had the misfortune to meet.

Perhaps the most timely word in Mr. Nadal's book is his view of "English and American Newspaper-Writing." We think that newspaper men of the more intelligent class will read this paper with interest, and be glad to give its statements currency. It is the faith of many newspapers, he says, that the people do not like sense and information; that they prefer nonsense or commonplace which has the appearance of originality. Our author thinks, on the contrary,

\* Impressions of London Social Life, with Other Papers suggested by an English Residence. By E. S. Nadal. London: Macmillan & Co. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

that the "average man" is well contented with either. "He likes sense and information, if they are not put in such a way as to tire or shock him. He is willing enough to put up with commonplace which imitates originality, for he finds nothing to object to in the commonplaces; but he has not sufficient confidence in his own judgment to detect the counterfeit originality. But it is a mistake to imagine that there is always a popular demand for any foolish fashion of writing which happens to exist. That very lack of discrimination which marks the uneducated man renders him quite as ready to accept sense as nonsense. But as nonsense only is given him, he accepts nonsense. Who is he that he should set up his opinion against persons who express themselves in such fine and confident words, whose sentences are printed in such elegant type, in papers sold at such grand hotels, and scattered by the thousand in such great cities? What is known as a popular demand might be more accurately described as a popular acquiescence. It seems very formidable when we think of the immense number of persons who form it; but then it is only skin-deep. Instead of a popular state of mind being, as we are apt to think it, a recondite and almost inscrutable matter, it is oftener the result of an obvious and even contemptible cause. Instead of there being a deep-seated and characteristic taste with which public caterers must comply, the fashion is often given the people from above. After the fashion is fixed, men write in accordance with it, and explain its existence by the fiction of a demand."

Mr. Nadal has given us a very delightful volume, —full of good things that one feels like marking with the pencil, or reading aloud, or quoting in a "book notice;" but we confess that these "Impressions" most interest us by the promise of their qualities. There are phases of American life, —and one of them at least he himself points out in the paper on "English Sundays and London Churches," —which are waiting for appropriate treatment at the hands of a writer whose tone is so high and reverent of truth, who has just such quick and subtle insight, just such exquisite poetic feeling, free from all taint of sentimentality.

#### Miss Phelps's "Poetic Studies."\*

ONLY those whose occupation it is to listen closely to all the utterances and echoes of the period, in imaginative literature, can fully know the relief that comes with hearing unexpectedly, amid the uproar, a single note of genuine, spontaneous song. Such a note we seem to distinguish in Miss Phelps's modest volume, though the manner of uttering it is not quite so much her own as we could wish it to be, seeing how fine and how distinctive is the quality of her feeling. It is not that one blames a poet for resemblances which may be as natural as that close friends should have kindred tastes, and members of one family develop like features; and, if Miss Phelps's poetic accent

recalls, here and there, the time of Browning or Emerson, it is no less a ground for pride that she can write in their modern strain two poems like "What the Shore says to the Sea" and "What the Sea says to the Shore." It is, perhaps, not doing Miss Phelps justice to call attention first to these hints of poetic kinship; but rather the offering of a crumb to very strict literary consciences. The maxim of some readers as well as critics seems to be, "First catch your poet;" we have shown them how to do it in this case. But even in "Petronilla," a poem, the peculiar lace-like texture of which we should be tempted most strongly to call Point of Browning, we find a strange, visionary effect in the description of miracle, which seems quite new and very notable.

The most simply pleasing, and possibly therefore the healthiest verses in the book are, we think, those called "Did you speak?" They relate a childish anecdote of the sort which women poets have brought into literature; and we owe humble thanks for the simple, naive, hearty sweetness imparted through them. Of "The Light that never was on Sea or Land," we must speak in a very different tone. This is a poem which brings criticism into the attitude of silent awe; not so much for its art (though that is singularly subtle) as for its pure, far-reaching feminine holiness. Here again is a revelation which only a woman could have made, because she alone knows the depths of feeling whence it came.

If we speak solely of literary value, we must think Miss Phelps wise in calling her poems "studies." In the main, they are simply this, —not, of course, cold, mechanical studies, but efforts in certain directions carried only to a given point. Some go farther than others, and several deserve a degree higher than that assigned by the title. But if these also are only "studies," we look with great hope for "works" to follow.

#### "An Idyl of Work."\*

A DEFENSE may be found for the strict literary conscience which we have alluded to in speaking of Miss Phelps. It is this. The alien notes in a poet's singing come there in two ways, —either through a semi-unconscious demand of a voice strong enough to carry them without hurt, or through adoption on theory. In the first case, of course, the defect excuses itself, in a measure. In the second, though the theory may be as unconscious as the distinctive demand was in the first case, it proves itself theory by the weakness of the voice, and cannot excuse itself — can only be excused.

When a poem in blank verse, something over four thousand lines long, is about to be written, it is advisable to reflect long and seriously whether the subject-matter takes the proposed form voluntarily, and whether it has in itself the peculiar elements and tendencies which will uphold the ponderous shaping, and keep it buoyant and battle-proof to the last. It seems to us that this was not safely to be

\* Poetic Studies. By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, Author of "The Gates Ajar," etc. Boston: James R. Osgood & Company.

\* An Idyl of Work. By Lucy Larcom. Boston: James R. Osgood & Company.

predicated in the case of Miss Larcom's work, and a thorough reading of it has made us wish that, with such high intentions, and such a knowledge of the life to be described, the poetess had cast her story in a more elastic form. All along through this tale of mill-girls' life there are gleams of that austere, pathetic kind of beauty which has made the far more meager peasant-life of Norway, for example, famous.

A natural error seems to have led to the adoption of the (in some ways) most poetic of all forms but the pure dramatic, in order to escape a strong sub-current of prosiness in the scenery. But this has only emphasized the obstacles. The verses are broken on the mill-wheels, as it were, at every turn; whereas a strong, musical prose would have put a spell on the machinery, and made the commonplace forcible and attractive in spite of itself. Take this scrap of talk:

"If she were from Connecticut,  
She might be—my third cousin."

"May be—is"

"That is her native State."

"Permit me, sir,  
To call upon her with you."

This is clear and unrelieved prose, and is by no means an exceptional passage. Yet we sympathize entirely with Miss Larcom's brave effort to rescue, even by a mistaken method, the recondite and valuable romance of obscure lives; and we must add that not only is her sentiment always true and dignified, but often her expression is very fortunate. These two facts, two extracts will prove:

"Woman can rise no higher than womanhood,  
Whatever be her title."

This has the right luster, but in a more successful setting it might have met readier recognition.

"One baby sister blossoms like a rose  
Among her thorny brothers, all grown rough  
With farm-work."

is like a breath of pure country air.

The plot is light and vague, but, with more distinctness and a poetic pitch more clearly sustained, the book might have been what we may still look to its author for, a long lever to advance American poetry on its true path.

#### "Foreign Dramatists under American Laws."

THE recent case in the New York Superior Court, brought by Mr. Sheridan Shook of the Union Square Theater, to prevent Mr. Augustin Daly from producing at the Fifth Avenue Theater the French play "Rose Michel," is the same in its main features as those discussed in our article on "Foreign Dramatists under American Laws." "Rose Michel" is a manuscript play from the pen of M. Blum, a French dramatist. It has been represented in Paris, but has not been printed there or here. A copy of the French manuscript, and one of the English translation, were purchased from the assignee of the author by Mr. Shook, with the exclusive privilege of representing the play in the United States, except-

ing New England. Mr. Shook thus acquired a common law right of property in the manuscript, just the same as he would in a lot of scenery or costumes purchased in Paris. The Court protected this right as a common law right, and not under the copyright statutes. This general principle of law was not disputed by Mr. Daly, but he had also bought a copy of the manuscript which purported to come from an alleged assignee of the author in England. The question, therefore, before the Court was, whether Daly's title was good as against Shook's, and the decision was in favor of the latter. Daly, therefore, himself claiming title from the author, was not in a position to raise the question whether the public representation of the play in Paris was an abandonment of the author's rights. If this issue had been raised, it could have been argued only on the ground that the play had been obtained through the memory of one or more persons who had witnessed the performance in Paris. But it is probable that even this theory will never again meet with any favor in our courts, which will, doubtless, hold to the better doctrine, that the representation of a manuscript play is not a publication destructive of the author's proprietary rights.

Some of the comments on the decision in the case of "Rose Michel" assume that the rights here accorded to a foreign dramatist are withheld from other foreign authors. This, however, is not so. Any foreign author has the right to make exclusive public use of his work in this country, provided it be kept in manuscript. The same protection thrown around the play of "Rose Michel" will be extended to a lecture or a musical composition given from manuscript to the public, or to an original painting on exhibition, notwithstanding they are foreign productions. Mr. Charles Reade may read in public a manuscript novel from New York to San Francisco, and his common law right of property therein will be protected by our courts.

#### A Reading-Room for the Blind.

To the Editor of "Scribner's Monthly": Within the limits of New York city, there are now about six hundred blind. Nearly all of the children thus afflicted are in the Institution for the Blind on Ninth Avenue, near Thirty-fourth street; a few are in the Asylum on Blackwell's Island. Of the men, most have become blind since they reached manhood, and sadly remember what it was to see.

The amount of literature accessible to the educated blind is very small. Of this, there are two kinds: the raised letter, which, with some slight modifications, is the same in form as the Roman, and the point-print, in which the alphabet is represented by an arrangement of raised dots. The two systems are so dissimilar, that a proficiency in reading one is no assistance whatever in the acquisition of the other. The bound volumes of this print are cumbersome and expensive, the Bible consisting of some eight volumes, of a total weight of fifty pounds. Despite the greatest care of experienced attendants, the raised letter often becomes flattened by finger-reading, and wholly illegible to the blind. To the greater number of those who are educated in it, finger-reading is a process too slow and laborious to afford much pleasure. As a rule, the blind are very poor; moreover, their relatives are in the same condition, and can spare neither the money to buy such books, nor the time to read them to their sightless friends, were the books provided. Very few are self-supporting; their life is one of enforced leisure, with many a dreary waste of time; and yet, in none of

our great cities is there a reading-room for the blind. The writer believes such a project not only practicable, but comparatively inexpensive, and desires to offer some suggestions on the subject.

A reading-room of this kind need not be a separate institution. One of the many side-rooms of our large libraries, with the addition of a few fixtures, would be sufficient to make the experiment. The cases should contain at least one copy of every book printed in blind letter. Tables and writing materials should be provided for those who are able to take notes in point-print. The chief feature, however, should be oral reading by some intelligent person employed for that purpose, who might also act as librarian. The reading should be of two kinds: the daily news and literature.

The part of the newspapers which would interest the men could first be read, and afterward that which would interest the women. The hours of these various readings should be well known and rigidly observed. The intervals between the oral readings would be the time for the consultation of the raised-letter books.

The second class of readings should be given in two courses in consecutive hours, so that those who desired could attend both without extra travel or tedious waiting. For example, a two hours' daily reading, for two weeks, might comprise history for the first hour, and poetry for the second. This reading should be strictly secular, embracing in the year's course, history, science, poetry, and fiction. Perhaps the plan might include those who, though not blind, are unable to read. If a number of blind persons should desire religious reading, and agree upon the matter to be read, no doubt a special arrangement could be made, which would be open to no objection.

This experiment must not be labeled charity—a word that has become an epithet, except when used poetically—or it will be a failure. It is the establishment of a means of education for a class of people shut out from our common schools, and debarred from the ordinary and the greatest avenue of knowledge.

Yours very truly, P. B. K.

#### French and German Books.

*Das Sprachstudium auf den Deutschen Universitäten.* D. Delbrück.—These are some practical remarks for students of philology from a Jena Professor of Sanscrit, which will be of service in telling what languages are the most important in a modern comparative study of tongues. Besides Sanscrit, he considers Greek, Latin, and German indispensable but sufficient, laying great stress upon Greek. Inscriptions should be well studied for the variations of language which they exhibit. The grammars which treat these languages in the best scientific way are mentioned for the benefit of students, and some short remarks indicate the value of the science itself, an allusion to which might seem unnecessary, if persons were not still to be found who, irritated by the continual mention of Sanscrit, lose no opportunity to underrate the importance of that great elder sister among Indo-European tongues. Of course Professor Delbrück considers languages from their philological point of value, and not with reference to speech or literature.

*Der Islam im XIX. Jahrhundert.* Vambéry.—A man who has seen as much of Asia as Vambéry, and in such an intimate way, is at once an authority. It will be remembered that he traveled up and down Asia disguised as a dervish, and thus came in contact with the real people, sharing their misery and hardships, and learning to feel himself one of them in all their characteristic traits of fanaticism, sluggish resignation, and, it may be said, vice and filth. Since that time he has traveled in more conspicuous

positions in Persia and elsewhere, has become a Professor at Budapest, and has followed the Eastern question with the singular advantage of knowing both Asia and Europe thoroughly, without having cause to lean unduly in favor of one or the other. Hence we read his absorbing book with good faith in his knowledge of the subject, and that faith is not betrayed when we meet impartiality and calmness of reasoning on every page. Vambéry is not a Humboldt; he might be called a light weight when compared to some men Germany can offer, but he is a capital observer, a strict holder to the truth; and, as far as these qualities go—and they go far—the right man in a little-explored field.

*Heinrich Heine.* Essay by S. Born.—After reading what Vambéry has to say about Asia, it is not a little striking to come upon an essay on Heine, himself an Asiatic—an Oriental mind looking about in a sea of German Philistinism. His was the romantic soul, the witty, tuneful brain that Vambéry finds nationally at home in the East, but also the will too weak to resist temptations successfully and bear with ugly and trivial things; least of all, to apply the brain persistently to one end. The essay is excellent in its sympathy with a poet, and in pointing out the large lines on which he failed.

*Reden und Vorlesungen.* F. Hecker, LL.D. St. Louis.—A German refugee of 1848, Friedrich Hecker has further claims upon our notice, because he fought in our Rebellion, and is the possessor of a gift of public speaking, which makes him a mouth-piece of our fellow-citizens of German tongue. If we may trust the portrait that accompanies these his Speeches and Readings, he is in appearance as thorough a Teuton as his enthusiastic, close-pressed sentences argue him to be in mind. It is this quality which makes his words pleasant reading; there is no half way with him; he has not only the courage of his opinions, but wields a trumpet with which to blow them abroad in the ears of men. It is a pity there is not an English translation of all that he has to say, both because we ought to know what our German neighbors think, and because there are many among ourselves whom this kind of writing and no other will reach. He is not unlike some of our own public speakers of the past generation; not as fine as the best, but without the failings of the second best in the way of knowledge and good taste. The samples of his work before us combine speeches at festivals and meetings of *Turnvereine*, a Defense of the Republic, a parallel between office-holders here and abroad, another between Lincoln and Cromwell, much to the advantage of the former, and an impressive bit of German thunder against woman's rights. Although very unequal, all these pieces possess a vital breath of conviction, and are well disposed to stir slothful minds into looking about them, and seeing what manner of land this is, especially what advantages they possess in their own country, and what national sins must be crushed. Like many persons of positive temperament, Herr Hecker is sometimes a partisan, even to inconsequence. He should not slur over the difficulty in Alsatia by say-



ing that, because the inhabitants speak German, they ought to belong to Germany, or that theirs is land stolen from Germany. It would be more consistent in a refugee of 1848, and an ardent upholder of our institutions, to advocate freedom of choice for the victims (as they now think themselves) of Prussian tyranny. When Alsatia was taken from France and tacked willy-nilly on to the German Empire, there was no slavery question or certainty of national disruption, as when South Carolina hurried us into a great war.

*Beruf der Frauen zum Studium und Ausübung der Heilwissenschaft.* W. V. Zehender.—A speech delivered at the University of Rostock reflects pretty well the sentiments of most educated physicians, not only of conservative Germany, but even of the United States, in regard to the question of the study and practice of medicine on the part of women. It is needless to say that the opinion is adverse as far as the practice is concerned; as to the study, that the speaker would leave to women themselves. He advocates giving them all possible advantages, but thinks them better fitted for nurses than doctors. The number of women who can stand the hard study and hard work of practicing the profession is

so small, that it is not possible to recognize them as a class; but if diplomas are open to one they must be open to all. The inference is, that the few abnormal women who are mentally and physically equal to the strain must go without the usual formal recognition of graduation, although nothing shall stand in the way of their self-improvement. The number of poor physicians is already great enough, without turning on a flood of imperfectly capacitated women doctors. The real genius will show without diploma.—Schmidt.

*Le Mariage de Gérard. Une Ondine.* A. Thueriet.—Slight plots moving in charming scenes of provincial life make these a very pleasing brace of novels, which will not "raise a blush to the cheek" of that young person famous in modern English literature. The heroines are, of course, *Parisiennes* in manners and attractive wiles, but their caprices only make them all the more charming in contrast with stiff provincials. The author strains a point of conscientiousness, when he acknowledges his obligations to an English novel called "Good-bye, Sweetheart," for the idea of "Une Ondine;" such pains are hardly necessary, his own story being very different and much the better.—Christern.

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## THE WORLD'S WORK.

### The Hydro-Carbon Furnace.

AFTER being the subject of elaborate and costly experiment for a number of years this furnace has recently assumed an interesting and apparently successful form near this city. In this instance it was employed in heating "wrought scrap" (refuse wrought iron, boiler plates, etc.) for rolling into plates. An old furnace, with a steam-boiler on top, was used, and immediately in front of the fire door was erected the new apparatus. The design of this furnace is to reduce crude petroleum to an inflammable vapor by the aid of superheated steam. To do this, a "generator" and a simple form of superheater are employed in combination with a brick "mixing chamber" and a kind of "Bunsen burner" made of fire-brick. The generator consists of an upright cast-iron vessel, somewhat higher than wide, and containing a series of thin iron shelves, one above the other, from top to bottom. At the top is an inlet for the oil, and an escape-pipe for the resulting vapor. At the bottom is an inlet for the steam, and below, enclosed in brick-work, is the superheater, made of a coil of iron pipe, resting in a small furnace. Steam under ten pounds pressure is taken through this coil, and, becoming incandescent, it enters the generator. Crude petroleum is then allowed to flow into the generator, and, as it drips

downward from shelf to shelf, it meets the slowly ascending steam, and becomes completely vaporized, and is taken up and carried forward in the form of vapor through the escape-pipe to the furnace. To burn this combined oil and steam, air must be supplied, and it is led into the "mixing chamber." This is a brick chamber erected just where the fire door stood when the furnace employed coal for fuel. Air is here mingled with the vapor through a regulating-damper, and the mixture flows on, still under pressure, to the "combustion chamber." In a solid brick wall, forming one side of this chamber, is left an opening opposite the pipe that discharges the vapor from the generator. Here is a tier of fire-bricks, 18 inches thick, and so arranged as to present a net-work of openings through the wall. This serves to break up the stream of mingled air and vapor, and the flame that burns immediately behind it spreads out and fills the entire furnace. Six piles of scrap-iron, averaging 500 lbs. each, are placed in the furnace, and in the dazzling white heat of the hydro-carbon flame are reduced to a workable condition in less time and with less trouble than by the usual coal-burning process. The flame and heat, after passing the furnace, flow on through the tubular boiler overhead, and there make steam for driving the rolling-mills, where the reheated scrap is finally made into plates. The advantages claimed

for this pattern of hydro-carbon furnace are: a gain in time in heating the furnace and raising steam, a large saving of labor, entire freedom from dust, soot, cinders, and smoke in the furnace and boiler-flues, and a greatly improved quality of iron. The number of hands employed in maintaining the fire is reduced, and the cost of fuel and labor is much lessened. The experiments were entirely satisfactory in every respect, and hopes are entertained that the hydro-carbon question may by this apparatus reach a satisfactory solution. The same plan is about to be tried upon a first-class locomotive. Details of the results will be promptly furnished as soon as the engine is in operation.

#### Mercurial Safety-valve.

THIS new apparatus does not differ in its action from the ordinary weighted lever-valve. In place of the usual sliding weight upon a solid arm, is a hollow arm carrying metallic chambers at each end. This arm passes through eyes in the top of three small uprights over the valves. One of these is jointed; one, in the center, is fixed to the top of the valve, and the other moves up and down in guides. Set screws hold the hollow bar in these at any desired position, and a locked cover prevents access to them. At the weighted end of the hollow lever, and communicating with it, is a cast-iron chamber made heavy by a thick base. At the opposite end of the lever is another and smaller chamber. When ready for use the large chamber is filled with mercury. When the steam pressure exceeds the desired limit the valve rises and lifts the lever. The mercury at once flows through the lever to the chamber at the opposite end. This transfer acts as a counterpoise, and the valve instantly opens wide and the steam escapes freely. When the pressure is relieved the lever falls, and the mercury flows back to its former position. The object of this device is to prevent the usual hesitation in safety valves, and in practice it is said to work well.

#### Artillery Practice.

THE race between guns and plates has been quite even for the past few years. Recently, a novel application of electricity to the firing of guns seems to place the guns ahead. Four or more guns having been shotted and trained upon the target, are fired simultaneously by wire. The combined shots striking at the same instant, shatter the target in a manner that no armor plates could survive. This method of firing opens a new field in artillery practice, and places plates as a means of defense at a disadvantage. In shells, a new application of gun-cotton and water forms a formidable and destructive shot known as the water-shell. This is a common iron shell charged with half an ounce of gun-cotton, and provided with a suitable fulminate and fuse. These are placed in the shell, and the remaining space is filled with water. When exploded, the shell breaks into a great number of very small frag-

ments. The common powder-charged shell breaks into only a few large pieces, and for this reason is less destructive. The theory of this is, that the powder burns slowly, and that the shell splits only in places where the pressure is first exerted. Gun-cotton, on the other hand, explodes instantaneously, and the shock being communicated by the uncompressible water to all parts of the shell at once, it is more thoroughly shattered, and the resulting cloud of missiles is greatly increased, in number and destructiveness.

#### The Phenometer.

THIS apparatus is designed to assist the signal-man on steamships in marking the intervals of time at which the fog-horn or whistle is to be blown, and to regulate the sounds in such a way as to cause them to announce the ship's course. It consists of a horizontal clock, placed, face up, in some convenient position in sight of the signal-man. The face is about eight inches in diameter, and indicates seconds only, the minute and hour figures and hands being upon a small dial near one edge, just as the second-hand is placed on watches. The second-hand has four arms at right angles with each other, and above the face is a movable disk, or dumb card, that obscures about three-fourths of the whole dial. Around the edge of the clock face are painted sections or segments. One of these covers ten seconds' space; four mark five seconds each, and between each are blanks of three seconds each. Outside of the clock is a flat brass ring, having the points of the compass marked upon it. In using the phenometer, the disk is moved round till the open part comes opposite the ship's head and in line with her course. The segments on the dial that are then visible indicate the number of blasts to be given on the whistle. The second-hands, as they then come into view, give the duration in seconds of each blast and each pause. The signal-man has no thought or choice in the matter. He merely watches the hands as they traverse the segments in sight, and sounds his whistle accordingly, and it is impossible to commit an error. The sounds, if they follow the instrument, announce the ship's direction. For instance, one blast of ten seconds indicates that the ship is steering within the points north and east, quarter north. Two blasts of five seconds each, with an interval of three seconds between them, would announce the ship's direction as between east and south, quarter east. Three blasts, and two pauses of five and three seconds, would mean south to west, quarter south, while four blasts of five seconds, with the same pauses, would indicate the ship's course to be between west and north, quarter west. These signals would be sufficient to give a general idea of the direction from which the unseen steamer was approaching, and the formula, being easily remembered, would be quickly and readily understood by all. The disk employed is designed to prevent mistakes, and the four hands serve to save time in watching for their appearance and journey over the visible portion of the dial.

## Ribless Boats.

SAIL-BOATS, for coast and river fishing, "built up" without ribs, are very popular in Massachusetts Bay, on account of their speed, lightness, cheapness, and ease of construction. They are so easily and quickly made that Eastern fishermen are becoming independent of the boat-builders, and each man builds his own boat at his leisure. To make one, the only material needed are good clear pine boards, each the whole length of the intended boat, a few pounds of small nails (galvanized), and the material for the stem, keel, and stern-post. The boards are run through a saw-mill and cut into strips about an inch and a-half wide, and out of these the boat is built up according to working models. These models are merely patterns of wood that give the outside of a half-section of the boat. They give the shape of the boat at every foot of her length, and are formed from some existing boat or drawn from a scale designed by some competent boat-builder. The keel, stern-post and stem are set up and secured together firmly, and then to the keel two strips are fitted horizontally, one on each side, and having been planed down at each end to fit the model, holes are bored through them and they are securely nailed to the keel. Over each is laid another strip, and with the plane and shave it is fitted to them in such a way as to conform to the shape of the boat, and then each is nailed down as before. In this simple manner the work proceeds. As the strips are nailed one over the other, they are bent to conform to the shape of the boat, and beveled to give the sides the right form.

A single day's practice in fitting the strips to the shape of the boat will enable a good carpenter to do the work with neatness and dispatch, and any person skillful with plane and hammer could in time turn boat-builder. When the sides rise to the gunwale, a broader and thicker strip of oak or ash is laid over all, to act as a fender and gunwale. During the whole process, the strips are kept heavily painted with white lead, and, when all is finished, we have a ribless shell, showing no nails except at the top, and exactly conforming on the outside and in to the model. To give lateral strength, shorter pieces of the strips are built up from the keel inside, and carefully fitted to the sides. The seats are placed over these, and then decks, store-room and cabin may be added as desired. Boats made in this way are very light and buoyant, and, being smooth on the outside, are good sailers. In case of injury, they are easily repaired by cutting out the broken place and inserting new strips, secured by backing on the inside. In practical use, such boats are found to be swift, dry and safe. They make good sea boats, and are said to resist injury with ease. In sailing they demand plenty of ballast, to compensate for their lightness. Their cheapness and ease of construction are rapidly bringing them into favor, as the cost is about one-third less than by the ordinary method. Two men with the materials in hand can easily make a boat 18x6 in sixteen days.

## Riveted Joints.

THE increased demand for plate and boiler-work has stimulated scientific investigation, and brought out many facts of general interest. The value of a piece of plate-work depends on the strength of the riveted portions. Calling the strength of an unpunched plate at 100, the strength of a double-riveted joint is reckoned at 66, a single-riveted joint at 50. Pinched rivet-holes, by means of the tearing and splitting caused by a smashing blow, are found to be less valuable by 15 per cent. than drilled holes. Oval rivet-holes have been tried with success. The long diameter of the rivet is placed in line with the length of the plate, thus reducing the space between the holes in its weakest direction. Sir W. Fairbairn suggests rolling-plates with thickened edges, so that the line of rivet-holes will be relatively stronger. This idea is now undergoing experiment. Boiler-plates are also being riveted diagonally, with the joints at an angle of 45 with the axis of the boiler. As the relative strength of iron and steel plates is—iron, 50,000 lbs.; steel, 60,000 lbs., many boilers are now being made of steel for the sake of this difference in strength.

## Enameled Ceilings.

A REFRESHMENT saloon in London has been finished inside in such a manner as to be readily washed out with a hose. The floor is paved, the walls are of majolica, and the ceiling is covered with enameled sheet iron. When it is desired to clean the room, the furniture is removed, the hose is laid on, and the place is simply drenched and flooded till clean. The ceiling is the novel feature of the room. To prepare it, large pieces of sheet iron were coated with white enamel in the usual manner, and were then handsomely painted in colors. After baking to secure the colors, the sheets were affixed to the beams of the floor overhead. The joints are made to fit tight, and once in place, the enameled plates will last as long as the building stands. This style of ceiling is partially fire-proof, and saves all the expense, repairs and dangers of laths and plaster. There is no patent on this system of ceilings, and any enameling firm may make the sheets in plain colors, clear white, or in patterns to fit any refreshment-room, bath-room, laundry, dairy, or other room where a washable ceiling is desired.

## Asbestos Paper.

ASBESTOS pounded in a mortar till reduced to a cotton-like mass, and then freed from earthy matter in a sieve, has been put in a paper vat, and good sheets of laid paper produced in the usual way. The sheets, on being written upon, were placed in the fire, but came out uninjured, though the writing was burned out and effaced. Such sheets of paper might be easily available if the letters in the writing were punched through it.

Morse's alphabet would be useful here, as the letters would be mere slits and minute holes, not liable to tear the paper.

## Graphic Illustrations of Music applied to Decoration.

THE oscillations of illuminated tuning-forks are often used to exhibit graphically the curves that result from the union of harmonic vibrations. Bits of glass are fixed to the forks, and, by the aid of a lamp, reflections from the little mirrors are cast upon the screen. On sounding the forks, the spots of reflected light assume various curves and figures upon the screen. A fork sounding a note, and another giving its octave, give one figure; two forks, tuned a fifth apart, give another, and so on. In every case the figures are fixed for each chord, and so well known are the curves produced in this way, that each chord is readily recognized, and the curves are named the octave, the third, the fifth, the seventh, etc. All of these harmonic figures have more or less beauty of form. Some of the more complex are exceedingly interesting and attractive on account of their grace of outline and detail. Drawings of these figures have been made; but aside from their scientific interest, they did not prove of any special value. Another and more simple method of producing them has led to a new application of these curves, and they can now be produced in a permanent form that makes them available in decorative art. This method is well known to students of sound, and may be easily carried out after a little practice. A stiff wooden bar (a yard-stick will answer) is supported at the ends in a horizontal position. From this is suspended a short piece of string in the form of a loop, each end being fixed to the stick. The string is drawn through a common four-hole button, and from this is hung a single piece of string, having a cup or hollow pendulum at the end. This pendulum has a small hole in the bottom, and when in use is filled with sand. This compound pendulum has a universal motion upon a horizontal plane. Set the string swinging in the line of the loop, and the pendulum will perform backward and forward excursions in that direction. Let the string rest and swing the loop, and the pendulum will make journeys at exactly right angles with the first directions. Set both loop and string in motion in the two directions, and the pendulum will describe curves that represent the combined or resultant motions. It is easy to see that the lengths of the string and the loop may be so adjusted to each other as to bear the same relation as a note to its octave, its third, fifth, etc. If arranged in this way, the pendulum will then make its excursions in curves, exactly representing the figures shown upon the screen in graphic illustrations of harmonic intervals by the aid of tuning-forks. To make the pendulum record its motions, it is filled with sand. This escapes in a slender stream through the hole in the bottom, and is distributed along its path. A plate of glass held beneath the pendulum will be covered with the sand laid down in lines corresponding to the figure it describes. To fix the sand permanently, the glass is first painted lightly with "French varnish." When this is cold and hard, the sand figure is laid upon it by the pendulum. On exposing the under side of the glass to a gentle

heat (without disturbing the sand), the varnish is melted, and the sand quickly adheres to it. On cooling the plate, the varnish sets, and a portion of the sand is fixed. The loose sand is rubbed off, and a perfect and permanent picture of the harmonic curves is permanently secured to the glass. Glass decorated in this way may then be treated as lights in window decoration; or, framed, may be hung upon the wall. In place of sand, smalt may be employed to give color to the designs. Tiles for exterior walls might have the same figures laid upon them in the various vitreous colors used in tile-painting, and, properly burned, would give an entirely new style of architectural decoration.

## Memoranda.

A NEW device for controlling the tension of the thread in sewing-machines has been brought out which has some features of interest. In place of the usual tension is a horizontal disk fixed to a standard placed at the end of the machine opposite the needle, and at the operator's right. This disk has a slight up-and-down motion, and is connected by a short arm that is geared to a small wheel on the shaft under the table. At each revolution of the wheel the arm raises and lowers the disk, alternately biting and holding the thread, and throwing it loose at every stroke. By this simple device the tension of the thread follows the motion of the needles automatically, and adjusts it to whatever kind of work is passing through the machine.

In the straw-burning engines now in use the straw is fed to the fire in a loose stream, and consumed as fast as it enters the fire-box. The consumption is therefore rapid and continuous. A device for retarding the combustion of straw, and for the utilization of a vast supply of fuel in the form of dead leaves, grass, etc., has been brought out, and good results are claimed for it. The grass or straw in the stove is compressed into a solid mass by a movable follower or weight that rests upon it. By thus applying pressure to the straw only the sides of the mass can burn, the top and bottom being protected by the follower and grate. By regulating the draft the fire may then be placed under control.

In place of a needle in ships' compasses two concentric circles mounted upon a cross piece of aluminum are recommended. The maximum of magnetization is at the north and south sides of the rings, and decreases to the neutral points east and west. The advantages claimed for this ring-compass, and recommended by the naval experts who have examined it, are greater sensitiveness, a less sluggish motion, and more freedom from the motion of the ship.

In photography the simple device of local heating of the plate during development is announced as producing better definition. In the case of children and other restless sitters, a lighted wax match held under the face brings out that part of the picture into greater distinctness.

## BRIC-À-BRAC.

## "Words and their Uses."

BY A MYSTIFIED QUAKER.

RESPECTED WIFE: From these few lines my whereabouts thee'll learn—  
Moreover, I impart to thee my serious concern:  
The language of this people is a riddle unto me,  
And words, with them, are figments of a reckless mockery!

For instance: As I left the cars, an imp with smutty face,  
Said "Shine?" "Nay, I'll not shine," I said, "except with  
inward grace!" "Is 'inward grace' a liquid or a paste?" asked this young  
Turk;  
"Hi Daddy! What *is* 'inward grace'?" How does the  
old thing work?"



"Friend," said I to a Jehu, whose breath suggested gin,  
"Can thee convey me straightway to a reputable inn?"  
His answer's gross irrelevance I shall not soon forget—  
Instead of simply yea or nay, he gruffly said "You bet!"

"Nay, nay, I shall not bet," said I, "for that would be a  
sin—  
Why don't thee answer plainly: Can thee take me to an  
inn?  
The vehicle is doubtless meant to carry folks about in—  
Then why prevaricate?" Said he, perversely, "Now yer  
shoutin'!"

"Nay, verily, I shouted not!" quoth I, "my speech is mild:  
But thine—I grieve to say it—with falsehood is defiled.  
Thee ought to be admonished to rid thy heart of guile."  
"See here! my lively make," said he, "you sling on too  
much style!"

"I've had these plain drab garments twenty years and more,"  
said I,  
"And when thee says I 'sling on style,' thee tells a wilful  
lie!"

At that he pranced around as if "a bee were in his bonnet,"  
And, with hostile demonstrations, inquired if I was "on it!"

"On what? Till thee explains thyself, I cannot tell," I said.  
He swore that something was "too thin;" moreover it was  
"played!"

But all his jargon was surpassed, in wild absurdity,  
By threats, profanely emphasized, "to put a head on" me!

"No son of Belial," said I, "that miracle can do!"  
Whereat he fell upon me with blows and curses, too,  
But failed to work that miracle—if such was his design—  
Instead of putting on a head, he strove to smite off mine!

Thee knows I cultivate the peaceful habit of our sect,  
But this man's conduct wrought on me a singular effect:  
For when he slapped my broad-brim off, and asked, "How's  
that for high?"

It roused the Adam in me, and I smote him hip and thigh!

The throng then gave a specimen of calumny broke loose,  
And said I'd "snatched him bald-headed," and likewise  
"cooked his goose;"

Although, I solemnly affirm, I did not pull his hair,  
Nor did I cook his poultry—for he had no poultry there!

They called me "Bully boy!" although I've seen nigh three-  
score year;

They said that I was "lightning" when I "got up on my  
ear!"

And when I asked if lightning climbed its ear, or dressed in  
drab,

"You know how 'tis yourself!" said one inconsequential  
blab!

Thee can conceive that, by this time, I was somewhat per-  
plexed;

Yes, the placid spirit in me has seldom been so vexed:  
I tarried there no longer, for plain-spoken men—like me—  
With such perverters of our tongue, can have no unity.

—Frank Clive, in the "Buffalo Courier."

*Apocryphos* of the Centennial, we republish from  
"The New York Ledger" of January 6, 1872, the  
following little poem by the Poet Laureate. The  
Editor stated at the time that this was the only poem  
ever written by Mr. Tennyson for an American  
publication:

## ENGLAND AND AMERICA IN 1782.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

[Mr. Tennyson writes to the editor of the "Ledger:" "The  
poem, which I send herewith, is supposed to be written or  
spoken by a liberal Englishman at the time of our recognition  
of American Independence."] ]

O thou, that sendest out the man  
To rule by land and sea,  
Strong mother of a Lion-line,  
Be proud of those strong sons of thine  
Who wrench'd their rights from thee!

What wonder, if in noble heat  
Those men thine arms withstand,  
Retraught the lesson thou hadst taught,  
And in thy spirit with thee fought—  
Who sprang from English blood!

But thou rejoice with liberal joy,  
Lift up thy rocky face,  
And shatter, when the storms are black,  
In many a streaming torrent back,  
The seas that shock thy base!

Whatever harmonies of law  
The growing world assume,  
Thy work is thine—The single note  
From that deep chord which Hampden smote  
Will vibrate to the doom.

Edgar Allan Poe.

FARMDALE, KY., September 10, 1875.

I NOTICE in your September number fac-simile of  
a poem by Poe, dated in March, 1829, and said to  
have been written after he left West Point. E. L. D.



is in error. Poe was a member of my class at the Military Academy—which entered the Academy in June, 1830, and he left the Institution sometime in 1831. I remember him well. While at the Academy he published a small volume of poems which were not thought to have much merit. He was too much occupied with his poetry to attend to the severe studies of the course at the Academy, and hence resigned, in order to devote his whole time to poetry.

The writer, having graduated, left the Academy in 1834, and, while visiting a friend in Baltimore in the fall of that year, was asked by a casual acquaintance if he knew Edgar Allan Poe, who had informed the gentleman alluded to that he was acquainted with me. On responding in the affirmative, I was told that Poe was then working in a brick-yard in Baltimore, being engaged in wheeling clay in a wheelbarrow. This may throw light on that part of his history immediately after his leaving the Academy.

R. T. P. A.

(R. T. P. Allen, of the Class of 1834, late Superintendent of Kentucky Military Institute.)

#### Faithless.

I WONDER if it seems as long  
To you; three years have passed, or more,  
Since, loath to speak the final word,  
We parted at the vine-wreathed door.

The graceful gesture of your hand,  
Your wistful eyes, I see them yet,  
And hear from out those pleading lips,  
The whispered mandate, "Don't forget."

Ah, was it that your faith in me  
Was weak, or that my thoughts you read,  
And guessed the plot my brain conceived,  
Black as the heavens overhead?

Fast fell the rain; the pallid moon  
Was hidden by the tempest's rack.  
"Adieu!" you cried; "now, don't forget  
To bring our best umbrella back!"

H. B.

#### The Literary Assistance Bureau.

Mr. H. R. E., of New Haven, writes to us, confidentially, that while recently engaged upon an American novel, he received the following communication by mail. As the circular is a private one, our readers will please say nothing about it:

(PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.)

The Metropolitan Literary Assistance Bureau, learning that you were engaged on a work of fiction, and appreciating the vast difficulty as well as importance of the career you have undertaken, respectfully submit the claims of their establishment for your consideration. Our business has flourished for many years, and we can show testimonials from the most successful novelists of the day as to our honesty and efficiency. We pledge you our perfect integrity, and we expect from you, in return, inviolate good faith. Be pleased, then, to consider this communication expressly confidential.

Knowing the difficulties which beset the conception and execution of fiction, we have collected at great expense all the materials for the novelist's work that he can possibly need. We ask your attention to the following goods.

Our stock of heroes and heroines is large and well assorted. The line of heroes includes all grades and shades of young

man, college graduate, curate, peasant, poet, etc., etc. We deal as well in all standard heroes of a ripe or advanced age. We have only recently added three rescuers from burning buildings, one honest bank clerk, and other novelties. We show a prime lot of heroines, with or without sheeny hair. We have the lovely but wayward, the homely but interesting (freckled, lame, one-eyed, red-haired, pock-marked and consumptive), the fascinating, innocent, etc. One fine heroine with a hump, who dies young—a great favorite.

We have, too, all the common and many rare scoundrels, braggarts, misers, and eccentrics. No author in want of villains should fail to examine this department. All these characters sold either with or without appropriate names.

You may wish to know more definitely with regard to some of our specialties, yet we can scarcely discriminate amid such a wealth of stock. We call your attention, however, to the following. *Ex pede Herculem.*

A very old lady with a stoop. Can be used as a scandal-mongering old hag of fashion. Has also served as a witch.

One fine sailor boy, with a marine-spike to knock down mutineers with. Also, a gross of maritime oaths.

A half-pay major to say "Gad." (Companion piece to old lady.) His false teeth drop out very amusingly.

A noble red man (cheap, being somewhat dingy, through long disuse). He is six feet and a half high in his moccasins, is of swarthy hue, with eyes which alternately flash like the wild cat and beam softly as the doe. He says "Umph!" whenever squeezed. His rifle, "Hit—peanut—milo—off," is very rare and valuable.

A detective. He can find out anything. Has the highest recommendations from Wilkie Collins, who knows him intimately.

A kitchen-maid with ten smart speeches and four kimes for policemen. Also a dairy-maid with a fine color and pretty ankles. This pair are very old, but far from decrepit. They both seem to possess wonderful vitality.


For those in quest of the aged and infirm, we have a fine old negress, blind and fond of the Scriptures. She dies easily after the hero has met the heroine, while the latter is reading to the Afric from the Sacred Word, instead of attending the Ball.

A young lord. His locks are raven, and curl; very wicked.

A plow-boy, to thwart him. (These two never sold separately.)

An Irishman to make bulls; and others too numerous to mention.

Our supply of Plots is rich and varied. A complete assortment of Social Wrongs, now so fashionable: Political Corruption, Hospital Mismanagement, Trade Combinations, Ill-Assorted Marriages, etc. Our satires on Fashion have been repeatedly used, and always with the greatest satisfaction. Plots sold whole or in separate incidents. Examine our Scrap-Book Department. We have thousands of incidents of Real Life in stock suitable for working over into first-class fiction.

Buyers should notice our stock of Difficulties, which includes a rich assortment of Misunderstandings, Family Quarrels, Accidents to life and limb, Shipwrecks, Adventures with Pirates (very choice) and Snakes.  Stony-hearted Parents in great variety.

A good precipice (somewhat worn).

A Cave on the Irish Coast, for smugglers or rescuers from rising tides.

Harpsichords, bowers, and moons in profusion.

Digressions,—an endless variety. Now, when every third chapter of a novel is expected to be an animated sermon, this department of our stock is very popular among the guild. Discussions on morals, philosophy, politics, or society, sold by the page, or single epigram. Come and see us.

Quotations, in stock or made to order. Our Thackeray and Shakespeare selections have been often admired. Some prime extracts from obscure authors. Original quotations furnished by the dozen or hundred. In ordering, please state whether they shall be labeled "Anon." or "Old Song." We also keep the standard Scriptural allusions, and have many pleasant references to familiar authors and characters. Also, a good stock of valuable geographical localities, much used, but in perfect repair, such as Louvre, Fall Mall, Ducal Palace, Mer de Glas, etc. Our Manual, the novelist's *vade mecum*, obviates the necessity of personal travel.

Sunday School Books. We are wholesale dealers in this species of manuscript, which we buy and sell by the thousand, the cord, or the hundred-weight. Writers are notified that the heroine must be lame and die young, or the manuscript will not be considered.

Respectfully soliciting your patronage, we remain,  
Your most obedient servants,  
The Metropolitan Literary Assistance Bureau,  
New York.

Accompanying the above was:

A GENERAL RECIPÉ FOR A MODERN NOVEL.

Stir in a fool to make us laugh!  
Two heavy villains and a half;  
A heroine with sheeny hair,  
And half a dozen beaux to spare;  
A mystery upon the shore;  
Some bloody foot-prints on a floor;  
A shrewd detective chap, who mates  
Those foot-prints with the hero's rights,  
And makes it equally for that gent—  
Till he is proven innocent;  
A brown stone front; a dingle dell;  
Spice it with scandal; stir it well;  
Serve it up hot;—and the book will sell.

A curious slip occurs in a catalogue issued a short time ago by a well-known bookseller. A work on block-printing at the beginning of the fifteenth century, is catalogued, which is said to contain "sixty-nine engravings, either from wood or metal, twelve of which bear inscriptions representing scenes of Christian mythology, figures of patriarchs, saints, devils, and other dignitaries of the Church."

Talfourd introduced Dickens to Lady Holland. She hated Americans, and did not want Dickens to visit us. She said, "Why can't you go down to Bristol and see some of the third and fourth rate people, and they'll do just as well."

Montaigne was importuned by a sturdy beggar, in good health, to give alms; the philosopher asked him why he begged when so able to work and earn a livelihood. He replied: "If you only knew how *lazy* I am, you would have pity on me!"

Cheerfulness is the daughter of employment, said Bishop Horne, and I have known a man to come home in high spirits from a funeral, merely because he had had the management of it.

In a case of manslaughter, a Somersetshire wit-

ness thus testified: "He'd a stick and he'd a stick, and he hit he, and he hit he; and if he'd a hit he as hard as he hit he, he'd a killed he, and not he he."

During his first success at Drury Lane, Kean overheard a knot of old stage carpenters discussing the various performers of Hamlet they had seen in their day. "Well," said one, "you may talk of Henderson, and Kemble, and this new man; but, give me Bannister's Hamlet. He was always done twenty minutes sooner than any one of 'em."

Prof. — tells the following: "During the after-dinner talk, the rough specimen for whom I was surveying remarked that mathematics had always seemed a very wonderful thing to him. Thinking to interest him somewhat, I began to illustrate some of the wonders; among others, tried to show him the way in which Neptune was discovered. After some twenty minutes of elaborate explanation, I was somewhat taken aback to hear him say: 'Yes, yes; it is very wonderful, very; but (with a sigh) there's another thing that's allers troubled me, and that is, why you have to carry one for every ten; but, if you don't, 'twon't come out right.'"



"Now, my fellow citizens, let me ask you again whether you will submit to the incendiary incursions of a bonded oligarchy [*Cries of 'No,' 'No,' 'Never!'*], whether you will tamely," etc., etc.